MAY 1954

COMMENTARY

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Archaeology and the Bible's Historical Truth — IMMANUEL LEWY

BOOKS IN REVIEW

Oscar Handlin — David Baumgardt — G. L. Arnold

G. F. Hudson — Isa Kapp — Alfred Werner

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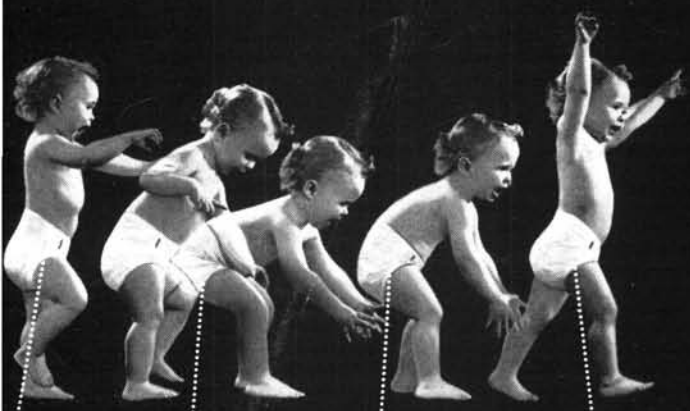

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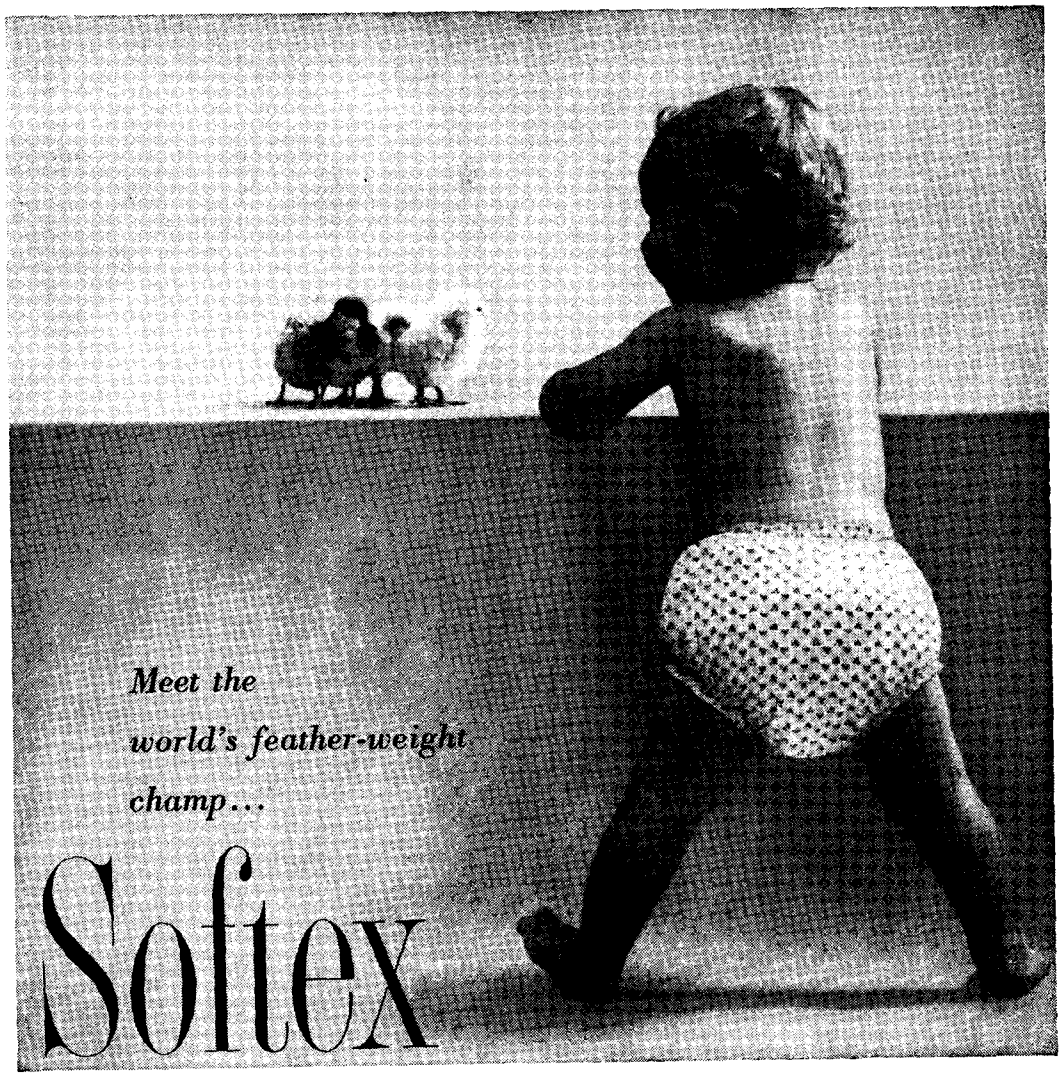

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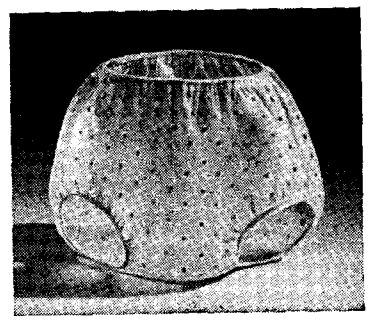

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

Can We Resist "Non-Aggressive" Communism? *Sidney Hertzberg*

If Russia decides to relax its overt aggressions, can we keep alive the spirit and resolution necessary to beat back the long-range menace of international Communism to the free world? Sidney Hertzberg warns that "peace" has its perils no less than war.

A Jewish Guide to Paris *Allan Temko*

The author of "The Burning of the Talmud in Paris," published in this issue, will offer us next a traveler's guide to historical mementos and points of special Jewish interest in the "Capital of the World."

Does Our Social Security System Make Sense? *Dillard Stokes*

Mr. Stokes believes that Americans — and American statesmen no less than the rest of us — harbor some fundamental illusions about the nature, possibilities, and operation of the social security system as it is now constituted, and pleads for correction of what he believes are serious "built-in" contradictions and shortcomings.

The Old Woman *Sylvia Rothchild*

The tragic loss of communication between youth and age. Another moving short story by a writer increasingly recognized as one of the sharpest portrayers of American Jewish life.

Ben Gurion's Quarrel with the Zionists *Benno Weiser*

Israel's unhappiness at her failure to attract Jews from the West as settlers has expressed itself variously — but never so clearly as in some of Ben Gurion's recent writings and speeches. Mr. Weiser, a veteran Zionist, explores the roots of the misunderstandings and pleads for an acceptance on the part of Israel of the different role that American Zionists now wish to play in relation to the new state.

Social Mobility in Europe *S. M. Lipset and Natalie Rogoff*

In November 1953 William Petersen, in "Is America Still the Land of Opportunity?" exploded the general belief that economic and social advancement are closed to modern Americans. Now two well-known sociologists, examining statistics on social mobility for Western Europe, suggest that social classes there are not so frozen as is commonly believed, and that the contrast between the United States and Europe may have other economic and social sources.

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COMMENTARY

HOW EISENHOWER PLANS TO DEAL WITH DEPRESSION

Wait-and-See, Followed by What?

A. H. RASKIN

"PROSPERITY is just around the corner." The old Hoover slogan has become the watchword of the Eisenhower Administration in appraising the recession that has shaken more than a million workers out of their jobs since the beginning of the year.

True, there is good reason to believe we shall turn the corner a good deal faster than we did in 1930 and 1931. But if we do, it will not be because the government has been any more enterprising or imaginative in setting the forces of recovery to work than it was when the last Republican President lived in the White House.

We have heard a lot about the Administration's readiness to act if things get bad enough, but any disposition to put what the President calls a "slambang" economic program into operation always yielded to the confidence that the horrid specter of unemployment would go away if nature were allowed to take its own course.

The continuing high levels of prices, personal income, and building activity indicate that this expectation will prove right and things will get better—for a while. A pick-up in the next few months is probable, but many economists fear it will spend itself by the end of the year. Along about Thanksgiving Day we may be heading into a new slump of more menacing proportions than the present one.

What happens on the international scene will, of course, have a vital bearing on that possibility. If the hydrogen bomb gets out of control or the warfare in Indo-China takes a Korea-like turn, our economy will start operating under forced draft again. If anything serious is done about disarmament (though nothing in the Soviet attitude makes that appear a course we could pursue with safety), acute economic distress will become a certainty.

The immediate question is whether the Administration has been justified in its belief that nothing special should be done to

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WE HAVE been having an economic recession, though it is a matter of debate as to how severe, and of what likely duration. From its onset, public opinion has watched the White House with intense interest, concerned not only for corrective measures for the present situation, but for some revelation of the direction of administration thinking on how to deal with this central economic problem of our society. A. H. RASKIN reports here on the record of the Eisenhower administration so far in this area, and on the conflicting governmental philosophies within the administration that have seemed to prevent the shaping of any clear policy. Mr. Raskin, the well-known labor reporter of the New York *Times*, has been a frequent contributor to our pages, most recently with his article "Unions and the Public Interest" in the February issue.

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halt the current recession—and whether it can be trusted to do anything to forestall the greater recession that threatens to come at the year's end. The answer involves an estimate of the general economic philosophy that animates the White House and the implications of that philosophy in terms of the Administration's ability to cope adequately with any serious dislocation of our business structure.

But no such analysis is complete unless it recognizes that there are contradictory elements at work in the Republican party and in the President's official family, that policy is being shaped by men whose differences in viewpoint are so deep-rooted as to be virtually irreconcilable. Thus a question as fundamental as that of basic philosophy is the extent to which intra-party conflicts tend to stifle any action because the President's principal advisers cannot agree on what the aims of action should be.

THE intensity of popular concern over the Republicans' ability to maintain a high level of industrial prosperity has been one of the most striking aspects of the present downturn. Actually, the dip in jobs has been less severe and less sustained than in the recession of 1949-50.

During that first postwar decline in business, the official count of jobless approached the five million mark, without allowance for several million others who were on reduced work-schedules or who by pulling out of the job market altogether eliminated themselves from technical classification as unemployed workers.

Two million workers drew all the unemployment insurance checks they could legally get in 1949, and 800,000 of these wound up the year still out of work. Since it takes half a year of idleness for a worker to exhaust his benefit rights in most states, and since the early months of 1950 offered an even gloomier employment prospect than did 1949, the situation was one that might have been expected to touch off a great clamor for decisive federal action.

In fact, there was very little clamor. Massachusetts and Rhode Island appealed to the White House to bail out their depleted job insurance funds, but their plight was more an outgrowth of a speed-up in the rate at which textile firms were moving south than a special symptom of the recession. For the rest, most people seemed content to accept the explanation that the pent-up wartime demand for consumer goods had been satisfied and the country was going through a healthy shake-out from the souped-up industrial standards that had prevailed in the decade of preparedness, mobilization, and reconversion.

How it all would have come out in the normal operation of economic affairs with a Democratic President and Democratic majorities in both houses of Congress, no one can tell. The Korean Communists struck across the Thirty-eighth Parallel when 1950 was half done, and unemployment quickly ceased to be a problem. The Truman Administration had insisted everything was well under control even before that, but some of its own economists were predicting a rise in joblessness just a few weeks before Korea exploded.

THE first recession since the Republicans moved into Washington as senior partners has produced much swifter and shriller pressure for the government to "do something" than beset President Truman four years ago. Obviously, much of the pressure is politically generated. The Democrats and their labor allies feel that unemployment is the Republican Achilles' heel.

Pictures of apple-sellers and bread lines in pre-Roosevelt days were a mainstay of the campaign that unions carried on in 1952 in their unsuccessful effort to arrest the Eisenhower tide. Now that joblessness has become a worry again, they expect their warnings that the Republicans were "the party of depression" to take firmer hold among unionists, small businessmen, and farmers. It is foolhardy to write these warnings off solely as politics. They reflect a very genuine fear among union leaders, and many people who have no connection at all with unions, that the Republicans are basically incapable of giving the country an expanding economy

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and thus warding off the insecurity of recurrent slumps.

This fear stems from a belief that Big Business is in full command in the capital, that the Republican tax program and all other federal policies are tailored to provide maximum gain to wealthy individuals and large corporations, and that an economy of scarcity, rather than abundance, is the inevitable result of the Administration's tendency to measure the country's good by the yardstick of what best serves corporate greed.

How justified is this belief? In my opinion, such a monolithic conception of what is going on in Washington is only slightly less fanciful than the idea that labor was running the country under Roosevelt or Truman. I share the view Norman Thomas set forth in COMMENTARY last month that the Eisenhower program embraces many of the concepts of the much reviled Welfare State, including most of all the idea that concern for human welfare is an essential function of government.

The President summed it up this way in his State of the Union message: "In a modern industrial society, banishment of destitution and cushioning the shock of personal disaster on the individual are proper concerns of all levels of government, including the federal government. This is especially true where remedy and prevention alike are beyond the individual's capacity."

Of course, the notion that he is any kind of New Dealer pains the President. He prefers to describe himself as one who is liberal in matters affecting people, and conservative when it comes to spending. (Would that be a cut-rate New Dealer?) But, semantics aside, there is little in the Eisenhower approach to such issues as social security and government responsibility for human welfare that does not square with the ideas of his Democratic predecessors.

At this point, however, a few qualifications are in order. The profundity of the President's understanding of economic and social problems is not awe-inspiring, however noble his instincts may be. Moreover, his basic attitude toward questions like social security appears to have undergone a change since he arrived at the White House, and one wonders how much of his present cordiality represents conviction and how much the influence of the speechwriters he imported from the *Time-Life-Fortune* College of Welfare Capitalism.

The circle of advisers physically closest to the President in the White House itself includes men who believe that the chief thing wrong with the New Deal was that the Democrats made a botch of carrying it through. They feel that the Republicans can trim the budget, cut government interference in business and labor, and still improve on the Democrats' record in helping people put a little more sunshine into their lives.

The man on whom the President leans most heavily for information about the state of business is in this group. He is Dr. Gabriel Hauge, Eisenhower's personal economic mentor, whose opinions usually accord greater weight to human considerations than the more doctrinaire estimates that come from the President's official Council of Economic Advisers. Hauge probably comes closer to the New Deal mind than anyone in the White House. Dr. Arthur S. Flemming, director of the Office of Defense Mobilization, whose association with high-level government planning started in the Roosevelt-Truman days, and Maxwell Rabb, a member of the White House secretariat with an avid interest in labor and improved race relations, also fit into the "liberal" category.

These Republican eggheads may not be rainbow-chasers, but neither are they yearners for the dear, departed days of *laissez faire*. They are more sympathetic to states' rights and decentralization of government power than has been fashionable since the NRA Blue Eagle sank its talons into the corpse of Hooverism twenty-one years ago. Similarly, they shy away from direct controls on prices and wages as instruments to combat inflation. They prefer instead to put their trust in such weapons as higher interest rates, rigid credit curbs, and other devices

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for tightening the money supply. What distinguishes them from the orthodox old-line Republicans is their philosophic acceptance of the tenets of the Full Employment Act of 1946. They are receptive to the idea that the government's taxing and spending powers represent a decisive economic lever that should be used unreservedly to counteract industrial recessions.

When they turn their imaginations loose, the members of this wing of the Eisenhower brain-trust sometimes come up with ideas at which the most arrant New Dealers would blanch. One member of the 1952 campaign entourage recalls a night at the President's home on Morningside Heights when the talk turned to specifics for dealing with "a CIO depression," one that had its severest impact on steel, autos, electrical manufacturing, and the other industries in which the CIO has the bulk of its membership.

Before anybody quite knew how they got there, these "bold conservatives"—to use a phrase Hauge coined to define his brand of economic thinking—were discussing in all earnestness the applicability of an ever-normal granary plan for factory industries. In essence, this plan would carry over to manufacturing the basic elements of the Wallace-Brannan price-support policies for farm products. The government would guarantee to buy up factory goods when consumer demand fell below a fixed level. This would keep all companies in business and not allow the big ones to swallow up their less efficient competitors when things got tough. At the same time it would keep people employed in their regular jobs and prevent a disastrous slump in spendable personal income. No one seemed too concerned over what would happen to the products the government might have to buy. They could be shipped to underprivileged people overseas, dumped, or simply "plowed under" like Henry Wallace's corn, potatoes, and little pigs. Needless to say, all this was strictly bull-session talk after a hard siege of campaigning. But it does indicate that some free-wheeling imaginations have survived the change of political climate in Washington.

The Dewey wing of the party is aligned with this group. Its principal spokesmen in the Cabinet are Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell and Attorney General Herbert Brownell. More often than not, Vice President Richard M. Nixon throws his influence on the liberal side. He is no great shakes on economic theory, but those who have been close to him say he accepts wholeheartedly the notion that the Republicans must identify themselves with people, not purse strings, if they are to stay in power.

But this group is by no means dominant either in the White House or in Congress. The two most forceful Cabinet members are Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey and Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson. They get strong support from the Cabinet "politician," Arthur E. Summerfield, who was Republican National Chairman before he became Postmaster General, and from Secretary of Commerce Sinclair Weeks.

All four are "little government" men. They are convinced that the less the government does to get in the way of business, the better off the country will be. They feel that the surest way to promote an industrial upturn is to revise tax policy in a way that will stimulate private investment in new plants, improved machinery, and industrial research. Their most cherished goal is a balanced budget based on a curtailment of federal functions, and a sharp reduction in taxes. In this, they reflect the hopes of the business community. The members of this group remember that the depression of the 30's, even more than the period of global conflict that followed it, provided the impetus for an unparalleled expansion in the day-to-day role of government and in the permanent cost of government operations. They have been reluctant to allow the present decline to upset their plans for whittling down this bureaucratic juggernaut.

This philosophy gets a sympathetic ear in Congress. The Congressional Republicans still take their spiritual leadership from the late Senator Robert A. Taft, whose economic views often fell to the right of his father's.

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However, the imminence of an election always brings out the Santa Claus streak in a Congressman, no matter how conservative. If the Administration had sought to communicate any sense of urgency about the unemployment picture, Congress would have responded. No such pressure was exerted; no one around the President—New Dealer or Old Dealer—felt there was anything to worry about. The result was that all the hollering for measures to end the downturn came from the Democrats. Even such relatively non-controversial projects as the President's recommendations for encouraging a broadening of state unemployment insurance systems failed to excite any active interest among the Republicans on Capitol Hill.

THE big problem in putting an anti-recession policy into effect is the necessity for deciding whether you will try to revive the economy from the grass roots or let prosperity filter down from the top. It is, I believe, an oversimplification to say that this means a choice between helping people and helping business. Actually, the aim of the first approach is to help business by helping people, the aim of the second is to help people by helping business.

In the first case, government policy is directed toward the stimulation of mass purchasing-power on the theory that the most effective way to spur trade and create additional jobs is to expand the market by putting more money into the pockets of people who will spend it.

One way to do that is to increase individual exemptions under the income tax law. The Democrats, against vehement Administration pressure, have been trying to push through a $200 rise in personal exemptions this year, and another $200 rise next year. Union statisticians have estimated that this would be the equivalent of a direct wage increase of $3 a week each year. The CIO is all-out for the change, which it estimates would bolster buying power by $8 billion a year. The AFL favors the same approach, but it would be satisfied with more modest increases in the exemption rate.

Another device for increasing purchasing power lies in liberalization of social security, unemployment insurance, and minimum wage laws. The Administration has come through with an excellent program for improving the old age insurance system, both in adequacy of benefits and scope of coverage. It has made clear its belief that the unemployment insurance system needs the same kind of overhaul, but its diffidence about trespassing on the prerogatives of the states has taken most of the steam out of this program.

On the minimum wage, the Administration has backed away from any action at all this year. The President has set forth his agreement in principle that the wage floor should be raised from the present 75-cent level and millions of additional workers brought under the law's protection, but he has accepted the judgment of his Council of Economic Advisers that it would delay recovery to do this while business is shaky. This is just the reverse of organized labor's thinking on when higher minimums should be enacted. The unions are convinced now is the time to act.

Still another money-in-the-pocket approach is the direct creation of jobs by government through public works. There are thousands of urgently needed projects across the country that could be built without valid complaint that they represented a return to leaf-raking or made work. However, the appropriateness of such measures to combatting a slump like the present one is open to question for reasons that have nothing to do either with their merit or their unbalancing effect on the budget.

Construction has been by all odds the healthiest section of the economy in recent months. Even with the government pulling out of the housing business, building activity was at record levels in the first quarter of the year. In fact, business was so good that forecasts of total construction for the year were revised upward from $34 billion to $36 billion. Especially heartening was the fact that there was no cutting back of industrial and commercial building plans, the area in

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which lack of confidence about the future would reflect itself most acutely. With construction booming, it would make little sense for the government to pump billions of dollars into this field as a means of pulling manufacturing and other sections of industry out of their torpor.

THE alternative to a basic policy of building up mass purchasing power is a policy focused on encouraging business to modernize its productive facilities, experiment with new products, develop new industries, and expand its operations generally. Secretary Humphrey has pointed out that it does no good to increase a man's tax exemptions or cut his tax rate if the man does not have a job. Accordingly, the Treasury Department has put its focus on tax changes intended to foster business investment and business expansion.

These include a faster write-off of the cost of new plants and a revision in the formula for figuring depreciation on new equipment. In effect, these policies are directed at establishing the idea that plant construction and improvement is a socially beneficial project, in which the government should be a non-voting partner. The same idea was involved in the accelerated amortization plan for new industrial facilities in the war years.

Tax preference for stockholders also figures in the Administration's plan. Here the aim is to eliminate double taxation of dividends on the theory that it is unfair to have a corporation pay a tax on its earnings and then have the individual shareholder pay another tax on the same earnings when he gets them in the form of dividends. Again the motivating thought in the Administration's mind is to make private investment more attractive and in that way stimulate a job-creating expansion of industry.

None of the tax proposals are specifically rooted in the recession; all reflect the Treasury's idea of a sound tax program for the long haul. Even on that basis, they are too heavily weighted in favor of the people at the top of the economic pyramid. It is at least as plausible to argue that manufacturers won't expand if they don't see an assured market as it is to contend that tax cuts don't help people if they have no jobs. Most steel companies are convinced their industry is already over-expanded. They see no profit potential in boosting their capacity; their interest in new construction is in retiring inefficient old plants and replacing them with new ones that require only a fraction of the old manpower. And the same thing is happening in other American industries. In terms of the productivity of our economy, it is a desirable trend. It means we can produce more at lower cost, and that has always been the secret of our industrial preeminence. But the process is self-defeating unless there are enough buyers to keep our factories busy and create an ever expanding need for workers. Production and consumption must keep in step. When either gets too far ahead of the other, we are in bad shape.

The whole problem of investment is an incredibly complex one. Our tax laws have always made it possible for established businesses to apply substantial sums from their regular income to plant research, modernization, and enlargement. That minimizes the need for outside funds, except in new ventures. Mutual funds, pension trusts, and union welfare funds have opened up important new sources of investment capital that seem only dimly recognized in the Administration's plans. The idea that there is something particularly immoral about the double taxation of dividends has aroused loud outcries on the labor-liberal side. The President's critics recall that his campaign speeches were replete with references to the fact that there are 151 taxes on a loaf of bread, 206 on an automobile, and 150 on a lady's hat. They can't understand why the Republican's post-election concern has shifted from multiple taxes on bread to multiple taxes on dividends.

In any event, the whole premise on which the Administration tax bill rests will be negated if we do not climb out of the recession and stay out of it. Industry will not expand and people will not invest unless the economic skies are reasonably bright. That

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brings us back to our original question: has the government been right in not doing anything positive to counteract the present drop in business?

I THINK the answer is no. The fact that the most reliable economic barometers point to an early upturn does not justify the policy of inaction that has prevailed over the last six months. In that period we have lost more steel than would have been lost in a six-week steel strike. Similar losses have taken place in the output of automobiles, household appliances, farm equipment, and other goods.

Hundreds of thousands of workers and their families have been exposed to the hazards of idleness or reduced pay checks. Government estimates put unemployment at 3,725,000 in March, and labor economists felt this figure was at least a million too low when account was taken of temporary layoffs and short work weeks. Business failures went up, too, setting a postwar high of 926 in February. The consequences of this economic blood-letting have been adverse in both their domestic and international implications.

Our rising standard of living is built on an increase of two to three per cent each year in the productivity of our economy. The blacking out, for an extended period, of nearly one-third of our steel production and a general drop of about one-tenth in over-all industrial output cancels out that improvement for this year. Equally damaging has been the opportunity the slump afforded the Kremlin to undermine the confidence of other nations in the stability of our economic structure. With the fantastic destructive capacity of nuclear weapons making it less and less likely they will ever be used in war, our productive resources and the fruitfulness of our economy represent the free world's principal bulwark against Soviet expansionism. For our own sake and for the world's, we must dispel the notion that our economy operates on the lines of a roller-coaster.

As Professor Sumner H. Slichter of Harvard has pointed out, conservatism does not consist in assuming that the most optimistic expectations will turn out if we simply coast long enough. That is gambling, not conservatism. Actually, the one move that represented a positive government contribution to easing the recession was made over the Administration's protests. That was the cut in excise taxes on furs, luggage, jewelry, cosmetics, and a long list of other items. But the cut would have been better if it had been carried to the point of total elimination of these sales taxes. The argument that the government could not afford to lose the revenue ignores the fact that the government loses tax income when business is off, so that a hastening of recovery would tend to offset any direct loss that would accompany the lifting of excise levies.

To a regrettable degree, the Republicans have become prisoners of their own slogans. They are so concerned with moving toward a balanced budget that they avoid the realization that the government is the only force with the concentrated resources and power to exercise a significant influence on the trend of the economy. In social terms an investment of two and a half billion dollars to prevent a million people from losing their jobs is a good buy. Had the Administration recommended the wiping out of all excise levies at the beginning of the year, it would have knocked that much off its anticipated income, but the result would have been more revenue from all other taxes than is now in sight.

WHAT does all this indicate about Dwight D. Eisenhower the economic man? The answer was imbedded in his own remark about his attitude toward men and money. His approach to economic issues is a mixture of head and heart, with the public purse ruling his head and human sympathies ruling his heart. When the men around him assure him we are in a "rolling readjustment" or an "inventory recession" or something else that carries no apparent threat of mass privation, his impulse is to do nothing and let industry work out its own solution. The niceties of tax theory—the virtues of the George Humphrey "trickle down" approach

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to prosperity versus the Hubert Humphrey "fountain up" tack—are beyond him. He is ready to stand on the idea that the best way to guarantee jobs, high wages, and an increase in goods, services, and national wealth is to encourage business to grow.

What would happen if the country went into a real nosedive? Would the President's attitude change? I put the question to a White House intimate with a high degree of political and economic sophistication. Here is his answer: "If it becomes evident that there is real suffering in the land, the President's human sympathies will come to the fore. He won't ask, how much money is there in the Treasury; he will say, feed the hungry. He will not listen to those who talk of fiddling with the interest rate or long-range programs to stimulate industry; he will do things to put money into people's pockets. He will lean on the advice of those who talk in human terms; the day of the theoretical economist will be over."

This appraisal indicates the need for a fundamental qualification in our thinking about the kind of Welfare State we have in this country. Apart from manifestations like social security, which have become so built into our structure that no one thinks of suggesting their elimination, we live under what might be described as a reluctant or emergency variety of Welfare State. The Democrats and Republicans disagree on how much government should do for the people outside of periods of crisis, but basically none of us welcomes the broadening of government power, except when we are scared.

There is, of course, a constant tug-of-war for special privilege, in which every section of the population seeks to use government for its own ends. But the essential framework of our Welfare State has been frozen since Roosevelt retired Dr. New Deal in favor of Dr. Win the War at the outset of World War II. The drive for social reform had lost its forward push even before that; it never regained it.

The policies advocated by Truman and Eisenhower may appear to have little kinship, but what comes out of this Congress will not be radically different from what came out of its Democratic predecessor, except for those measures specifically designed to deal with the Korean war emergency. The Republicans suffer from split personality on economic matters, but they have no monopoly on this condition. The Democratic party, with its Dixiecrat and New Deal wings, has more than a touch of schizophrenia. It does a much better job of uniting on liberal policies when it is out of power than it does when responsibility for running the country is in its hands.

Looking ahead economically, there is room for concern whether the President, with his predilection for believing that business is more competent to make sound decisions than government, will recognize the signs of trouble soon enough to ward off acute hardship if we do run into a serious storm. Fighting off a depression becomes much more difficult if the government keeps finding excuses for failing to act until breadlines and privation make the collapse obvious.

And there are other areas in which we can hardly rely on the "let business do it" philosophy. Will the government do anything to minimize the economic upheaval that is bound to accompany the adaptation of atomic power to civilian use? Such traditional energy sources as electricity and coal may be tossed on the slag heap in a comparatively few years. Manufacturing and transportation may undergo profound changes. What about the decentralization of our industrial plants and the breaking up of our great population centers to prevent their annihilation by nuclear attack? We are currently involved in a great controversy about whether the development of the hydrogen bomb was deliberately delayed. But we are not doing a thing about getting people out of the cities that have been rendered obsolete by these weapons of mass destruction. These are titanic problems that we have been pushing under the rug since Hiroshima.

If our only answer to a minor recession is to wait it out, is it any wonder that we have no better answer to something really big?

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FRANCE'S NEW PAROCHIAL NATIONALISM

Isolationism Rallies Under the Red Banner

HERBERT LUETHY

IN AUGUST 1952, in the rudest, remotest corner of Provence, a whole family of English tourists was murdered, and the solution of the crime was blocked for over a year by the local and family solidarity of the murderer's neighbors. The murder, when finally solved, brought out into the spotlight a human type incomprehensible to Western ideologues, but one that has become important lately in many "backward areas," including those of Italy as well as France.

A rich old peasant, one Dominici, lived on his remote estate in Stone Age style, patriarchal ruler of his family; his grownup sons bowed fearfully before him; his wife and daughters-in-law could not eat at his table, but only in the kitchen. He was tyrant of his village, and lord over life and death on his own soil. Nightly he patrolled his wide domains with dog and gun. Finding one night three strangers camped in a tent by the roadside, he shot them dead, man, wife, and child, as if they were wild animals.

This Dominici also happened to be a militant Communist, and the party stretched its protecting hand over him during the entire investigation of his crime. What, one asks, could "Communism" and "the party" have meant to this prehistoric patriarch, this apparition from primeval days? For the answer, one has to go back into French history.

FRANCE found her fulfillment in the idea of the *nation* as no other country, after her, has been able to. But that idea, noble, universal and *un*-nationalistic as it is, was never completely realized. The nation, as constituted, was never the whole nation, and its claim to being a totality excluding every organization and association over, outside, or within itself, bore from the first the seeds of its own destruction.

The anti-clericalism the Republic inherited from the Jacobins was but part of the process by which not only dynasty and aristocracy, but also federalism and regionalism, all provincial, local, associational, class, and other autonomies were destroyed—in short, every non-, pre-, or super-national tie that might come between the isolated individual and the "one and indivisible" nation. The struggle against the Church was one with the suppression of the Vendée, the Gironde, Lyons, and finally the Paris Commune itself, the birthplace and dynamo of the Revolution. The fire that fused France into a nation left her with a state that was a lifeless, omnipresent, but powerless abstraction that could act only as a traffic policeman towards its subjects. These had been reduced, in their turn, to *mere* individuals.

BEHIND it that fire also left as slag those "inner emigrations" which have peopled France ever since then—groups exiled in spirit, if not in the flesh, because they have

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FEW political analysts writing in Europe today have HERBERT LUETHY's gift for bringing to the familiar central problems that agitate us internationally, and about which millions of words get written, the fresh illumination that comes when an informed mind searches out the key factors to their source. His study, "Why Five Million Frenchmen Vote Communist," in these pages (September 1951), evoked world-wide comment and became a kind of classic. We predict a similar response to this penetrating appraisal of the causes behind the present French political malaise, and the new role that Communism has come to assume in it. Mr. Luethy was born in Switzerland, took his doctorate at the University of Zurich, and has written several books on economics and social history.

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been unable, or unwilling, to accept or be accepted by the nation born in 1789. The greatest of these "inner emigrations" is the Catholic Church.

Nor was the *nation* able to absorb the "post-national" elements that entered France after the Revolution: large-scale industry and its workers, neither of which has been able really to insert itself in the *contrat social* on which a nation of petty bourgeoisie and small peasantry was founded. Republican France has always distrusted modern economy and protected "little" individualistic units against "big" ones. The reason is not far to seek. The social and economic as well as organizational necessities of large-scale industry worked to break both the inner and the outer structure of the nation. On the one hand, there was the Europeanization of heavy industry; on the other, the alienation of the working class, which now represents one more "inner emigration" that feels itself isolated from the French nation.

Thus France's oldest and newest elements —the Church and the aristocracy on the one hand, the workers and the industrialists on the other—have as yet found no place within the supposedly all-embracing totality of the nation.

The split between the included peasant and petty bourgeoisie and the half-excluded industrialist and altogether excluded industrial worker, runs through all the traditional parties and "viewpoints." These long ago ceased to be expressions of a common political will, and now amount to nothing more than loose, formless groupings tied together by personal affinities and traditions. These groups turned party politics into a meaningless game with empty labels serving but to raise a dense fog between the people and their crucial problems. That game—today, as at the time of Munich—breaks up, and politics collapses, in the face of every great national decision.

Meanwhile the *nation* remains the France of the sleepy and protected "small town," of locked doors, shuttered windows, and closed horizons. The whole political fabric of the Republic, the whole structure of established parties and ideologies, of a democracy hamstrung by mere parliamentarism, is cut to the measure of this little France, to which budgetary deficits, home distilleries, and school vacations seem the problems most suitable for the attention of a great country that prides herself on her universality. Political life is organized around these problems, and these alone satisfy the political needs of the small-town Frenchman.

What they do not satisfy, above all spiritually and morally, are the needs of a nation cast in the role of a great power, a world empire—the needs of France herself, which include those of her working class. That class, in its isolation, gives sullen obedience to the Communist party because the party system and social structure of the petty-bourgeois Republic offer it no future whatsoever.

I

FRENCH Communism has become the acutest and most alarming symptom of the crisis of French national consciousness. At the same time it feeds deliberately on the pathological nationalism incited by this crisis. What may have been, in the beginning, only a tactical masquerade became, somewhere along the way from the watch on the Rhine to the Resistance and participation in the government, a reality—so much so, in fact, that chauvinism has become the distinguishing feature of Communist style in France today.

The French Communist party has taken over everything that could be called the national tradition, lock, stock, and barrel: not only the "revolutionary patriotism" of the Jacobins, which was patriotism turned against an "internal enemy," not only Robespierre, the tyranny of virtue, and the Committee of Public Safety, not only the optimistic rationalism of the Enlightenment, but Joan of Arc and Richelieu, too—not only Marat, but even Maurras. A catch-all of the oddments and remainders, old and new, of French nationalism, Communism alone is "French," there is no patriotism but its patriotism, and no other fatherland but the promised "people's democracy" through

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which the Revolution of 1789 will be completed. Accents that used to be characteristic of Action Française now resound in the Communist press, from "Schuman the *boche*" to the words of a gray-headed Communist labor leader who could say of Léon Blum, "Blum —that means flower in Yiddish." A Communist provincial paper complains: "Blum, Schuman, Moch, Mayer—that doesn't smell of French soil." A cartoon in *Humanité* shows the "men of the American party," Schuman, Moch, and Mayer, with hooked noses, listening in perplexity as the "Marseillaise" rises from the Communist benches; they ask each other, "Do you know that tune?" and one answers, "No, it must be one of those French *chansons*."

But Communist chauvinism in France is more than a question of vocabulary and mere unscrupulous rabble-rousing. Nationalism today is the sickness of a nation in search of itself—or of one that has already lost itself. Communism, all over the world, has identified itself with this sickness. It is a waste of time to argue against Marx and Lenin when the opponent is Stalinist Communism, and it is utterly foolish to attempt to fight Stalinism with nationalistic arguments that the Stalinists themselves have salvaged from the garbage cans of history. As it spread through Asia and South America, where it found followers as it could not in industrially developed countries, Communism changed its features, and now comes back to Paris, as Lenin once prophesied, by way of Asia. *Communism no longer means the proletarian revolution, but the nationalistic counter-revolution of pre-capitalistic countries against the industrial West.* In this new form, Communism has been able to resettle itself in a France fighting against the tide of history and progress.

Nationalism is *the* reactionary doctrine today: it means the mobilization of every atavistic instinct against international organization; it means the revolt against history—against the demands of life itself. This, precisely, is why it has become the natural instrument of Communist strategy, which hopes by blocking constructive developments everywhere to bring on that much the sooner the long awaited catastrophe.

That Communist nationalism is centrally linked and internationally organized is not surprising, nor as paradoxical as naive people believe who still confuse "national" with "nationalistic." Only ten years ago the Fascist International was still in existence—more dilettante than the Communist one, but at bottom kindred. And the slogan, "Chauvinists of the world, unite!" still has power and meaning. For all chauvinists, Red, Brown, or Black, are united against that mighty groundswell of our day which chafes at national limits. And they are united, also, against the inescapable realization that Europe, with its dozen squabbling autarchies, local imperiums, and petty sovereignties, is crippled and dying.

Revolutionary mystique combined with reactionary practice is the age-old, ever recurring symptom of the collapse of societies built on economies of privilege. At such moments countless men will cling in their despair to all the deficiencies and limitations of an organized stagnation, to their most miserable prerogatives, seeing in these the last bulwarks of their existence. Communism, in its passage through colonial nationalism, has learned to ally itself with this despair—with mandarins, lamas, and bonzes—against "alien influxes," against technology, rationalism, and new cultural forms.

Of course, the French working class is not the famished, fanaticized mob of Cairo or Teheran, ready to be led into a holy war on the streets by cynical politicians or whirling dervishes. "Progressive" intellectuals like Jean-Paul Sartre may want to think so, but every time French Communism resorts to "direct action" it finds it has to fall back on the North African sub-proletariat in France's industrial slums (who, for all that, obey the dictates of their own prophets, not of the Communist party). Only these impoverished immigrants offer the right kind of human material for the type of nationalism Communism can exploit, the nationalism of "backward areas."

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The Communist party's "proletarian" character long ago became a relic of the past. While making every effort to hold on to the organized industrial masses on which its power still rests, that party long ago began reaching out in a hundred other directions. What Communism wants to win over in France is the petty-bourgeois nation itself, and therefore it systematically nurses all the resentful reflexes of a "colonial" people towards technological pressure from the outside world, and of a "proletarianized" nation towards "foreign plutocracy." Though the French middle classes are not fellahin, this sort of nationalism is very congenial to small peasants and little tradesmen who live under state protection, often on the edge of misery, in an artificially maintained, archaic economic system, and who fear any kind of real liberalism and every breath of outside air like death itself. A new type of "backward" Communist has emerged among these people; political scientists committed to the old proletarian clichés have still hardly noticed it, but the recruiting agents of Communism greet it with joy.

It is in this context of history that we can now understand the strange apparition of the peasant Dominici, the Neolithic patriarch—and Communist. To Dominici and his like, "Communism" and "the party" mean the same thing that the Mafia means to the peasants of Southern Italy, or that the anti-foreign secret societies of the Far East and of Africa mean to the natives there. People like Dominici were to be found during the war among certain guerrilla groups in the Resistance, and the shadowy postwar life of these latter haunted the background of this whole murder case. Thereby hangs the moral.

It takes one devil to drive out another: *French Communism acts in the place of a revived fascism*—if one can still use that word (now become an empty epithet) to designate what fascism once meant to fascists themselves: *a nationalistic "revolution" to halt social disintegration, a terroristic "racial community" to stem anarchy, a general mobilization of the economy to avert economic collapse, a general mobilization of the people, "like at the front," to stop class war.* France, between the wars, had several more or less intellectual fascist groups, but never a fascist movement; and the descendants of those groups now amount to little more than societies of mourners for the victims of the "purge" and the collaborationists' trials. In France today—and elsewhere, too—a new fascist movement would have to link itself to a Resistance group, and take a name that smacked, above all, of anti-fascism.

France in 1939-45 did not have that "front experience" whose memory in Germany and Italy after the First World War furnished the emotional starting point for fascism, and on which de la Roque's Croix de Feu mystique fed in France—that experience of the "great comradeship of the united nation" which was contrasted to the atomization and degradation of national energies in the individual struggle for existence during the peace. The real experience of the Resistance in France was the exact opposite of "front experience": it meant the individual's refusal to obey, it meant a personal adventure, a decision for which one was responsible only to oneself—not the solidarity found through military regimentation. Whatever material the French Resistance might have offered for a "national," fascist revolution has now, for the most part, been absorbed by the Communist party.

Many of the young "activists" in the genuine or spurious Resistance movements—and there were plenty of the latter—suddenly found themselves with nothing to do at the war's end. They were easy recruits for Communism. And many, too, were the young intellectuals in rebellion against "bourgeois society" who, fifteen years ago, would have been drawn quite naturally by background and mental outlook into the patriotic leagues or the Action Française, but who nowadays, just as naturally, are drawn towards Communism. French Communism long ago took over practically all the slogans and themes of fascism—aside from its propaganda and organizational techniques, which it always shared with it. It is the Communists today who systematically exploit nationalist

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hatreds, economic parochialism, and the fears of the middle class. It is they who anathematize atonal music, abstract art, and experimental literature as "alien to the people," "degenerate art," "Americanism," or "cultural fascism"—it used to be called "cultural Bolshevism." It is they who extol folklore, overstuffed Victorianism, and petty-bourgeois sentimentality as "socialist realism."

It was de Gaulle's great and desperate error to think, two years after the war's end, that he could revive the Resistance movement in order to bring about a "mobilization of national energies," a "rallying together of the French people." In France, just as everywhere else, nationalism can only be destructive today, or at best paralyzing. The social structure of petty-bourgeois France re-absorbs all free energy in the end and turns it back into old ruts. After a short period of storm and stress almost everybody goes back to the traditional *douceur de vivre*. De Gaulle's followers defended no ideal of national greatness, only their own little privileges, and after six years of misunderstanding his movement faltered to its end, bogged down in parliamentary quagmire. The true embodiment of *la France seule* was not General de Gaulle, but the village druggist.

COMMUNISM used to bear the stigma of a "foreign nationalism," and this was enough, once, to put it beyond the pale. But what meaning can this stigma still have for nations whose societies are in dissolution, and whose problems transcend every national framework? To the reproach of being a "Russian" party, the French Communists now retort that their opponents belong to the "American" one. They refer to the "satellite" status of a country dependent on foreign subsidies and whose budget is reviewed, and defenses organized, in Washington. "American colonization" has become the first and last word of all Communist propaganda, in France as in the Far East, in South America as in the Levant. This, verily, is the sort of company the Communist world organization now makes France keep.

Today, with the epithets "traitor" and "foreign party" flying back and forth in the National Assembly, with the "agents of Moscow" abusing the "agents of Wall Street," the cry of "dollar" answering that of "ruble," and one side shouting "Munich" to the other's "Hitler-Stalin pact," it sounds as if there were no longer any French parties left in the country, but only fifth columns. One feels that the glorious national idea, after its triumphant progress around the globe, has now returned to its cradle to expire as a nationalistic conjuring up of specters.

II

THE France of the village druggist is also that of Jean-Paul Sartre. Sartre is, if not the greatest, at least the most representative spokesman of that "left intellectualism" which still strikes the world as the truest expression of the French spirit. Perhaps the most characteristic symptom of the crisis in the French consciousness is the way in which this spirit has, over the last ten years, succumbed to Hegel, Marx, Heidegger, and Nietzsche: the way in which it celebrates Marx's prophecies of 1848 as the final word on the human situation, Zarathustra's "God is dead" as the final illumination of the spirit, and *Beyond Good and Evil* as the last step in ethical thought—this, in a country already saturated with such ideas. The German *fin de siècle* is offered as the bold revolutionary antidote to petty-bourgeois nostalgia for the French *fin de siècle*, and St. Germain des Prés, after the Second World War, conceives its most original contribution to be the imitation, down to the last detail of attitude and tone, of the "great nausea" of post-1918 Berlin.

Here the confusion has reached that nadir which one hopes will be the beginning of a new dawn. The first and most obvious reason for the confusion is that "left," "revolutionary," and the whole vocabulary of revolt still seem, artistically as well as politically, to point out a direction. But for France, with her fossilized social structure and her mind still dominated by 1789, these terms no longer really signify a vision of the fu-

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ture, but only a tradition, and therefore a past.

THE "problem" of *littérature engagée* ("committed literature") which came on the literary and literary-political stage with the Resistance and immediately monopolized it, is the problem of reconciling active cooperation in the reconstruction of the Republic with the tradition—*de rigueur* for left intellectuals in France—of rebellion against every existing, or even conceivable, terrestrial order. For the non-Communist left, it is the problem of harmonizing the inherited ideology of Jacobinism with responsible democratic action, while still not admitting that the two can be reconciled only by mystification, and that now, with a Communist mass party firmly planted in the country and the Red Army on the Elbe, they can no longer be reconciled even by that.

The pre-ordained "final goal of history" which terrorizes the whole left intelligentsia of France, anti- as well as pro-Communist, happens to be the logical projection of the French national legend itself, which sees the *nation* in its original role as liberator of *all* mankind. The problem is the insoluble one of working creatively inside social reality while remaining at the same time contemptuous, from the heights of ideological theory, of "reformism," or "meliorism," of everything realized or even realizable. This lack of connection between thought and action—even if it were only the action of a political pamphleteer—was endurable under the Third Republic's humdrum routine of revolution-roaring but quietist radicalism, but now it has deepened to a crisis in the face of the concrete, pressing problems of the postwar period. These call no longer for indignant attitudes, but for solutions. Yet the tradition of left ideology in France, no matter how irrelevant to anything real, remains sacrosanct.

The French left, with its traditional ignorance of economics and its traditional appetite for pure theory, has known Marx only as a revolutionary journalist, never as the difficult author of *Capital*; only his eschatology—the same on which the Soviet Russian state church has been built—never his method of social and historical criticism. The result now is that the thinking of the French left is all done in slogans. Instead of a differentiated system of sociological concepts, it knows only the absolute categories of "master and slave," "rich and poor," "oppressors and oppressed." At bottom, the French left took from Marxism only Marx's misunderstanding of the "class war in France," which fitted in with its own misunderstanding of its revolutionary legend. Dragging this verbal baggage behind them, the left intelligentsia have marched into the "cold war" to plant their colors on a front that has Russia on the "left," America on the far "right"—and France, the real France of the small towns and little people, nowhere at all.

JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, as leader of a whole school of intellectuals, has founded, on this disconnection between philosophic foundations and political conclusions, a real graduate school of Orwellian "double-think." As philosopher, pamphleteer, playwright, literary scatologist, and political militant, he juggles Existentialism and vulgar Marxism, all the while delivering an endless stream of patter to conceal the question of how the two can be reconciled. Is the "self-choosing" man of his Existentialism, who is the total product of himself, the reality—or the man postulated by his sociology, who is the total product of society? Sartre refuses to say. But that these two opposed conceptions should remain total and absolute—that is never questioned.

Perhaps their synthesis would be too banal for such a brilliant mind, for then it would come to no more than an old truth perceived by all Western moralists since Hesiod and since Montaigne: that the human condition is made up of both freedom *and* necessity, individuality *and* responsibility, mastery over fate *and* submission to it, glory *and* misery. It is more striking to raise each isolated term of such polarities to its abstract absurdity and leave poor, banal man, who

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is neither his own creator nor a mere bundle of reflexes, to smaller minds.

Yet the individual's total lack of relatedness, as postulated by the Existentialist Sartre, and the same individual's dependence on the collectivity, as postulated by the Marxist Sartre, actually do have one thing fundamental in common: the lack of all personal responsibility for oneself or one's neighbor, and the lack therewith of all foundation for a human order. To assert the most radical individualism and at the same time to preach the total "socialization" of man (*à la* Stalin) is, however, one way of remaining superior to the so immediate, practical, unequivocal, measurable, and soluble problems of present-day France—one way to sit enthroned, and at peace, on the myth of 1789, while neither descending to the despised lowlands of "reformism," nor renouncing politics to draw back into literature. Here Sartre's case becomes exemplary for the whole intellectual crisis that afflicts France.

PEOPLE said "Sartre and Camus" at the end of the war as one once said "Schiller and Goethe." Sartre and Camus formed a double star in the sky over the new, postwar France, surrounded by the common aura of the *Zeitgeist*, with its nihilism, "despair," "absurdity," and the rebellion against God and the world. But Camus, having openly admitted from the first that his philosophy of total "absurdity" could not be squared with his attempt to find a constructive political ethic of "right action," took a different road.

From the revolution that he hailed on the day of Liberation—whose meaning he promised to define "in coming days," while contenting himself "for the moment" with defining its immediate goal, in a heap of tautologies characteristic of those days, as "the immediate establishment of a true people's and workers' democracy"—his road led to the lonely "man in revolt" whose individual rebellion was as total as it was metaphysical. The "rebel" stands outside history and society, and is in revolt against the external meaninglessness of existence, against mortality, against the silence of the universe, "against God." More simply expressed, Camus affirms that the Politburo can be supplanted only by Prometheus himself, the total myth only by one even more total.

Camus' "revolt" is the same lonely and absolute one in which André Malraux, too, after wider and rasher detours through the civil wars of our time, through Communism, the Resistance, and Gaullism, now finds his absolute—and that sum of all man's tragedy and heroism which he had not found in revolutionary activism. For Malraux, as for Camus, the work of art becomes the highest form of action, and thus he has to speak of art in religious terms, as he himself acknowledges in his *Voices of Silence*.

IN ALL this, politics and sociology have been left far behind, even if they always are, or seem to be, implied. Is it a matter, then, for Camus and Malraux, of a flight from activism into art and metaphysics? Even if it were only that, it would be richly worthwhile. In the midst of its material paralysis, France has preserved a spiritual vitality that the technically and commercially more successful nations of Europe might envy. But even deeper sources of the French crisis than those of economic and social structure alone come to the surface at this point.

The French spirit itself, which as organized intellect lived for a century and a half without transcendence—with its roots cut, so to speak—and found its fulfillment in clarity and rationality, has now become restless. The word "fate," important yesterday only in German thought, and almost incomprehensible to the French, who believed not in fate but reason, has, with Camus and Malraux, made a violent entry into the French interior monologue. As is only too obvious from recent German history, there are dangers inherent in this concept. One can only hope that for the French it becomes a more fruitful idea than for the Germans. At least it does connote a challenge, and that challenge may impel Frenchmen to take *their* fate into their own hands at last.

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III

No one has expressed what has happened to France more profoundly and simply than Camus did in his *Letters to a German Friend,* which he wrote during the war, and published after Liberation. "For so many years you tried to push me into history. . . . You have done what was necessary, we have entered history. And for five years it was no longer possible to allow oneself to be made happy by the song of a bird. . . . But afterwards, too, when I judge your terrible acts, I will remember that you and I began from the same loneliness, that you and I share with all of Europe the same tragedy of the intellect."

By 1914, France had really finished and rounded off her history as a nation; she had reaped her rich harvest and desired nothing more but to endure. Two German invasions tore her from her repose. The first struck her a terrible blow; the second pulled her brutally into a European tragedy she did not wish to share and felt no complicity in. She found herself propelled into a history to which the categories of her national legend no longer applied, though she still measured the world by them. The myth of 1789, the *nation* as the supreme and absolute unity, the sovereign individual as the ultimate measure of all things—these no longer sufficed. French historical consciousness has lived wholly on the national idea, but this idea itself has lived on its extension to the super-national, the universally valid. As nationalism and nothing more, it could only negate and destroy itself.

To a frightening extent, the intellectuals who discovered the reality of Europe through the Resistance have now forgotten once again that France is not alone and, so long as she remains France, cannot be responsible only to herself. Nothing threatens France's character, as France, more than self-isolation. And no nation is in less danger than this eldest one of losing herself, and her rich inheritance, in a greater community. Her human concept of civilization would continue to have greater power to conquer than all the imperialisms and ideologies, if only she still believed in herself. And no nation can less afford to make that tragic gesture of refusal to grow beyond itself which was first made by the Athenian city-state. For France's assimilative capacity, which with such magnificent self-confidence once trusted itself to fuse all mankind into its *civitas,* has been exhausted only to the extent that the openness and receptivity which are its condition and its deepest essence have hardened into a mistrustful and defensive self-sufficiency. France alone has grown too small for France.

Even so, no one has the right to make demands. France owes the world nothing, neither resurgence nor greatness, and certainly not that European leadership which history promised her—if she owes this to herself, that is something she alone must decide. And yet—how will France, and how will Europe, fare in the world when those who still look to her for that leadership can no longer wait? No words more movingly express the deadly lure that beckons to France today than these of Edouard Herriot that President Vincent Auriol quoted on two separate occasions to reply to a critical, unjust, and impatient world: "France has the right to withdraw into her own sorrow. . . ."

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THE BOND BETWEEN CHRISTIAN AND JEW

Their Common Ethic

ROBERT E. FITCH

CERTAINLY it is a vital question whether the relations between Jews and Christians are to be determined chiefly by what divides them, or by what unites them. In COMMENTARY for December 1953, in an article which commands respect for its scholarship and for its forthright statement of the issues, Mr. Jacob Taubes has argued that the divisions over the Torah and over Christology are central. If I choose to offer another way of viewing the affair, it is because I believe that some essentials have been omitted from Mr. Taubes's presentation, and because the whole matter seems to me to be of the utmost practical importance.

Let me try to find common ground with Mr. Taubes by agreeing that the basic issue is theological. But I am in radical disagreement as to the nature of the theology involved. The real question, for the purposes of this discussion, is whether we are to begin by focusing attention on the character of God, or on the manifestations of God in the Torah or in Jesus Christ. It is also a question of whether we believe that the genius of a Judeo-Christian theology is expressed in a *pure* monotheism or in an *ethical* monotheism. If an ethical monotheism is the essential, then the primary belief is a belief in a God of justice, of righteousness, and of love. Also, since this is God and not man of whom we speak, he is seen as the Creator, Judge, and Redeemer of the World, and as the Lord of History. From the point of view of theology, all other questions must be subordinate to these basic affirmations.

I

IN TERMS of our contemporary world outlook, perhaps it is not surprising that Mr. Taubes should deny that history decides anything, or that his God can be the Lord of History. Certainly he can find plenty of support from secular historians and philosophers of history, from distinguished Protestant theologians, and I suppose from Jewish thinkers. This view is simply a part of the radical relativism of our times. Today we are unsure that there are any objective standards in morals, any valid principles in politics or in aesthetics, or any kind of law that operates with coercive efficacy in the course of human events.

Nevertheless, it is especially surprising that a Jew should repudiate the appeal to history. For it was the Jews who first gave the world our sense of the reality and significance of the historical process. Both for philosophy as well as for religion, here lies the genius of the Jewish insight—that it broke away from the stupid cyclical determinism of the Greek, the Hindu, and the Confucian, and saw history in terms of dy-

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IN DECEMBER 1953, Jacob Taubes argued in the pages of this journal that the currency of such phrases and conceptions as "the Judeo-Christian tradition" obscured the very real, fundamental, and unresolvable issue between Judaism and Christianity. This issue is Halachah or the Law. The Torah is the essence and foundation of Judaism, according to Mr. Taubes, whereas Christianity claims that the Law has been overthrown and superseded by the coming of the Messiah in the person of Jesus, faith in whom is necessary for salvation; this issue, Mr. Taubes contended, cannot be compromised without the one religion or the other surrendering its identity. In the present article, ROBERT E. FITCH, Dean of the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, California, and Professor of Christian Ethics, seeks to vindicate, against Mr. Taubes, the reality and significance of an ethico-religious tradition common to the two faiths. Professor Fitch's essay "The Illusions of the Intelligentsia" appeared in our December 1953 issue.

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namic intention. Whatever else Jehovah may be, he is a God who manifests himself by mighty acts in human history.

It should be equally scandalous that Christians today tend to belittle this doctrine. For at this point the Jewish and the Christian heritage are indissolubly bound together. A principal part of the practical appeal of Christianity in the Hellenistic period lay just here. The gods of the mystery cults like the gods of Mount Olympus might be dismissed eventually as pure myth. But the God who had chosen for himself a specific people, who had brought them up out of slavery in the land of Egypt and guided them to a promised land, who had chastised them in exile but rewarded them in repentance, who had revealed himself in the prophets and in Jesus—persons who really lived in time, and had their dates of birth and of death, of translation to heaven or of resurrection: such a God was a reality to be reckoned with! To deny this God who is the Lord of History is to cut out the very heart of the Judeo-Christian tradition.

However, there is no adequate reason why anyone should think that the Lord of History has vindicated the Christian over the Jew. For the past several years, when I have been discussing this bit of doctrine with my students in a Protestant school of theology, I have found it most natural to lend it support by appealing, not to the "Christian success," but to the "Jewish success" in history. The story of a small and obscure people, always inferior as a nation to its neighbors, in technology, in military power, in economic resources, in political prestige; defeated and enslaved by every imperial power within reach—the Egyptian, the Syrian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Greek, the Roman —and yet outlasting them all; scattered to the four corners of the earth and usually persecuted by its masters of an alien faith, yet retaining throughout its ethnic and religious integrity and continuity; and, finally, in spite of all odds against them, rising to a place of eminence in science, the arts, letters, statesmanship, finance, and philosophy: surely this is the great miracle of all history, a tale that would be dismissed as incredible fable were we not confronted by the evidence. Nor do I know anything that can match it in dignity and in spiritual splendor.

As for the "Christian success" in history, it was of another sort. It was a success in helping to shape the institutions, both social and technical, of our Western civilization. But while none of this is to be dismissed lightly, the truly significant success of the Christian in history was—like that of the Jew—under the duress of persecution. The miracle here lies in the first three centuries of the Christian era. How a religious community that had arrayed against it all the political, military, economic, and social power of the Roman Empire could rise to take over that empire and supersede it in the scope and duration of its sway: that is what is fabulous.

Nor can it be accounted for by any naive hypothesis of a "failure of nerve." If there was a "failure of nerve," it was in the old pagan culture: read the Skeptics, the Epicureans, the Stoics, and the Neo-Platonists. The difference between the *élan vital* of the new faith and the spiritual corruption of the old is symbolized in the Christian martyr who goes triumphantly to his death in the confidence of an ultimate victory both in this world and in the next, and the weary Roman philosopher who, expecting nothing either here or in the life to come, can only commit suicide gracefully.

At any rate, respect for the evidence as well as loyalty to tradition require both the Jew and the Christian to adhere faithfully to the belief in a God who is the Lord of History. The great Deuteronomic passages that link together the God of Justice with the God of Law and with the God of History are still normative at this point. We may have refined and spiritualized our conception of the laws and processes of history, but the essential insight has been there from the beginning.

II

More specifically, the God who is the Lord of History is an ethical God. He

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is no blank Brahma, no mere three-letter word spelled G-o-d. He is the God of justice, of righteousness, and of love, and he acts accordingly.

At this point it is necessary to discard a sacred tenet of popular piety. This is the belief that all the great religions of the world concur in teaching a common morality. They do not. The most inane expression of this faith is the attempt to gather all such teachings around the principle of the golden rule. Obviously the golden rule in a Hebrew-Christian context is going to work out to something quite different from what it yields in a Hindu, or a Shinto, or a Confucian context. Only a resolute contempt for the data of comparative religions makes it possible to affirm a fundamental identity. One can of course scout around and find a text here and a text there, and put them all together in some sort of mosaic of moral edification. But an isolated text is quite a different thing from a *dominant tradition* of persons and of principles and of practices. To say that all the world religions are the same in their ethical teachings is about as sensible as to declare that all political systems—democracy, totalitarianism, old-fashioned despotism, constitutional monarchy—are the same in their ethical teachings.

THE fact is that the great *ethical* religions all come from the Near East, and are continuous with each other in a common ethnic and cultural evolution. They are Zoroastrianism, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. All four of these faiths interpenetrate and, to some degree, build on one another. And let us not be afraid to arrange them in a hierarchy of value. Zoroastrianism gives us the most primitive expression of the ethical impulse in its sharp and militant dualism between light and darkness, between good and evil. Except in isolated spots it is no longer a force in our world. The heights of ethical insight are reached in the Hebrew-Christian tradition. Islam, which pretends to build on Moses and on Jesus, actually marks a decline in moral genius. To speak metaphorically—Islam loses the "feminine" qualities of love, tenderness, and sacrifice, and focuses on the more obviously "masculine" qualities.

Here let me suggest that if Mr. Taubes is an apostle of *pure* monotheism, he is right in stressing the Christian heresy of the Incarnation. But if he is an apostle of *ethical* monotheism, he will be more concerned to point to the apostasy of Islam in falling below the level of moral aspiration which preceeded it.

The content of the Hebrew-Christian ethical insight is expressed quite simply in the words justice, righteousness, and love. Righteousness is the quality of a person who is resolute to do the will of God as revealed in his law and in the word of his prophets. It marks that "strictness of conscience" which Matthew Arnold declared to be the gift of the Hebrew genius, in contrast to the Greek "spontaneity of consciousness." The justice of the Jew is distinguished from Greek, Roman, Hindu, and Chinese conceptions of justice by its radical egalitarianism and by the way it tips the scales in favor of the underprivileged instead of the privileged. The love of persons, as exhibited in Jesus, is a love that cuts across barriers of race, religion, caste, and hygiene; and, unlike the gentle but tepid compassion of the Buddhist, it is creative, sacrificial, and redemptive.

While the Old Testament has its concern for the individual both in the Law and in the prophets, and while the New Testament has its social gospel in Luke and James and Revelation, it is well to recognize that the social emphasis is more explicit in the Old and the concern for individuals more explicit in the New. That is no reason to set off the Old and the New Testaments against one another, but it is a reason to recognize that both are indispensable for an adequate religious ethics.

Just what may be the meaning of a *pure* monotheism in contrast to an *ethical* monotheism, I am somewhat at a loss to say. Historically the passion for a pure monotheism usually converts God into some kind of monster who bears a closer resemblance to a devil than to a deity. Perhaps the best modern expression of this tendency is found in Otto's *Idea of the Holy*. Otto stresses in God

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the qualities of awefulness, transcendence, overpoweringness—the *mysterium tremendum*. If it is amazing that a Protestant theologian could write a treatise on God without mentioning a single one of the moral attributes usually given him in the Biblical tradition, it is no less amazing that liberal Protestantism should at that time have reached the point of fatuity where it could acclaim such a treatise as epoch-making in its field. But it is not amazing that, in the country where Christian theology had exalted this Moloch of brute purity and power, men should soon find the awefulness of its *mysterium tremendum* best incarnate in an Adolf Hitler.

There is, of course, a dialectical problem in any valid ethical monotheism. God may say through the mouth of one prophet that "the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it." He may say through the mouth of another prophet, "My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways." So the goodness of God may be explicit in his commandments for man, while in its higher judgments it may contradict our human understanding. Nevertheless, both in the degree to which we apprehend him by sight, and in the degree to which we apprehend him only by faith, he is still, for the Jew as for the Christian, the God of justice, of righteousness, and of love.

III

Now that we have made straight the way in theology, let us confront our two "stumbling blocks"—the Torah, and the Christ. I shall deal first with the Torah.

What astonished me most in my initial reading of Mr. Taubes's article—and after some months of reflection my astonishment is unabated—is that he could discuss the whole question of Judaism and Christianity, and mention *not once* an Amos, a Micah, a Hosea, an Isaiah, a Jeremiah, an Ezekiel. There were plenty of erudition, plenty of sound doctrine, plenty of keen insight—everything except the prophets! But how does one discuss the genius of Judaism, or the relation between Judaism and Christianity, without the prophets?

We have arrived at a fundamental question: what is primary and what is secondary in religious authority? Is it the church and the synagogue, the law and the code, the ritual and the sacrament, the creed and the "wisdom," the priest, or the Scriptures, or the prophet? In terms of an ethical monotheism the answer must be clear: authority and preeminence go to that area where the direct experience of the God of justice, righteousness, and love has its most fresh and creative impact. They go to the prophets, the saint, and the mystic. This does not mean that we can dispense with the code, the ritual, the creed, the priesthood, and the ecclesiastical organization. But it does mean that these other things are secondary, derivative, and instrumental in character. To give first place to these other things is like saying that a philosophy of art, or ritual attendance at art galleries, or a mastery of the technics of art, may be an adequate substitute for the essential artistic experience either in creation or in appreciation.

It must be insisted, moreover, that the problem of a Torah is by no means peculiar to Judaism. Every great religious tradition has its equivalent of a Torah—the amalgam of law, custom, ceremony, and tradition which forms the heart of its way of life. Both the Puritan Calvinist and the Puritan Methodist illustrate it in Protestantism. The true-blue Calvinist, or primitive Presbyterian, had a reverence for the minutiae of the "law of the Lord," and the devout Methodist still has a piety toward his "discipline," which not only duplicate the attitude of the Jew to his Torah but are in some respects its lineal descendant. The Anglican finds his Torah in the Book of Common Prayer, in the Apostolic succession, and in the observance of feasts and seasons which are anathema to his sectarian brother in Christ. Even the Baptist, who likes to boast that he is not a ritualist like the Episcopalian, merely concentrates his Halachah on what he regards as the essentials: freedom of conscience, the separation of church and state,

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faithful attendance at divine service, and the sometimes orgiastic ceremony of adult baptism.

Now I believe it may be argued—on objective, historical grounds—that the Torah of the Jew has unique and distinctive qualities which entitle him to take a special pride in it and to feel a special loyalty to it. The evidence to which one would point would be not merely the antiquity of the Torah, but its incredible detail, its extraordinary continuity, the fact that it was subjected to experimental testing under the most diverse circumstances all over the world, and the fact that it has entered intimately into the moral and intellectual discipline and creativity of a "peculiar people." But it may not be argued that Christianity is primarily inward and otherworldly in its emphasis—although Mr. Taubes can find some Protestant support at this point—or that Christianity does not share with Judaism the conviction that "the intention of man's heart and soul has to be presented and represented in his daily life."

Jesus' Sermon on the Mount may stress motives as the springs of conduct, but it is most emphatic in its teaching that the test lies in the "fruits." Even the antinomian Paul, in his discussion of the Spirit and the Gifts—I Corinthians (12-14)—took pains to specify the faith, the hope, and the love which are the externally recognizable marks of the Christian. Moreover, in his analysis of love he actually goes into behavioristic detail as to how love functions in the conduct of the individual.

Mr. Taubes will agree, of course, that only a sterile and rigorous absolutism in religion will insist that there be one Torah for all peoples. These several patterns—the Torah of the Jew, the law of the Calvinist, the discipline of the Methodist, the tradition of the Anglican—all make for enrichment through diversification. Yet it would be unfortunate if what enriches were also allowed to divide. But this is what inevitably happens when we focus on our Torahs rather than on our common heritage of ethical monotheism. We then divide not merely the Jew from the Christian, but Christians from Christians, and Jews—Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform—from Jews!

Our final judgment in this affair may be expressed in a great text from Jeremiah (9:23-24)—and I trust that I am being faithful to the basic prophetic insight if I paraphrase the first verse, and quote verbatim only the second verse. Let not the wise man glory in his doctrine, neither let the just man glory in his law, and let not the pious man glory in his rites: "But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

IV

As the Torah is a stumbling block to the Christian, so the Christ is a stumbling block to the Jew.

Here, in spite of my liberal Congregationalist affiliations, I do not propose to dilute my Christology any more than Mr. Taubes proposes to emasculate his Torah. It is Christian teaching that Jesus the Christ was the Son of God, that he lived, died, and rose again, both to show us the Way and to be himself the Way. Moreover, the Christian is so powerfully convinced that everything precious comes to a focus in the figure of the Christ that he is unwilling to suffer any belittling of this rock of his salvation.

Now I do not propose here to convert the Jew to Christianity. But I shall argue that, of all non-Christians, the Jew is in the best position to entertain a sympathetic appreciation of the Christian faith. Once more the distinction between pure monotheism and ethical monotheism is crucial. If the emphasis is on the purity of the monotheism, then naturally the doctrine of the Incarnation is blasphemous. But if the emphasis is on the ethical aspect of God, then the Christian doctrine is scarcely a heresy. Because what Jesus the Christ signifies—a God who loves mankind, who is willing to share redemptively in man's sin and suffering, who is rigorous in his prescription of the alternatives between good and evil but plenteous in

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mercy toward the repentant—this is sound Old Testament theology. It has its origins specifically in Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and the poet of the Suffering Servant of the Lord. Not only is it deeply rooted in the whole Jewish religious tradition which preceded it, but it is quite inconceivable that such a figure as Jesus should have arisen in any other cultural context.

On the other hand, it is the most shameful blot on the record of Christianity that Christians should have exploited the Jewish rejection of Jesus to minister to Christian self-righteousness. What great prophet is not rejected by his people? Differences here are differences only in degree. Historically, of course, the rejection of Jesus by Palestine, like the eventual ejection of Gotama by India, was a precondition to the universal diffusion of the faith. Nevertheless, Jesus himself was a Jew, his twelve disciples and the apostle Paul were Jews; and Jesus consciously directed his ministry to the Jews. It is true, as Mr. Taubes notes, that the Fourth Gospel gives the whole affair an anti-Semitic slant. But if this is noted in the teaching of Protestant seminaries today, it is only to reject at this point the doctrine of John and to turn to the more generous doctrine of Paul.

Moreover, there is an element in the Christian theological-ethical heritage which speaks of those who "crucify Christ again." And the contrite Christian knows that if it was "the Jews" who crucified Christ the first time, then over the long years it is Christians who have crucified Christ again and again. They have done this every time that, claiming his name, they have flouted his will. And they have done it to the greatest scandal when they have made their own Hebrew-inherited faith a pretext for anti-Semitism.

Now if I ask the Jew to be faithful to the logic of an ethical monotheism at a critical point—Christology—I am willing to ask the same thing of the Christian at the same point. The situation I have in mind is the recurrent one in our American culture where so often the Jew and the Protestant are aligned together against the Roman Catholic on grave questions of social ethics. To the formalist in theology the situation is an impossible one. If Protestants and Roman Catholics both believe in Christ, then they ought to side together against the Jews who do not believe in Christ. But an ethical theology will ask, not just who "believes in" Christ, but where is the spirit of Christ to be found. Jesus' own teaching at this point is explicit: "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven."

V

FINALLY, it may be well to remind ourselves that, in our society, the problem of the relation of the Jew to the Christian is set in the larger context of the problem of the relation of the religious to the secular.

At this point the doctrine of God as Creator is fundamental. For if this world is truly his creation, we are constrained to believe that somehow or other he is made manifest in all his works. His glory is revealed in nature, his power and his justice in history, his mercy and his righteousness toward persons, and his judgment and his truth in those who know him not as well as in those who do know him. There is, in brief, no monopoly on the power and glory of God in any person, or in any place, or in any church or synagogue.

This does not mean that one may not claim that his religious heritage contains a unique, or the best, revelation of God. Indeed, I am confident that such judgments must be made in every area of life. It is no more pretentious to claim that the highest genius of an ethical religion arose in Palestine, than to assert that the Hellenic Greeks were a chosen people for philosophy, or the island of England a chosen place for great literature, or the continent of Europe a chosen place for music. These judgments of value, as even Nietzsche recognized, are a part of the fundamental business of living. If we do not know what is the best, then we have no criterion to rule out the bad, the

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worse, and the worst. What is heinous is to use the best to pour contempt on the comparatively better and on the merely good. It is at this point that every faith, secular or religious, is tempted to an intolerable spiritual pride.

Now the recurrent dilemma between the religionist and the secularist, as I see it, is somewhat as follows. The religionist may be giving better attention to the root of the matter—religious faith, while the secularist may be giving better attention to the fruit—the moral life. The irony of the picture is that the one who cherishes the faith may be deficient in the practice of the precepts, while the practitioner of the precepts may be busy trying to root up the very growth of which his morals are the fruit. I do not say whether it is always or frequently this way. But I do say that it is this way often enough for each party to be invited to some humility about himself and to some respect for the other fellow. At any rate, the devout ought to remember that the God of the Bible often chose to reveal himself through other means than those that were officially included among the spiritually elect.

The relation between the Jew and the Christian is not identical with that between the religionist and the secularist, but there are instructive analogies here. What is inexcusable is that the difference between the two should become an occasion for the denial of human brotherhood. Here I am sure Mr. Taubes is in agreement with me. Certainly Christians have practiced an un-Christian exclusiveness against the Jew, and have even carried this over into cruelty and into persecution. In a free society like ours it is possible for the Jew to exercise the same spirit of exclusion against the Christian. I remember well my surprise the first time I discovered that a Jew can look down on a Christian as well as a Christian look down on a Jew. And I remember vividly the first time when sincere overtures of friendliness on my part came up against a barrier of Jewish exclusiveness, which slowly conveyed to me with subtlety but with firmness that here was a human fellowship to which I could never in reality "belong."

I hasten to add that this was a most wholesome experience for me as a Christian. And by any ordinary principle of justice the Jew is certainly entitled to get in his licks in return. Yet the rendering of evil for evil is an abomination on the part of any man. Particularly between the Jew and the Christian is any self-righteous exclusiveness an affront to both the prophets and Jesus. It is a repudiation of the common religious heritage in which both share; a denial of the God of justice, of righteousness, and of love, in whom both believe; and a betrayal of those grave social responsibilities of which it is the peculiar destiny of both peoples to bear a large part of the burden.

This is not a plea that the one or the other should slight the Torah or the Christ. It is a plea that in all the desires of our heart, and in all the doings of our hands and our feet and our lips, we should not be recreant to the requirement of the Lord as it was made known through the mouth of the prophet Micah—"to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

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THE BURNING OF THE TALMUD IN PARIS

Date: 1242

ALLAN TEMKO

TO THE Middle Age no subject of conversation was more fascinating than the Lord. Wherever men gathered—in the castle hall, the wine shop, the market place—they would forget all else, and talk vividly of God. If they disagreed, they argued; and since the times were violent, disagreements sometimes ended in blows and sword thrusts. Religion was a lively matter. Amateur theologians were as numerous as amateur politicians today, and took their ideas at least as seriously. For the world, in the 12th and 13th centuries, was a giant cathedral. The supernatural entered every part of human life, every day of the year, and from the ribald comedy of the *Fête des Fous* to the intense drama of Easter, served every human emotion. Daily activity was suffused by the moods of Heaven to an extent that we now find quite impossible to grasp. All we can do is stand in the portal of a medieval church, while the stone population of Paradise mounts overhead, and try to imagine that these Prophets and Martyrs, these celestial Queens and Kings, were once as real as any earthly creature, and indeed did sometimes walk upon the earth and speak.

And so men debated about the Lord wherever paths met. The Church, for very good reasons, did not find this enthusiasm altogether commendable. Public discussion has a tendency to break down dogma, and while the Gothic moment was an age of extreme faith, it was not an age of strict orthodoxy. The whole of Languedoc—almost one-fourth of France—lay in the passionate error of Catharism. The Rhône Valley, Champagne, and Flanders swarmed with itinerant preachers whose wild outcries compelled no less a figure than Saint Bernard to answer them in the name of the Church Universal. In the Schools of Paris, soon to become a University, independent thinkers like Abélard battered down conventional thought in *disputationes* that shook Christendom.

In this atmosphere of sharp theological disagreement, of popular error and heresy, the Jew had a special place. He was the most dangerous deviant of all. As Christianity rose to its most triumphant instant, hurling armies against the East, and conquering the sky with cathedrals, the Jew stubbornly refused to capitulate. This took courage. The Church had begun to abandon its age-old policy of gentle persuasion, and was now resorting to severe political pressure against him. Moreover, the Crusades had loosed anti-Semitic lynch mobs throughout Western Europe. When men adore their Lord as fervently as did the medieval Christians, they are inclined to make him absolute.

TO THE Christian intellectual of the Middle Age, the Jew needed only a firm push toward the light, and his conversion would

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THE statuary on the outside of many a Gothic cathedral includes two female figures representing respectively the "Church Triumphant" and the "Synagogue," with blindfolded eyes, "Defeated." A tremendous, if inadvertent, piece of irony is contained in this tableau, for if ever an institution preserved itself by the exercise of clear vision, and by seeking the light, it was the medieval synagogue. ALLAN TEMKO turns to a little-known page of her past to show us the synagogue valiantly defending herself against a world of foes, and suffering defeat only in the face of sheer secular force, not at all at the hands of a superior intellectual adversary. Mr. Temko, born in 1924 and a graduate of Columbia, is normally a resident of Staten Island, but is now lecturing at the Sorbonne in Paris and working on a book on Notre-Dame cathedral, from which this narrative is an excerpt, as was also his previous contribution to COMMENTARY, "The King, the Bishop, and the Jew," which appeared in February 1953. Mr. Temko has also published fiction and criticism in the *American Scholar*, *New-Story* (Paris) and the *Columbia Review*.

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be assured. This conviction was not as far-fetched as it might seem. Today, when differences between faiths receive more attention than their similarities, we occasionally forget that Christianity and Judaism share an enormous common ground. During the Middle Age, the one regarded itself as the child of the other, a natural growth that had sprung from Jewish monotheism like Jesse's Tree. The relationship was dramatized in thousands of works of art, but nowhere does it emerge more brilliantly than in the great transept rose windows of Notre-Dame of Paris. Through the northern rose flows the austere blue light of the Old Law; through the southern pours the sun-filled reds of the New. The two streams of color blend at the exact center of the cathedral, in the most mystical alliance that Western civilization has devised.

Coaxing, this wonderful light—and yet the Jew did not surrender to it. In his tiny synagogues he prepared his replies to Paris, Chartres, and Rheims; and when he ventured on the talkative streets, walking the tightrope of medieval tolerance, he would courageously answer Christian challengers. He argued as Jews have since Abraham (according to the Midrash) debated theology with Nimrod. In the face of continual proselytism, he responded with a proselytism of his own.

In general, these religious discussions were friendly. They occurred far too often to be otherwise. We know, too, that they had their share of good humor. Once a monk asked Joseph Kara why synagogues did not have bells. "Go to a fish market," replied the Jew, "and you will see that the high-quality stalls are silent. Only the sellers of herring shout their merchandise."

Jewish wit and learning grew famous, and the debates soon became a form of entertainment, as diverting as the songs of minstrels, before aristocratic audiences. Sometimes keenly intelligent women, like the Lady of Vitry, in Champagne, took part. But if the nobility found clever argument amusing, the Church did not. By the end of the 12th century France was hot with heresy, and Jewish criticism, for all its charm, was becoming too effective. About the year 1200 the Bishop of Paris threatened with excommunication anyone but qualified clerks who entered into theological argument. A Church writer, Peter of Blois, declared with some heat in his *Contra Perfidiam Judaeorum* (and *perfidiam* should here be translated simply as "disbelief") that it is "absurd to discuss the Trinity at street intersections." Finally, in a Bull of 1233, Gregory IX condemned all public controversy.

The Pope's edict was not obeyed. The debates went on, as passionately as before. Men could not keep silent. The Jews continued to give a good account of themselves, and provoked Saint Louis's celebrated remark to Joinville: "I tell you that no one, unless he be a very learned clerk, should dispute with them; that the layman, when he hears the Christian Law mis-said, should not defend it, unless it be with his sword, with which he should pierce the mis-sayer in the midriff, as far as the sword will enter."

If the foremost Christian spokesmen were trained in the young University of Paris, their leading adversaries were educated on the opposite bank of the Seine in the Talmudic School of the Paris Synagogue. There, with modest resources, the Jews had set up a center of learning that was renowned throughout the West. Its students, like the scholars in the Christian schools on the Left Bank, came from as far away as England and Italy. Occasionally even, Christian philologists would cross the river to receive special instruction from the rabbis in Hebrew.

Exactly where on the Right Bank the Talmudic School was located in the 13th century is a matter of doubt. It was situated in a newly acquired building, for the Jews had lost all of their ancient holdings in Paris when they were sent into a sixteen-year exile in 1182. The Crown had then seized not only their homes and lands, but also their seat of religious and intellectual life: the temple on the Ile-de-la-Cité, which was transformed into a church. After their return in 1198, the Jews did not come back to the Island and the Left Bank, where they had lived since Merovingian and even Roman times, but settled in the expanding commercial quarter near the Halles. There they consecrated a new synagogue, which almost certainly housed the School. One might note that they have never since left the vicinity of these great markets, except under periodic compulsion. They live by choice in the neighborhood today, in the twisting

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streets behind the Rue de Rivoli, as merchants and artisans and scholars.

With the exiled community had returned its leader and champion, Rabbi Judah ben Isaac—Judah Sir Leon* of Paris, one of the most accomplished Jews of the Middle Age. Sir Leon may have been a descendant of the superb teacher Rashi of Troyes (1040-1105), the father of Jewish medieval Scholasticism; at any rate, he carried on Rashi's cultivated principles of Tosafist education. A corps of brilliant rabbis developed under Sir Leon's supervision. Like their master, they had a perfect familiarity with the Talmud and the Old Testament, were widely read in other religious and philosophical literature, had a precocious knowledge of science, and above all loved theology for its own sake. They were also gifted poets, convincing preachers, and skilled controversialists. The most famous of Sir Leon's pupils were Moses of Coucy, Sir Morel of Falaise, and Yechiel of Paris, all three of whom would later defend their beloved Talmud at the risk of their lives, and see it condemned and publicly burned in Paris.

WHEN Sir Leon died in 1224 at the age of fifty-eight, young Yechiel succeeded him as Chief Rabbi of Paris and head of the School. Young, and alive! Yechiel's name was translated literally into French as Sir Vives—or *Vivo,* as he is called in Latin documents. He was also called Yechiel the Holy, Yechiel the Pious, and when he in turn grew venerable, Yechiel the Elder. At the time he took charge of the School, however, he could scarcely have been more than twenty-five. He was born at Meaux, near Paris, sometime after the return of the Jews to France in 1198.

Under Yechiel the School flourished as it had under Sir Leon. More than three hundred students listened to his lectures; and when he was called upon to defend Jewish doctrine in open debates as official spokesman for his community, all Paris thronged to hear. He won admiration from Jews and Gentiles alike when he refuted charges that Jews are compelled by ritualistic demand to use Christian blood. Another time he successfully denied the allegation that Jews cannot, consistently, with their belief, bear witness in courts of law.

But Yechiel's oratory alone did not move the imaginative 13th century. It was his reputation as a Cabalist that gripped medieval Paris. A story circulated that he possessed a magical lamp which, after being lit Friday evening, burned an entire week without oil. Saint Louis was intrigued by the rumor, and according to one version of the episode, asked Yechiel if it were true. The Rabbi's reply was vague (it would have been fatal to confess to sorcery), and the King decided to surprise him in person late one Wednesday night, to see if the lamp were still burning.

An apocryphal bit of comedy resulted which is worth telling one more time—it has been repeated for ages in European ghettos.

In those days, says the legend, beggars and ruffians often chose the dead of night to beat on Jewish doors and disturb the sleeping households. Yechiel, of course, was never in bed at that hour, but wide awake in his study, poring over Cabalistic symbols. In order not to be interrupted, he had a sort of projecting peg or nail on his desk, which he pressed downward whenever he heard a knock. As far as the peg entered the wood, the intruder sank into the earth outside.

When the King knocked, Yechiel pressed the peg immediately, and Louis sank to his waist. The King, a tall man, managed to reach up and strike the door again. Yechiel pushed the peg a second time. The device hopped backward beneath his finger! With a terrified cry he rushed to the door and prostrated himself before his monarch.

He found that Louis had been as frightened as himself. The King and his barons, as they felt the earth swallow them, had in one voice cried out: "Save us!"

Yechiel led them into his home, placed them near the fire, and entertained them with cakes and jam—the authentic medieval touch that is as impossible to duplicate as the pure blue glass at Chartres.

Louis then asked the Rabbi if he was really a sorcerer and if it was true that he possessed the marvelous lamp. Yechiel lifted his eyes towards the omnipotent 13th-century Heaven, and answered: "Let the Lord be pleased, I am not a sorcerer! But I *am* versed in physics, and know several properties of Nature."

*Properly, *Sire* Leon: the respectful title given a rabbi in medieval French.

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Then he showed the King his lamp, which was burning brightly, and revealed that it was neither a miracle nor a work of enchantment, but that he had filled it with another combustible material rather than oil. This part of the tale rings true. Phosphorous had recently been brought to Paris from the East, and was a tremendous source of local excitement at the time. With reservations certain other details of the story may also be accepted, such as the proud Jewish claim that Louis afterwards made Yechiel a trusted counselor at Court. It is altogether possible that in the first years of Louis's reign, Yechiel was received at the palace on a friendly, if not official, basis. Only one fact is sure: in the year 1254 the King for some reason categorically prohibited the practice of magic to the Jews of his realm.

By night, in his study, Yechiel may have enjoyed tranquility; as head of the School by day he led the stormiest of intellectual careers. Jewish theologians could disagree as violently among themselves as the Christian doctors, and Saint Bernard and Peter Abélard contended with no more bitterness than Yechiel and one of his students, Donin of La Rochelle. Donin, who in spite of his name seems to have spent most of his life in Paris, expressed sharp disapproval of the oral tradition of Talmudic teaching—the very foundation of Jewish Scholasticism. This was heresy. Yechiel of course denounced it as such, and for a full year after he assumed direction of the School, his conflict with Donin raged within its walls. Finally, when Donin's criticisms became irreconcilable with orthodoxy, Yechiel excommunicated him in the presence of the entire Congregation, with the usual humiliating ceremonies, in 1225.

The severity of this sentence cannot be overemphasized. The medieval man bereft of his Lord, Jew or Christian, was driven—quite literally—out of his community. After his scourging in the temple, he wandered as an outcast: shunned, feared, hated; denied any solace of religion, including burial in sacred ground. No man would dine with him, or receive him in his house, or—if the excommunication were observed to the letter—associate with him in any way, unless it be to urge him to repent. For ten years Donin endured this impossible existence. His only sympathizers seem to have been certain members of the clergy who saw his potential value as a *provocateur*. With their encouragement, Donin dramatically announced his conversion to Christianity in 1236. He was baptized under the name of Nicholas, and joined the Franciscan order.

There have been few more despicable renegades. Donin's first Christian action was to circulate through France during the summer of 1236, haranguing troops that were forming for the Sixth Crusade. The volunteers were in an ugly mood, and needed little pretext to renew the pogroms that had accompanied every Crusade for more than a century. Donin gave them their opportunity. He traveled through Anjou, Poitou, and Aquitaine, preaching to mobs in his friar's habit, and the atrocities followed. Homes and synagogues were burned. Torahs were torn to pieces. Then came a demand for mass conversion. Some five hundred Jews submitted and were baptized. Three thousand others perished, some in indescribable pain. The Crusaders had hit upon the idea of trampling men, women, and children with their war horses.

In desperation the Jews appealed to the Pope, and Gregory ordered Saint Louis and the prelates of France to protect them from further outrages. But as was usual in the Middle Age, the lynching mood had almost spent itself before the responsible officials acted. Through a wide band of central France, Jewish communities lay decimated. Donin, however, had not yet had his full revenge. Two years after the massacres, in 1238, he went to Rome and formally presented the Pope with thirty-five accusations against the Talmud, and recommended its destruction as a mass of blasphemies. He added that the Talmud alone kept the Jews in error, that the rabbis valued it more highly than the Bible, and that without it the Jews would have been converted long in the past.

This last point in itself was enough to convince Gregory that an investigation, at least, was necessary. Nevertheless, the Pope was taken totally by surprise. In countless previous attacks on the Jews the Talmud had never before been called into question. Until Donin's denunciation they had been considered only as defenders of the Old Testament, not as blasphemers of the New. What

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then, after centuries of Christian indifference to the Talmud, had given Donin's charges their special effectiveness?

AT THE center of the situation lay the classic source of bigotry: ignorance. Not one Gentile in ten thousand had the faintest idea of the contents of the Talmud; not one in a million had an understanding of its ambiguities. An unprincipled apostate like Donin could easily take passages from context, and twist their meanings. But beyond ignorance of the Talmud, Christians had a distorted conception of the Jews themselves. Rabble-rousers everywhere, like Foulque de Neuilly, the organizer of the Fourth Crusade, had created a popular image of a monster. The Jew was vilified ingeniously. He was charged with ritual murder, with subterranean orgies of blood-drinking, with desecration of sacred objects that the clergy had left in his pawn. He was simultaneously reproached for poverty and for the practice of usury, both of which Christians had forced upon him. He was accused of being ugly, of being small in stature. Politically, feudalism adopted a notable decision of Saint Thomas Aquinas, and declared him a serf. Above all, the miracle plays that were staged before the cathedrals depicted him as a magician and agent of Satan.

To some extent, although it should not be exaggerated, the secrecies of Tosafism made these slanders more credible to the uninformed. This was the age of the Cabalists, strange creatures in peaked hats who were shrouded in mystery even to their own congregations. It is easy to see how their primitive science, like Yechiel's experiment with phosphorous, could instil fear and hate as well as wonder.

Underlying all these emotional sources of Christian resentment was a hard new code of Church law. The Lateran Council of 1215 had gone further than the oppressive Council of 1179, and formulated a complete pariah status for the Jew. It initiated the marked costume and other crude indignities which were to torment the Jew until the French Revolution. It also established the Inquisition, and the Talmud became one of its first victims.

IF THE investigation of the Talmud held no lesson for the 13th century, it might for the 20th. The methods of inquisitors have seldom been more striking. Pope Gregory considered Donin's accusations for a full year, and then decided that they were serious enough to invoke the entire judicial apparatus of Church and State. For this he would need the help of the secular arm, particularly the "strong right arm" of the Church's "eldest son," King Louis of France. But more than France alone, Gregory hoped for a joint civil and ecclesiastic action throughout the Occident. In an encyclical dated June 9, 1239, he requested the sovereigns of seven western kingdoms—France, England, Aragon, Navarre, Castille, Leon, and Portugal—to act in concert with their prelates, and simultaneously seize every copy of the Talmud in their realms. The date fixed for the coup was the first Saturday in Lent the following year—nine months off.

Strange, this delay. More strange, Gregory did not circulate the encyclical by papal courier. Instead he ordered Donin personally to deliver the text to the Bishop of Paris, William of Auvergne, who—at a time that seemed propitious—would send out the necessary letters to the various kings and bishops concerned. Hence the entire maneuver, as William of Auvergne's biographer has pointed out, was directed not from Rome, but from the Episcopal Palace of Paris.

The Pope's plan was more lucid than it seems at first. In William of Auvergne—the Bishop who was rushing Notre-Dame to completion—he had a hard-headed prelate from the tough southern hills near Aurillac, whose people are still among the most orthodox Catholics in France. William could be counted upon to conduct the investigation energetically; if it ended in fiasco, he would absorb any embarrassment rather than the Pope, who was publicly committed to protect Jewish freedom of religion. The Bishop was also in an excellent position to influence King Louis, whose palace stood a few hundred yards from the cathedral, at the opposite end of the Ile-de-la-Cité. Many historians have tried to prove that Saint Louis was not the "priest-ridden mystic" whom other scholars have described. In this case we can say only that he alone among the seven monarchs obeyed the Pope's instructions; all the other kings refused.

The Jewish Sabbath was a favorite medieval moment for a raid. On Saturday morn-

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ing, March 3, 1240, while the congregations were praying in their synagogues, the officers of Church and Crown struck "a great blow." Every copy of the Talmud that could be found in France was seized and transported to Paris, where the book was to be judged for blasphemy before the Royal Court.

WHETHER or not Saint Louis was dominated by priests, we have it on the impeccable authority of Joinville that he was tyrannized by his mother, Blanche of Castille. This remarkable woman, whose courage and imagination had saved the throne for her young son when his barons rebelled, was a Spanish beauty who had been trained in the sophisticated courts of the south. Like her son, she possessed the ecstatic temperament in strong degree. Her artistic taste was faultless, and the northern rose of Chartres, which she endowed, is perhaps its most splendid example. She also gave license to poets and troubadors, and yielded utterly to that curious medieval emotion known as "courtly love." She adored chivalry and its tournaments of jousting. And now she conceived the trials of the Talmud as a tournament of eloquence in which champions would match dialectical lances for the delight of her courtiers. She named herself chief judge. For reasons never explained, Saint Louis did not attend the debate, and his devout and gifted mother took complete charge of the proceedings.

By June 1240, three months after the mass seizure of the Talmud, the Colloquy was ready to begin. In the great hall of the palace, before a brilliant assemblage of clergy and nobles, Queen Blanche took her place on the dais. A team of clerks and monks, led by Donin, entered as prosecutors, attired for pageantry. Then came the four representatives of French Jewry. According to a contemporary account, their bearing was "royal"; and, indeed, they could not have looked much different from the stately, bearded patriarchs whose images were carved about this time for the western façade of Notre-Dame.

Of the four rabbis, Yechiel was perhaps the most famous, but each had a great reputation in his own right. There was Moses of Coucy, an Italian-born intellectual and author who spoke not only French but Spanish and Arabic fluently; in 1235 and 1236 he had made a speaking tour through southern France and Spain, upbraiding congregations which had neglected the Law, and delivering sermons of such power that he became known as *ha-darshan*—the Preacher. Judah ben David of Melun, who was head of the School at that thriving city a few miles above Paris on the Seine, was a Tosafist scholar of the same stature as Yechiel and Moses. The fourth spokesman seems to have been Sir Morel of Falaise, whose Hebrew name was Samuel ben Solomon, but it is equally possible that he was Samuel ben Solomon of Château Thierry.

The pageant now took its first step toward tragedy. A burst of excitement swept over the spectators as the evidence was brought in. It was gorgeous. The illuminated parchments, with their bold Hebrew characters, were the treasure of the synagogues of France. Since few of the audience had seen the Talmud before, Nicholas Donin stepped forward and described the book briefly.

THAT day Yechiel alone remained in court, selected expressly by Donim. The three other rabbis were isolated, so that they could not consult with one another.

When Yechiel saw that Donin had been entrusted with the prosecution, he disdainfully asked what points of Jewish doctrine the apostate wished to question. Donin's reply was unexpected. Although the thirty-five accusations he had made before the Pope were supposedly the basis of the inquiry, he now declared that the discussion would be limited to the Talmud's treatment of Jesus. He added that he would prove the divinity of Jesus Christ in spite of the heresies of the Talmud, which he said had been composed some four hundred years previously.

"Fifteen hundred years!" thundered Yechiel who, like every pious medieval Jew, was certain that the Lord had dictated the book's oldest portions to Moses. And the Rabbi turned to Queen Blanche with this appeal: "Lady, I beg of you, do not oblige me to reply. The Talmud is a holy book of venerable antiquity in which no one until the present has been able to discover a fault. Jerome, one of your Saints, was familiar with all of our Law; if he had found the least blemish in it, he scarcely would have al-

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lowed it to remain. No prelate, no apostate even, has ever reproached us our belief. Your Doctors, and you have had many more learned than Nicholas these last fifteen hundred years, have never attacked the Talmud. They have recognized it as fitting that we should have a commentary on the Scriptures. . . ."

Yechiel then faced the entire court with defiance: "Know further that we are prepared to die for the Talmud. . . . our bodies are in your power, but not our souls."

One of the King's officers broke in: "Yechiel, who thinks of harming the Jews?"

Yechiel, recalling the recent Crusader slaughters, and aware of a rising pogrom sentiment in Paris, must have smiled bitterly: "Surely it isn't you who will protect us from the enraged people."

With the meticulous courtesy that she displayed throughout the hearing, Queen Blanche reassured the Rabbi. She declared that she would defend the Jews and their possessions, and would punish as a capital crime any violence against them.

Reassured that the forms of justice were to be observed, Yechiel requested an immediate appeal to the Holy See. This was a frequent and honorable legal technique in the Middle Age, since the papal tribunal—the Supreme Court of medieval Europe—often reversed the decisions of prejudiced or incompetent lower courts. Ordinarily the request would have been granted. This day it was shouted down by the clerks who told Yechiel to answer Donin, if he could.

The Rabbi had to submit. He protested angrily, however, when Donin demanded that he swear an oath before testifying. "Never in my life have I sworn upon the name of the Lord," he told Queen Blanche, "and I shall not begin today. If, after giving oath, I said merely one word which displeased Donin, he would cite me for perjury."

This time the clerks gave way, and Yechiel was not forced to swear, although Jews on occasion did take oath voluntarily during the Middle Age, with the right hand resting upon a Torah.

AT LAST the two champions came to grips. To the delighted astonishment of the assembly, Donin began with a *tour de force*. He demonstrated, texts in hand, that the Talmud was filled with absurdities. It condemns to death, he pointed out, the man who sacrifices *part* of his progeny to Moloch, but provides no penalty for him who sacrifices *all* of it. This stroke put the clergymen in wild laughter.

Yechiel replied coldly. "One day," he told them, "you shall laugh no longer at these words. You wish to intimidate me, but ought you not at least hear me before vilifying our Law?" Then he explained that a total sacrifice was a sin so monstrous that it passed human punishment, and deserved only the wrath of God.

After this exchange, the discussion centered on the various passages in which the name Jesus appears in the Talmud, some twenty in all. Many of these references are without question uncomplimentary or openly insulting. They speak of an illegitimate son of a harlot, who was condemned as a false prophet, and later executed like a common criminal. Donin claimed that they applied to Jesus of Nazareth and his mother the Virgin Mary. The audience was shocked and horrified, and their indignation was skillfully exploited by Donin. As he translated each of the alleged blasphemies from Hebrew into the official court language, Latin, he added in French, the popular tongue which could later be quoted to illiterate mobs: "See how this people insults your God. How do you allow them to live in your midst?"

At this unhappy moment, when the Jewish cause must have appeared lost to everyone except the solitary Rabbi, Yechiel defended the Talmud proudly, and with success. He asserted that none of these insults concerned Jesus Christ, but other personages of the same name who had no connection with the Christian Savior. In particular he mentioned Jesus Gereda, the bastard son of Sotada, a soldier, and of Panthera, a whore. This Jesus, the Rabbi maintained, was a villain who fully merited the cruel punishment he received for false prophecy. Yechiel here had an irrefutable point, and he made it convincingly. Although the Talmud is not altogether definite on the method or exact place of execution, it makes it clear that Jesus ben Sotada was not crucified, but either hanged or stoned, and that his condemnation and death took place not at Jerusalem, but in or near Lydda.

This confident denial made a deep im-

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pression. It was further supported by Yechiel's counter-charge that Donin had known all of these facts, but had sedulously distorted them for motives of revenge.

The debate continued bitterly, until at last Donin and the clerks resorted to invective. At this point, according to a contemporary Jewish account of the episode, Queen Blanche brought them up sharply. "Why do you spoil your good odor?" she asked. "The Jew, out of respect for you, has succeeded in proving that his ancestors did not insult your God, and yet you persist in trying to make him confess to blasphemies. Aren't you shamed by such maneuvers?"

Yechiel was dismissed, and Judah ben David of Melun, who had been held incommunicado while Yechiel's testimony was given, was now called before the court. Donin went over the same ground, and saw his accusations exploded utterly. Judah's refutation was identical with Yechiel's, although the two Rabbis could not have possibly planned this specific defense together. The details coincided perfectly, and for the moment the Talmud was saved.

At the suggestion of the clerks, however, it was decided that the Royal Court was not the best qualified to judge theological quarrels, and that the dispute should be transferred to a Church tribunal. This would be a very different court of law indeed. Saint Louis personally appointed the new judges: the Archbishop of Sens, the Bishops of Paris and Senlis, the Chancellor of the University of Paris, and a preaching friar named Geoffroy de Blèves. They were joined by an Inquisitor, Henry of Cologne, and a new hearing was held in Paris shortly after the first.

ANY reconstruction of these events is necessarily vague. Neither their dates, nor even the order in which they occurred, have been fixed beyond doubt. It would seem that the encounter between Yechiel and Donin began on June 24 or 25, 1240, and continued for three days while the Jewish community fasted and prayed for deliverance of the Talmud. Judah ben David of Melun apparently testified on the third day. As far as is known, the two other rabbis were not summoned to appear at all. The Church Court, with the same spokesmen participating before a new set of judges, would have convened sometime later during the summer of 1240.

Arsène Darmesteter, in a careful study, disputed these dates. He thought that the early meeting before Queen Blanche lasted a single day, June 12, and that the Church Court met June 25-27.

In any event, two trials were held, and we may be sure that the second was more severe than the first. Only one of the Church judges was impartial in the modern sense. The Archbishop of Sens, Gauthier Cornut, who on previous occasions had displayed sympathy for the Jews, was scrupulously fair. This earned him the slander that he had been purchased: the one explanation the Middle Age could offer when a high personage refused to be biased. The other prelates on the panel were openly hostile, especially Bishop William of Paris and the Chancellor of the University, Eudes of Châteauroux. The Jews feared and hated Eudes, with reason. It was he who had earlier challenged Yechiel on the use of Christian blood in secret Jewish rites. Eudes had lost then; this time he would win. He will stand forever as one of the most notorious anti-Semites the Middle Age produced.

During the second hearing, too, Donin had the assistance of Henry of Cologne, the Inquisitor. Between them they were able to make certain that the Talmud would not escape again.

It was now, before the Church tribunal, that Donin's thirty-five accusations were finally considered at length. In Isidore Loeb's masterly analysis of the arguments, the charges fall into five large classifications:

1. The exaggerated importance the Talmud had taken among the Jews; that it was more highly regarded than the Bible.
2. Blasphemies against Jesus Christ.
3. Blasphemies against God the Father and against morality.
4. Blasphemies against Christians. The Talmud allegedly prescribes that the "best of the *goyim*" should be put to death.
5. Errors, Stupidities, Absurdities contained in the Talmud.

None of these charges, Loeb demonstrated, can be sustained. That the Talmud had received an exceptional importance is a question of pure theology into which no court of law should enter. The charge of blasphemy against Jesus we have already

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seen proven false. The charge of blasphemy against God and morality is equally groundless: the Talmud is a deeply religious work of piety. Any arguments that may be brought against it in this connection—and Yechiel pointed this out—may also be brought against the Bible. As for the "Errors, Stupidities, and Absurdities," the charm and humor of the Talmud completely escaped its medieval judges. They were infuriated, for example, by the happy anecdote of an argument among rabbis which grew so heated that God intervened. Without hesitation one of the rabbis silenced the Lord with a brilliant *mot*, and God remarked—with one of the loveliest smiles that Jewish literature has given him: "My children have vanquished me!"

Only one of the five main charges, then, remains to be considered: the blasphemies against Christians. Here a problem of semantics arises. Donin claimed that the word *goyim* applies exclusively to Christians; the Jews retorted that it is not synonymous with Christians, but with pagans and Gentiles—in short, all non-Jews, Christians included. This distinction, in view of the abbreviated quotations Donin presented as evidence, had great significance. The Talmud is an enormous compilation which belongs to many epochs. It is punctuated repeatedly by outcries in the midst of suffering and disaster. The extravagant language of pain has a narrow meaning. It should never be lifted from context and given a wider sense than intended. This Donin did, crudely. Loeb cites the passionate curse uttered by Simon ben Yohai: "Kill the best of the *goyim!*" Simon did not intend his words to be taken literally. He had simply observed the Romans of the times of Hadrian, witnessed their cruel persecutions, and cried out specifically against them.

Were these ancient maledictions, the court demanded, still employed against 13th-century Christians? The question was not altogether fair, but Yechiel answered eloquently: "It is written that the poor of the *goyim* must be fed like the poor of Israel . . . that their sick must be tended like the Jewish sick, that their dead must be buried like the Jewish dead."

THE judges did not reach an immediate decision. Instead, they deliberated in private for some time after the hearings. During these closed sessions, the disputed texts were read at least in part. Two clerks who had learned Hebrew in Yechiel's School aided the justices in this task, and presumably Donin helped too.

Finally the Talmud was condemned as a "tissue of lies," and sentenced, like Maimonides' *Guide* nearly a decade earlier in Montpellier, to be destroyed by fire.

The decision had been delayed because it was not unanimous. Gauthier Cornut, the aged Archbishop of Sens, made a strong dissent. He was the highest-ranking churchman present, and as primate of the Ile de France his word carried weight. The Bishop of Paris was his suffragan (Notre-Dame would not become a metropolitan church with an archbishop of its own until four centuries later). The Chancellor of the University of Paris was at a different level of the hierarchy altogether. Only the Inquisitor Henry of Cologne had a status approaching Gauthier's, and it was ambiguous locally in France.

For two years, from 1240 to 1242, the Archbishop prevented any violent action against the Talmud. The parchments remained under lock and key, while the Jews struggled frantically to save them. In spite of his obvious responsibility in the matter, Pope Gregory refused to assume it, and did not review the case. Nor did Saint Louis interfere. Then, in 1242, Gauthier died, the last great protector of medieval Jewry; and Bishop William and Chancellor Eudes were free to prepare their auto-da-fé.

In June 1242—the date has been contested, it may have been as late as 1244—wagon after wagon left the convents of the Preaching Friars, where the Talmud had been impounded, and were driven through Paris with a precious cargo. Manuscripts which would embellish any library in the world today were being carried to destruction. An immense throng had gathered, drawn by the novelty of the spectacle, for books had never before been publicly burned in Paris. The Jews remained hidden, in deepest mourning, terrified to venture on the streets. Slowly the tumbrils made their way through the multitude to the Place de la Grève, approximately where the Hôtel de Ville stands now. There the parchments were piled high, as the carts went back and forth to the convents for two days, until twenty-four heavy loads had been

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deposited. Then torches were brought, and the fire did its work.

THE Jewish sense of loss was enormous. The blow to Talmudic learning was irreparable. The only outlet for Jewish anger and sorrow, as it has been so often, was literature. Elegies and bitter polemics were composed to commemorate the catastrophe. Both Jews and Christians also prepared their own versions of the trial, in Hebrew and in Latin. A copy of each manuscript is conserved at the Bibliothèque Nationale, and it is very much worth asking the special authorization required to examine them.

The Hebrew account of the trial begins with a sweeping, black Miltonic rhythm: "O dreadful and terrible day, filled with calamity! Anger and cruelty are spread upon the earth . . . and the clouds of horror and destruction have filled the sky. The sun and the moon are darkened, the heavens shattered, the stars driven away. Enormous lions roar. The giants of the past are called to life. The Universe mourns."

Yet this was not the nadir. The destruction of the Talmud was the beginning of a whole chain of disasters. A new law increased Jewish misery every two or three years until, in 1269, Saint Louis introduced the *rouella*, "the little wheel," which the Jew would wear for five hundred years as a mark of humiliation. The Jews of Paris, once so prosperous, found themselves in such poverty that money had to be borrowed from other communities to support the School. Yechiel lived to see his son Joseph unjustly imprisoned; and after his release was secured, the two of them traveled into exile, first to Greece, and then Palestine, where the great Doctor died a broken man of eighty, and was buried in a village near Acre. Thus, while Western Europe was moving toward what we are pleased to call the Renaissance, the Jew was being dragged into a Dark Age. He would have little but tragedy until the French Revolution.

The France that was responsible for these barbarities was passing its medieval prime. Jewish Scholasticism was violently put to death; Christian Scholasticism would gradually consume itself in subtilities. The Gothic, too, was losing scale and vigor. Before the 13th century would end, architecture would dissolve in a thousand forms of cleverness and show.

The smoke of the burning Talmud, however, rose in 1242 against a Gothic in full possession of its grand manner: the western façade of Notre-Dame of Paris. This tremendous sculpted wall—the most famous of postcard images—dates from 1200 to 1250, the classic instant of triumph. Flanking the central door stand two Queens, rivals across the centuries. The radiant figure on the left is the Church Victorious, crowned and imperial, and holding a chalice which is nothing less than the Holy Grail. The Queen on the right is posed in defeat, her staff broken in several places, her eyes covered by a coiling serpent, her signs of royalty removed or shattered. A reversed Tablet of the Law, falling from her hand, shows that she is the Synagogue. The statues at Paris are modern, the work of the 19th-century restorer. But at Strasbourg are two Queens in all their original beauty. The Church is magnificent. The Synagogue is amazing. We may stand before them for many hours, trying to decide which is the more lovely; and the decision will be purely a subjective matter of taste, as it should be; but as we look at the bandaged eyes of the captive Queen, and study the exquisite proportions of her broken staff, we shall not fail to realize the utter grace and majesty of her defeat.

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IN SANTA FE, THE CITY DIFFERENT

Old Jewish Settlers and New

ALBERT ROSENFELD

HISTORIAN France V. Scholes of the University of New Mexico reports that, way back in the 1660's—only a few years after George Washington's great-great-grandfather emigrated to Virginia from Old Sulgrave—one of the early Spanish territorial governors, the lusty Don Bernardo López de Mendizábal, was accused of being a Jew. The evidence, as adduced by the governor's spying servants: Don Bernardo and his wife, Doña Teresa, made a practice of bathing and washing their hair on Friday nights. When the governor denied the charge, stoutly insisting that he did not wash his hair for weeks on end, he was found not guilty.

So, unless we assume that Don Bernardo succeeded in deceiving the court, it appears that the first Jewish settler did not arrive in Santa Fe until a little over a hundred years ago. His name was Jacob Solomon Spiegelberg, a colorful trader whose four brothers soon followed him down the Santa Fe trail—three months from Kansas City by ox-drawn wagon train.

The Spiegelbergs were to make a lasting mark on territorial history. They became the friends and confidants of churchmen and generals, artists and archaeologists, politicians and outlaws. Abe Spiegelberg, who toured the wild countryside in a gaily gilded circus wagon stuffed with food, dry goods, and guns, became the nation's leading authority on Navajo rugs and blankets. "Handsome Willi" Spiegelberg was elected mayor of Santa Fe, and later a probate judge. Willi's indestructible wife, Flora—who was the daughter of an old Forty-niner and later gained the distinction of giving New York City its first garbage wagon—set up a short-lived Hebrew school in the Territory of New Mexico the same year she was selected by the DAR to dedicate a new monument to Kit Carson. One of Flora's bright pupils, Arthur Seligman, later became governor of the young State of New Mexico. And one of the Jewish employees of the Spiegelberg brothers, a young man named Solomon Bibo, settled in Acoma Pueblo, the fabled Indian "sky city" that so intrigued Willa Cather and Charles Fletcher Lummis, married an Indian girl—and was elected chief of the Acomas.

The Spiegelbergs helped Archbishop Jean Baptiste Lamy build the cathedral that Willa Cather made famous in *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. They bought freedom for Negro slaves imported by Texas troops during the Civil War. They adopted orphan Indian children and put them through school. The Spiegelbergs (and another Jewish family, the Staabs) so impressed Archbishop Lamy that he made a practice of sending them gifts of wine, fruit, and flowers from his own gardens and vineyards on Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur. Once, at considerable personal risk to himself, that tough old frontier ecclesiastic saved the life of his friend Levi Spiegelberg on the Santa Fe trail. Even the archbishop's rustic Mexican parishioners in

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IN SANTA FE life is a little different from what it is elsewhere in the United States, and Santa Fe's Jews are a little different too—but not altogether unsusceptible to the same tides and currents that seem to be moving Jews the world over. ALBERT ROSENFELD describes some of these differences, and tells, too, the story of how Santa Fe has come to feel that it should have its first synagogue. Mr. Rosenfeld, originally from Philadelphia, is now settled in Santa Fe, where he is correspondent for *Time* and *Life*. He has published articles in *Collier's*, *Reader's Digest*, *Harper's*, and numerous other periodicals.

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that wild country wrote, in their Spanish-language newspaper, "We honor and respect the Spiegelberg Brothers . . . of the same people as our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Another good friend of the Spiegelbergs—especially Willi and Flora, who also numbered Billy the Kid among their acquaintances—was General Lew Wallace, when he was territorial governor of New Mexico. Wallace used to come in and spend the evenings reading them freshly written chapters of *Ben Hur*. They became such fast friends that later, when Wallace was made minister to Turkey, he went out of his way to help Jews whenever they were in trouble. ("All Jews in the Orient occasionally get themselves in trouble," said Wallace.)

There are no Spiegelbergs or Staabs left in Santa Fe today, but tourists still gape at the prominent symbol Archbishop Lamy left on his Cathedral of St. Francis to honor his Jewish friends and neighbors. Over the cathedral's arched entrance, carved in stone in large Hebrew letters, is a one-word inscription: ADONOI.

MEANWHILE many other Jewish families have trickled into the ancient City of Holy Faith, particularly during the last two decades. This year, with the dedication of a new temple and community center on old Barcelona Road—a small building simply designed in Southwestern Territorial style by famed architect John Gaw Meem—Santa Fe will have officially acquired a Jewish community for the first time in its long history.

Even though there is only the one small structure for Orthodox, Conservative, and Reform, and only one combined service for all, there has been a remarkable lack of family squabbling. The unity of effort has been largely due to the patiently persistent fence-mending of Marcel Pick, who has been not only one of the principal cohesive forces in the Santa Fe Jewish community, but also its nagging conscience. This small, bald gentleman with the quietly intense personality is not content merely with needling the local B'nai B'rith chapter to sponsor a Boy Scout troop or gently chiding his errant brethren for deserting the faith. On a broader scale, he works hard at human relations, making people ashamed of their indifference to the sufferings of others.

Once, during a discussion of a pending FEPC bill, Governor Thomas J. Mabry asked privately, "Marcel, why are *you* working so hard on this? There is no discrimination whatsoever against Jews here—you know that. It is the Spanish-Americans and Negroes who are involved."

Marcel—who had been pushed off Berlin sidewalks by storm-troopers, and whose relatives had disappeared forever into Nazi concentration camps—replied, "We, who know what it is to be discriminated against, cannot remain silent. If we make no protest when others get kicked in the face, then we have no right to protest when we get kicked."

On another occasion I was present in the New Mexico state senate when Marcel was speaking in favor of an anti-segregation bill (some communities in the eastern part of the state, adjoining Texas, still have segregated schools for Negroes). A senator from Clovis made a point of asking Marcel what his business was.

"I am part owner of the White Swan Laundry in Santa Fe," Marcel answered.

"What laundry was that?"

Marcel's answer came louder and more distinctly this time, with a note of defiance. The senator's reasons for asking him to repeat the name in the presence of a crowded gallery were obvious, and Marcel's response said clearly enough, "Go on and boycott me if you will. My integrity is more important than my business."

ALWAYS completely accepted as full-fledged members of the community at large, Santa Fe's Jews have never before felt the need to form a specific Jewish community. Most of the town's Jews have more Gentile friends than Jewish, possess only the vaguest sort of Jewish consciousness, and are largely uninterested in Jewish affairs as such. The founding fathers of the new temple hope to change all this. But they have been faced with peculiar difficulties, even in organizing

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the temple. How many Jews, for example, are prospective members—fifty, a hundred, three hundred? No one is sure. For how can you tell, in Santa Fe, who is a Jew?

Santa Fe advertises itself as the "City Different." The name is no mere chamber of commerce invention. Generations of writers and artists have made a full-time job of painting and reporting the Difference. To me Santa Fe seems somehow Mediterranean; it reminds me of North Africa and Southern France, of Italian towns like Amalfi and Ravello on the Sorrento Ridge. It reminds other people of Mexico and Central America. Recently when Mrs. Sarah Fenichel, a home-economics teacher from Israel, visited Santa Fe, she said it was the first place on her American tour where she felt at home. The Japanese bride of a local Air Force man said the same thing! Santa Fe seems to remind people of every place but the United States. In spite of growth and modernization, Santa Fe, with its dirt streets and adobe walls, still retains an exotic flavor.

Although it is the capital of New Mexico, Santa Fe is really not much more than an overgrown mountain village—a comfortable, tolerant, easygoing place where three cultures meet and merge harmoniously, where I Am's and Penitentes may flourish in peace, where artists are permitted to live as bohemian an existence as they please (most of them live reasonably quiet, normal, hard-working lives, Simone de Beauvoir to the contrary). Santa Fe has inherited a lot of Mexico's atmosphere of *mañana,* along with the traditional Western attitude that a man is a man. Everybody wishes the Joneses well; nobody worries about keeping up with them.

One of the important differences of the City Different, as I have already indicated, is the almost complete absence of anti-Semitism. Once, not too many years back, it looked as though there would be hard feelings when Dr. and Mrs. Sidney Auerbach adopted two Spanish children who, it was suspected, had been baptized as Catholics. Almost anywhere else it might have developed into a miniature Affaire Finaly; but in Santa Fe it was settled quietly and amicably. Every town—even Santa Fe—has its extremists who occasionally come out and make depressing noises (during the bitter closing days of 1952's presidential election campaign, for example, there were dark mutterings that "Jews, Communists, and perverts" were running the Volunteers for Stevenson group), but on the whole Santa Fe is as prejudice-free as any town can be.

The "Rumor Clinic" which the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith sponsors was a complete flop in Santa Fe. Almost anywhere else in the country, for example, when the rumor-clinician flashes on the screen a trolley-car scene showing two men standing up facing one another—one a Negro, the other a white man in overalls carrying a razor in his hand—people, when asked to tell later what they saw, nearly always transfer the razor to the hand of the Negro. In Santa Fe the razor not only remained in the white man's hand—it became a carpenter's tool! The old man with the beard seated in the trolley car remained simply an old man with a beard—he was not identified as a Jew at all. Unprejudiced Santa Feans, while they sat politely through the Rumor Clinic, really didn't understand what it was all about.

It would be less than honest to claim that Santa Feans never engage in malicious gossip. But the malice is on a personal level and not directed toward any group. Santa Fe is one of the few communities in the civilized world which can boast an unbroken record of cordiality between Jew and Christian.

Invited to deliver the Friday night sermon at the new Jewish temple recently, the Reverend Mr. R. Y. Bradford, head of the Santa Fe Ministerial Alliance—and, incidentally, a Southern Baptist—told the congregation (and meant it, everyone feels), "I promise you faithfully that I would protest, with my life if necessary, before allowing any interference whatsoever with your—or anyone else's—complete religious and civil freedoms."

And the Catholic *Register* in a recent editorial quoted a French theologian ap-

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provingly: "He who, while saying 'Our Father,' would deny a Negro or a Jew the status of a brother, even if only by implication or as a pure matter of practice, would not be really invoking the Father who is in Heaven, and he would not be heard."

WHEREVER Jews have found themselves so unreservedly accepted, as under ancient Hellenistic civilization, a certain number of them have disappeared into the surrounding population. Just as the daughters of Moses Mendelssohn became 18th-century Germans, so the sons of many Jewish pioneers have become undifferentiated 20th-century New Mexicans.

"The Jewish community of Santa Fe," a wag once said, "is composed largely of Gentiles." This is only a slight exaggeration. The "typical Jewish merchant" in the clothing store turns out to be a staunch Catholic or a Christian Scientist. The blue-eyed, blond-haired lady is not only extremely active in Hadassah, you discover, but also an officer in the B'nai B'rith ladies' auxiliary. Of the two Rosenthals in the telephone directory, only one turns out to be Jewish. Your mail carrier, whom you assumed to be Spanish, confides one day, "I, too, am a *yehudah*." His father was Jewish, his mother an Indian converted to Catholicism. Here it is difficult indeed to distinguish between the descendants of Shem and those of Japhet. You never know whether the beautifully carved little wooden *santos*—those ubiquitous household teraphim which often resemble Russian Orthodox ikons—are there for religious or for purely aesthetic reasons. Once, in the home of a woman I would not have guessed to be Jewish, she motioned to the adobe wall containing a lovely *santo* whose missing halo left a space on top of his head. "This," said the lady fondly, "is Saint *Loch-in-kop*."

Intermarriage has been the rule rather than the exception in Santa Fe. The first half-dozen couples my wife and I got acquainted with after we arrived in Santa Fe all had one Jewish member. One Jewish girl, for example, was married to a Norwegian architect, another to a Japanese artist. And some of our Jewish male friends today go to temple and send their children to the newly established Sunday school only because their Gentile wives insist on it.

Not long ago, when I was called upon to substitute as a Sunday school teacher, I found I had to answer as many questions about Jesus as about Moses, and one youngster wanted to know about the doctrine of transubstantiation and how it differed in the Catholic and Episcopalian churches. Among my pupils that morning were the Auerbachs' two adopted Spanish children, avidly soaking up Judaism. And a man I never saw before, who looked like a typical Texas rancher, came in with his blue-eyed son—who could play Huckleberry Finn without makeup—and said, "My boy here has been going to a Christian Sunday school, but now he thinks he wants to learn something about *our* faith."

The City Different, indeed.

When my son was born in Santa Fe two years ago, I made a last-minute decision to have the circumcision done according to ritual. As something of a backslider from my Philadelphia boyhood Orthodoxy, I didn't know quite how to proceed. Santa Fe had no temple, no rabbi, no *mohel*. Such luxuries had to be imported from Albuquerque, or even from Denver. I was faced primarily with the problem of getting together a *minyan* on short notice in a town where I wasn't sure I knew ten adult Jewish males. "You might find ten Jews in Santa Fe," Hilliard Crown told me, "but you won't find ten Jews with hats!"

The next morning, with the recruiting assistance of Marcel Pick and Gus Kahn, a group gathered on the third floor of St. Vincent's Hospital. Edna Kasle had brought a bottle of wine, and Ruth Young had baked a batch of cookies. At that hour of the morning a good number of our prospects were unable to get off work with so little advance notice; so our *minyan*—including David Young, who is still several years this side of Bar Mitzvah age—consisted of nine Jewish males. But in Santa Fe, who counts?

A Protestant pediatrician served as *mohel*.

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My son, screaming himself red, was held in place by the gentle but firm hands of a Catholic Sister of Charity while Marcel Pick and Fred Mann recited some appropriate words in Hebrew and English. When no one could think what the Hebrew name for Robert was, Fred Mann casually plucked a name out of Exodus—so Robert's name in Hebrew, after the *bris,* turned out to be Bezaleel.

ALL this does not mean that the Jews of Santa Fe take their Judaism lightly. The handful of faithful who built the temple hope to see a resurgence of interest in all phases of Jewish activity, now that there *is* a temple. They know that a good many Jews who had forgotten they were Jewish were reminded of it very forcibly by the rise of Hitler. And they know that a good many Jews who had been altogether uninterested in Zionism were surprised to find themselves feeling proud about the State of Israel.

During World War II, the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory was established nearby, and a big military hospital was set up on the outskirts of town. The hundreds of young Jews—wounded soldiers, atomic scientists, and whatnot—who arrived as a result were astonished to find no temple or community center to accommodate them.

Santa Fe's Jews, embarrassed, finally resolved to get organized. With the realization that a war was on against the most fanatical anti-Semite in history, and with the Atomic Age undergoing its birth pains right in Santa Fe's back yard, being Jewish took on a new significance. "In a chaotic, suspicious world," said one of the temple's founding fathers, "Jews are more insecure than almost anyone else. They should not walk alone."

"Nonsense," said another founding father who overheard. "We simply needed a place to worship, and finally got around to doing something about it."

A third said, only half in jest, "We had to have a decent place for B'nai B'rith to meet."

One young fellow, who claims to be non-religious, said, "Well, everybody else was building new churches in Santa Fe. Why shouldn't the Jews have a temple? Do we want people to think we have no respect for ourselves?"

Another was worried about his children. "They were beginning to want to go to Mass and Sunday services with the neighbor kids. I want them to know what they are, and not be ashamed of it."

A businessman who was himself raised in the West with no Jewish education thinks that the renewed interest of secular-minded Jews in their religion is motivated by the same reasons as the parallel renewal of interest among secular-minded non-Jews. "Everybody feels, perhaps vaguely, that the last generation or two hasn't put enough emphasis on the spiritual. A child who gets a good religious upbringing will not only be more secure emotionally. I think he is much less likely to fall for Communist propaganda. And I think it's important that the child have his religious center right in his home town. Going to Albuquerque once or twice a year for the High Holidays isn't enough."

LIKE the lonely, priestless community in the French movie *God Needs Men,* Santa Fe, seven thousand feet up in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of New Mexico, is without a rabbi. As Pierre Fresnay did in the film, a layman—Barney Petchesky, a transplanted New Yorker who runs a department store in the Plaza—has volunteered to fill the gap temporarily. Barney, in his business suit, is a most un-Aaronic-looking priest whose Hebrew carries overtones of Brooklyn and Galicia. His homespun sermons do not vie with those of the late Rabbi Stephen Wise in eloquence, nor would his pleasant baritone give Cantor David Kusevitsky any cause to worry about the competition. But "Reb" Petchesky performs, with sincerity and good cheer, an adequate Sabbath service for which the faithful are grateful. No one is afraid that he, like Nadab and Abihu, might be consumed by flames for failing to dot a few *i*'s and cross a few *t*'s of the ritual. Everyone is pleased that here at last is a physical gathering place to give the Jewish community an identity of its own.

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THE AMERICAN PEOPLE AND COLD WAR POLICY

Is Public Opinion Against Foreign Involvement?

NATHAN GLAZER

THE series of battles over American foreign policy in recent years, and the new one shaping up around the problem of Indo-China, might tempt a literate journalist to describe the situation as one in which

The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of a passionate intensity.

The "best," most of us would agree, are those who want to stop the advance of Communism, and hope to do it without war: those who were against the idea of "preventive war" when some people were proposing it in the days before Russia had the H-bomb, and who have all along been against appeasement, against cutting armaments for reasons of economy, and against a retreat behind our own borders into an armed isolationism which would leave the rest of the world to fend for itself.

Those who have followed this policy have won most of the battles since the beginning of the cold war: the Marshall plan, NATO, Point 4, wheat to India, intervention in Korea, limiting the war to Korea, support of the UN, and so on. But despite those victories, they act as if they are an embattled minority. When the "internationalists" defeated the "nationalists" in the Republican national convention of 1952—as they have done regularly since, in 1940, the issue first arose in its pre-war form of a fight between "isolationism" and "interventionism"—the victors hastened to mollify the defeated element. When the Republican "internationalists" formed their government last year, they filled important posts with representatives of the nationalist element. Even today, they barely dare to defend their position in Congress or the press.

No one in Congress defends American foreign policy with the intensity with which Senator McCarthy attacks it; and it was left to Secretary of State Dulles, who does not have to worry about getting elected to his job, to answer Senator McCarthy's demand that America cut off all aid to its allies while any trade with China goes on.

What is one to conclude? It would seem that while the leaders of the two great parties and of public opinion support the foreign policy we have been in fact following since 1947, very large sections—perhaps the majority—of the people do not. Many observers see the American people divided between those ready, in their bellicosity, to risk war with Russia, and others, equally bellicose, ready to abandon our allies and withdraw behind bristling frontiers. It is consequently, from this point of view, not surprising that demagogues like Senator McCarthy can make political headway denouncing those who conduct our foreign policy, while the latter hardly dare speak out in defense.

ARE the American people congenitally isolationist? Many both here and abroad believe that they are, and this belief has strongly affected our own initiative in making international commitments, and weakened our allies' confidence in the commitments we have made. NATHAN GLAZER here draws upon recent public opinion research for a reliable picture of what the American people actually think about foreign policy, with special reference to their reputed narrow isolationism. Mr. Glazer, formerly an associate editor of COMMENTARY and now with Doubleday, collaborated with David Riesman and Reuel Denney in the writing of *The Lonely Crowd*, and has written many articles, in COMMENTARY and elsewhere, on politics and social science. He was born in New York City in 1923 and studied at the City College of New York and the University of Pennsylvania.

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Such is the situation, one would suppose. But a very different picture emerges when one examines the many polls of American attitudes on foreign policy.

The popular picture of the American people as a bellicose lot, barely held in check by its leaders and its European allies, finds no support in these polls.* Large majorities have always been for a four-power meeting: 70 per cent in December 1951, 79 per cent in November 1953. Asia concerns them less passionately than might be thought; last September the question was asked whether the United States should send troops to Indo-China: 85 per cent were against, 8 per cent for. Three months later, 56 per cent were opposed to having American troops reenter the Korean war if it were started up again by South Korea. And by an overwhelming majority, the American people answered "the Korean truce," when asked, "What is the best thing Eisenhower has done in his first year in government?"

On the other hand, the polls show huge majorities in favor of giving the President power to send food abroad to relieve shortages and famines; 30 per cent think the UN is doing a good job (as against only 12 per cent who think it is doing a poor job); a slender majority is in favor of sharing atomic secrets with England, Canada, and Australia (47 per cent yes, 42 per cent no). And finally, when, as reported by Elmo Roper in an article in the winter 1953-54 issue of *Public Opinion Quarterly*, a national cross-section was asked to choose among six approaches to the problem of achieving peace, only 9 per cent chose an out-and-out isolationist position—less than the number of those on the other extreme (11 per cent) who were in favor of transforming the United Nations into a world government. A solid majority was in favor of working with the United Nations as it is now, or strengthening it—that is, they supported something like current American foreign policy.

A number of important Americans comment in the same issue of *Public Opinion Quarterly* on Elmo Roper's article, and are surprised and gratified by his findings. But they are very perplexing findings. How, with this structure of opinion, can we interpret what is actually happening in America today? We read every day in the newspapers how a local veteran's post has protested the teaching of something called "world citizenship," or the use of UNESCO materials, in the local schools, and the result of such a protest is often a change in the curriculum. There would seem to be no question who is on the offensive and who on the defensive. Yet the polls show that the isolationists are actually somewhat outnumbered by the supporters of world government. Why do we never read that local defenders of world government in some community have attacked the way the United Nations is being described to the schoolchildren, or have denounced an excessively chauvinistic treatment of some theme? Is it that isolationists are filled with a "passionate intensity" while internationalists "lack all conviction"?

The public opinion data at one's disposal do not suggest this at all. The isolationist element, it appears from the breakdowns given in the Roper article, are most numerous among the aged (those over 50) and the poorly educated (those who did not go beyond grammar school), among which groups we find that 13 per cent are isolationists, as against a national average of 9 per cent. The supporters of world government, conversely, enlist 15 per cent of those who have gone to college, and 13 per cent of the young (21-24) and middle-aged (40-49). Certainly the young and college educated are not notoriously less intense than the old and poorly educated.

Why, then, are the internationalists on the defensive? Are we in the presence of some widespread illusion on the part of politicians who, if they only dared defend their position more actively, would find overwhelming support from the country?

I think most observers will agree that the isolationists have a certain kind of initia-

*All the poll figures cited are from the Gallup and Roper organizations.

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tive, given them by the course of events during the last eight years. We have in America today one of those relatively rare situations in which the less educated and less powerful —that is to say, the isolationists—can accuse the educated and powerful—that is to say, the internationalists—of having been wrong; and the latter are too embarrassed by the truth in the charge to counter-attack with a force equal to that of their accusers or with the force that their predominant position in government and society gives them. What seems to have happened is that 75 per cent of society, including the larger part of the well educated and well born, is on the defensive before the attack of the 25 per cent, consisting largely of the poorly educated and the disadvantaged (though including, it must be admitted, a lot of new wealth, particularly some Texas oil millionaires, and led by capable politicians).

To explain just how this has come about, we must say a few words on the recent history of the opinions of these two groups—isolationists and internationalists—who are most easily distinguished from each other in the public opinion polls, as we have seen, by the amount of education they have had. The educated group has shown a great volatility in its opinions as compared with the uneducated, which on reflection is only natural. Since it reads more, listens to news broadcasts more, and in general is better acquainted with what is going on in the world, it will more often be forced to change its opinions. The change that is most relevant for our problem is in its attitudes towards Russia. During the last war and for a while immediately thereafter, this better-educated group was much more favorably inclined to Russia than the poorer educated. To the former, following Roosevelt or Wallace or Willkie or Dulles, it looked as if a bright new world were dawning, in which Russia would cooperate with the United States in policing the world and all would be well. To the less educated, barely influenced by the tides of opinion let loose by the Second World War, Russia was still the country of atheistic bolshevism, and that was that. Naturally, these differences were expressed in many ways: the educated wished to share atomic secrets with Russia (with proper international safeguards, of course) and wished to aid foreign countries regardless of their native politics—indeed, they rather preferred to help the socialist countries and, in the early days, the "People's Democracies." Some of them, we know, even went so far as to act secretly in Russia's interests. The less educated did not hear much about these goings-on at the time; they simply preserved their traditional distrust of foreigners, and their traditional preference for giving nothing away. (In the United States—and I am sure in most other countries—more of the educated than the uneducated agree that "you can generally trust people.")

Of course, Russia's behavior after the war disabused the educated, and in line with their historic volatility of opinion, they soon became even more anti-Russian than the uneducated. (In August 1953, in answer to the question whether Russia was trying to become the world's ruling power or only trying to increase its strength for self-protection, 81 per cent of the college-educated as against 70 per cent of those with an elementary school education asserted that Russia was trying to become the world's ruling power.) But their policy before the change had turned out to be disastrously wrong (whether any other policy would have been right is another question, and one which historians, not politicians or ordinary people, are interested in). In the meantime, starting in 1948, the news gradually came out that various internationalists—of good schools, many of good families, and all filling the uneducated man's stereotype of the kind of person who wants to give the country away —really *had*, to the best of their ability, been giving the country away to the Russians.

Since the policy which had provided protective coloration for these activities—and certainly the notion of assuaging Russian suspicions with money and kindness provided wonderful cover for Harry Dexter White's proposals to give them tens of billions of

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dollars—had been a policy of almost the entire educated class, it was inevitable that those who, after 1947, would lead the new policy would be more or less the same people, or the same kind of people as had led the old. The isolationists simply lacked the strength and personnel to take over, and they lost in their last big effort at the Republican Convention in 1952. The John Foster Dulles who selected Alger Hiss to head an organization for international peace is the same John Foster Dulles who now leads the State Department. Consequently those who conduct the present policy of the United States, with the support, as we have seen, of a solid majority of the people, are at a rhetorical disadvantage in dealing with the old isolationists and current nationalists. They are in the position of the businessman who had been carrying on with his secretary and was found out by his wife. Now it is perfectly true that the husband is quite reformed, has a completely different secretary, and is sticking to business; but his wife keeps on shrieking that he is really betraying her and makes the impossible demand that he stay home altogether. Well, he knows he has to go to work, and he has to have a secretary, but he really can't answer her unfounded suspicions with the forcefulness he might have mustered if his record were clear.

WHAT does this isolationist initiative really amount to in political terms? I have spoken of a rhetorical advantage. That alone means something. More concretely, I think we mean, when we say that the isolationists have the initiative, that when people today change their parties, they do so on the issue of isolationism vs. internationalism and the related issue of Communist infiltration in government (related because this infiltration, many isolationists believe, is responsible for the internationalist orientation). Only a few of them may do this, but this few is sometimes enough to decide an election.

In the same way, it was on the issues of domestic economic policy that people in the 30's changed their parties. Perhaps as many as a quarter of the Republicans of 1928 had changed their party by 1936. A much smaller proportion of Democrats have more recently deserted their party because of the way it handled foreign policy, but this percentage is decisive. At any given moment, only a small element of the electorate may be moved, and often on only a single issue. But since elections are generally decided by small margins, politicians address themselves to the susceptible element and talk about the sensitive issue. (And of course the newspapers, following the news-makers, will also play up the sensitive issue.) When we look at the polls, where in effect everyone votes, this concentration on a single issue seems unreal—it is not possible that so many people should be actually concerned with one issue. And once the election is over, the small element, so ardently wooed, seems to play a rather small role in determining policy; in the same way, when minority groups and workers could be moved from the Republican to the Democratic party, the issues on which they were moved played a much bigger role in electoral propaganda than they subsequently played in running the government.

Because of the politically dictated concentration on issues on which a small segment of the people may be moved, other issues, perhaps more important, are almost ignored. Thus, it may be argued that the most important division on foreign policy is not that between the great majority of internationalists and the minority of isolationists, but that between the internationalist supporters of a "soft" policy toward Russia, who edge over into those who may actually favor some kind of appeasement, and the internationalist supporters of a "hard" policy, who edge over into those who are quite ready to risk war with Russia in order to gain political advantages. For a while, this dispute achieved some prominence, as people argued over "containment" versus "liberation." But by now the issue has almost disappeared, not only because, as it turned out, it was in large measure false, with both sides supporting in effect the same policy—but also because it was not an issue on which

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people changed their votes. Eisenhower won immeasurably more votes because people resented the Korean war and wanted to get out of it than he won, or lost, because he favored "liberation." Isolationism vs. internationalism is still the politically alive division, even though liberation vs. containment, or, more realistically, hard containment vs. soft containment, is the issue among experts.

As we have seen, American policy has changed since 1947, and should be anti-Russian enough to satisfy anyone. To isolationists, however, it still looks pretty much the same, as we can see by comparing the less educated, who tend to be isolationists, with the better educated, who tend to be internationalists. After all, the new policy still seems to call for giving things away; and last July, while 82 per cent of the educated were in favor of giving the President authority to send food abroad, only 66 per cent of those with elementary school education thought this was a good idea. The new policy still seems to call for sharing atomic secrets; and in November, while 51 per cent of the educated were in favor of sharing atomic secrets with England, Canada, and Australia, only 43 per cent of those with elementary school education were so inclined. The new policy calls for lower tariffs; and while 42 per cent of the college-educated favor this, only 24 per cent of those with elementary school education do. The new policy, which from the point of view of the less educated led us into the "unnecessary" war in Korea, still seems to run the risk of more war, and the uneducated everywhere, for one reason or another, are always against war, even when the educated see good reasons for it. Thus, the elementary school group is more opposed to re-entering a Korean war started by Rhee than the college-educated.*

*On all these matters the high school group is to be found between the college group and those with only elementary school education. And of course, even between the extreme groups, the differences are not often very great; we speak of the elementary school group and the college group, but we really refer to tendencies within them.

The less educated want to have as little to do with the rest of the world as possible: they are against trade with Russia, against allowing China to enter the UN, against sharing atomic secrets, and against fighting in Korea—regardless of how inconsistent these opinions may turn out to be. And the educated, the leadership of the country, have not as yet been able to show that their policy, which means heavy taxes, conscription, military service overseas, and perhaps war, is any better than the completely negative policy of the uneducated—or rather of those politicians who represent them. This is inevitable in the situation. Those who do something, who conduct a policy which requires choices, commitments, and sacrifices, are always open to the attack of those who have no policy, and are against sacrifices. That is the advantage of the opposition; no one can deprive it of the pleasure of irresponsibility.

But then there is the obvious disadvantage of the opposition—that it is not in power. And the isolationist position, the nationalist position, whose principal leader is now Senator McCarthy, will probably remain in opposition. One party—the Democratic—is completely opposed to it. Split on many issues, the Democrats are united in support of the policies initiated by Truman and continued—in their essentials—by Eisenhower. The other party is today led by its internationalist wing, and while its nationalist wing has great strength in Congress, its presidential candidates have, since 1940, been internationalists.

In 1956 the next round in the battle will be conducted. Many things must change by then before those who wish to withdraw from the world can capture the great party in which they are so strong. In the meantime, it is a fact that the great body of the American people, despite the apparent strength of those who in the name of anti-Communism attack the complex foreign policy designed to combat Communism, support this policy. One-and-a-half of the two great parties stand behind it; in a democracy, that is about the best you can do.

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SOME ENCHANTED EVENING

A Story

ELIOT L. WAGNER

JULIE MARGULIES as she vigorously brushed down her hair caught her image sideways in the medicine chest mirror and after all wondered why she had come to be so late.

It was Saturday, she had a blind date who must by now have been waiting at Lucille's, and Lucille was but three houses down the block. Yet—

Had Bunny wiped the dishes? Was Bunny wiping the dishes? Or did the dishes still remain to be wiped? Julie listened keenly for sounds from the kitchen, where, having done the clearing and washing herself, she had entrusted the rest to her sixteen-year-old sister. But Bunny was playing the living room radio so loud (*When I look at you, you're dangerous. . . .*) that the other noises of the apartment were obliterated.

Though the dishes were really the last and least of it. The most of it was Papa, and for the moment he was, so to speak, a finished chore, thank goodness. Mama, who never ate —she lived on continual snacks—had as usual left the serving of supper for Julie and had run down to the grocery store to relieve Papa. Papa would be very angry if Mama was late. But if Mama was on time—and she generally was—Papa would have a few things to do before he went home.

Candle a couple dozen more eggs. Lug a case of canned tomatoes up from the cellar, there was only a few left on the shelf. Check a bill, it was laying from this morning and he never had a chance. . . .

Or if a customer walked in while he was untying the bow of his apron, up it was tied again, Mrs. Margulies was pushed aside —and there was Papa, waiting on trade. Which at any time, and especially before supper, was likely to worsen his heartburn. The trade was invariably on relief, invariably charged it, and invariably when the relief check arrived went to the A & P, where no charging was allowed and where you paid not for what you had already eaten, but only for what you were going to eat.

In short, Papa's store was a failure, the latest in a string of them, as bad for Julie's pocketbook as for Papa's temper.

So Julie had to be home at mealtime, to serve him; Bernice couldn't be left to do it: when it was tried, Papa's sarcasms and her rebuttals soon had the flat reverberating.

And tonight there had been the eggs and the cans and the bills and the customer: everything. Mr. Margulies had got upstairs very late, cursing the five flights he had just climbed. Leisurely, over food that gave him no pleasure in the eating, he complained to Julie about food that gave him no profit in the selling. Julie had sat with him and listened to him and done the dishes after him.

And though Papa now was back in the store, there remained Bobby, aged ten, a sweet kid who would stay up all night gladly if she didn't drive him to sleep.

JULIE laid her hand on her chest and told her reflection in the smoky, blemished glass, "I'm too thin to be responsible for them all." But thin or not, responsible for them all she was; and the eyes of her reflection, eyes somewhat darker than hazel, were able to smile at her over it.

She was satisfied with her eyes and with the moderately long lashes curling over them, and she did not really think she was too thin. Slender, rather, this twenty-two-year-old who sometimes felt a hundred. A bang of dark hair across a forehead narrow, like the face; a nose long enough but slightly mitigated by

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ELIOT L. WAGNER's first novel, from which his present short story is drawn, will be published in September. This news is especially pleasant to the editors of COMMENTARY, who have published five of Mr. Wagner's short stories in the belief that he is among the liveliest and most individual of younger American writers. Mr. Wagner was born in New York City in 1917 and is a graduate of City College.

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a tilt; black unplucked eyebrows. Firm lips, good for kissing were there someone to kiss. From what Lucille had said, she had not too much hope in the blind date.

In the narrow bedroom off the vestibule that ran along half the flat, Bobby sat on his cot cross-legged, fully dressed, blowing through a comb covered with a piece of tissue paper.

"Not asleep?" cried Julie.

He grinned, lowering the comb. "I'm getting no place fast with this, Julie. It tickles my lips."

As he undressed, Julie made up his cot, which stood beside the window. How he survived the winds that howled winters through the masonry was a wonder to her. But survive he did, and furthermore there was nowhere else for him in the congested room.

Julie kissed Bobby good night, extracted her coat from the vestibule closet, and went to the living room to make her *adieux* to Bernice.

The radio sputtered a spasmodic conga.

Bernice, stretched voluptuously over the tough, broken-springed couch, chin on elbow, raised her dark rebellious eyes.

"Thanks for the dishes, Bunny," Julie said.

"Enjoy," said Bernice.

"Don't be sad. You'll have your turn next week."

"My turn for what?"

"To go out. And listen, why don't you have your friends up to keep you company when you're baby-sitting like this?"

"I wouldn't let my friends find me dead in this dump," Bernice replied casually.

And at last Julie was out. She ran down the five flights and, because she knew her coat wasn't warm enough for the weather, took a deep breath before stepping into the cold dark air blowing through the courtyard.

Two electric globes—one broken and jagged, one miraculously whole—flanked the doorway to the house and illuminated at the outer end of the court a pair of low iron railings. From a double row of garbage cans outside these there rose with the muddy brick of the building a stink of orange rind so sweet that Julie gasped.

Hatless, shoulders hunched, elbows close to her sides, she hurried past the cans, setting at attention the cats busy atop them.

Lucille's house had a higher railing and a stoop instead of a courtyard. Otherwise it was pretty much the same, with garbage cans of its own. However, Lucille happily did not live on the top floor: you just climbed the stoop, entered the hall, and there you were at her door.

"—respect! respect!" Lucille's mother was screaming inside.

Then the boys haven't come, I'm not late, thought Julie.

Lucille screamed back, "For what? Respect for what? Tell me what I should respect, so maybe I'll know!"

Julie rather miserably considered the door and the bell button, couldn't bring herself to ring, and finally just stood, indecisively, listening to the voices ricochet. The door flew open on Lucille: tall, slender, auburn-haired, good-looking—and haggard.

Julie, startled into exclamation, touched her lips. Lucille cried out briefly too. Then Lucille said, "Let's wait outside. I can't take it any more."

She paced the top slab of the stoop, while Julie, shivering against the thick stone banister, watched. "Aren't they ever coming?" Lucille demanded. "Maybe they were here and listened and went away. It could happen. Maybe they stood there for a while, like you. You didn't ring either." She peered down the sullen, shadowy street. She clutched at her hair.

"Ah," smiled Julie, "relax, for goodness' sakes."

"Relax she tells me. If you had what I have you wouldn't be so relaxed either. Oh that woman! She pulls my heart out every day and chops it up like herring!"

"I have enough, kid, believe me. . . . Where are those boys of yours?"

"They were here and went away. I know it."

"Don't be silly. They'd have rung your bell." A spasm of cold touched her. "Take my advice and never get a coat with a snap-in lining. They're too warm when it's warm and too cold when it's cold."

"I'll get you a sweater," said Lucille. "No. I can't face her. You go in. She hasn't the guts to treat a stranger the way she treats her daughter."

Julie tried crossing her arms over her chest against the insinuating air. But it didn't work. "I'll go," she said.

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IN ANSWER to Julie's ring Mrs. Hirsch opened the door a crack and peeked out through red-rimmed eyes. Seeing it was Julie, she flung the door open wide. "Darling! Come in, come in. You saw Lucille? If she only knew how she's killing me when she runs out like that she wouldn't do it. . . . A sweater? Of course, darling. It'll be too big but you can roll up the sleeves. Is she dressed warm enough? I didn't know it was so cold. . . ."

A stout woman, once jolly, she led Julie through a disheveled apartment once meticulously neat. The bedroom smelled slept in; blankets were twisted across the twin beds; the sheets had shrugged their way over the side slats. The bureau was a clutter of underclothing, cosmetics, and newspaper. Rising from its swell was the framed photo-portrait of the late Mr. Hirsch, a fireman who one night at dinner had with this same amiable, phlegmatic smile crumpled into death.

Mrs. Hirsch dipped into a drawer of this bureau and with amazing accuracy came up at once with the sweater for Julie. As Julie put it on, Mrs. Hirsch opened her palms.

"I try to be a good mother, honestly, I try. I'm wrong to tell her not to go out with a *goy*, and a good-for-nothing *goy* into the bargain?"

Julie grinned. "It's no worse than a good-for-nothing Jew."

"Ain't it? I ain't so sure, from what I read in the paper every day. But irregardless. A good-for-nothing? Am I wrong?"

Raising her shoulder slowly, eyes averted, Julie said, "But you must let her decide for herself, Mrs. Hirsch."

Mrs. Hirsch's eyes became slits over her fat cheeks. "You can say that, Julie, but I'm her mother. What if she decides wrong and gets hurt? Then what?" She shook her head, helpless. "I don't know, what can I do? If Mr. Hirsch was only—" She raised her hands, dropped them, and they slapped against her thighs. "This way. . . . Oh it should never happen to Lucille, or to you darling. Never."

Julie drew her coat on over the sweater.

"Well," said Mrs. Hirsch, "good night, darling. Have a good time. Don't let her stay out too late."

At the apartment door, Julie paused. "Mrs. Hirsch—"

"Yes, darling."

"Mrs. Hirsch, she's so nervous—"

"Don't I know it! She—"

Julie touched Mrs. Hirsch's stout arm. "Try to be quiet with her, Mrs. Hirsch."

Mrs. Hirsch tried to absorb this; the effort made her yawn. "Excuse me, darling. Yes, I shouldn't raise my voice, I should be calm. You're right. I'll have to try. . . . Good night, darling. Come in always, you're good for her. She ought to have a sister like you—"

OUTSIDE again, Julie came on Lucille talking heatedly under the arc light to a soft young man who was resting his elbow against a parked jalopy.

". . . and he can go to hell," exclaimed Lucille. "I'm just as glad it happened now. I'm going in."

"Just a minute," said the young man. "Who's this? This must be Julie." He held forth a hand which Julie clasped and found clammy. "Then I'm your date. Joe Weiss. How do you do." He was short, but taller than Julie. His head was pear-shaped, his eyes brown and watery; a thin, devious nose curved down toward fleshy lips.

"Good night, you two," said Lucille. "Have fun. And if you see Peter Wenzel, please tell him to drop dead."

She stepped away, Julie stepped after her, and Weiss followed them both.

"Nothing of the kind," cried Weiss. "Wenzel is supposed to go out with me and two girls tonight, right? When you tell Weiss you're going out with him, you go out with Weiss! So if you two girls will kindly get into the automobile, if you'll permit me to call it that, we'll pick up Wenzel."

"No," said Julie. But Lucille was already crouching into the coupe. Julie followed. The motor spluttered and coughed, and they were off, Lucille in the middle, pressing against Julie to avoid the pressure of Weiss.

The movie marquees winked at the crowds on Southern Boulevard; the store windows smiled at them. But the jalopy carried a serious trio past it all. Weiss rode hovering over the wheel like a jockey maneuvering between rival mounts. Just the same, at the Hunts Point Avenue intersection, he became snarled in traffic, traffic from the West Bronx, traffic from the Boulevard, traffic from Pelham Parkway, traffic from Long Island. He passed five minutes swearing at the trolley in front of him.

Going south, the traffic lessened. Weiss

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was able to talk. "My friend Wenzel, I think he's going soft in the head. He don't know what night it is, you can take my word. Guess what he found in his pay envelope today, he should pardon my saying so."

There was a silence, Lucille staring grimly down the Boulevard, where on the right small stores, darkened, were enwrapped darkly by layers of brick and glass: on the left, the same, slouching southward into stunted piles fronting garages and machine shops. Here and there gleamed the rainbow neon of a candy store.

Out of compassion, Julie prompted, "His salary?"

"His pink slip!" cried Weiss. "You're fired, boy! Go peddle your papers elsewhere."

"But is that good?" asked Julie.

"Good? That's some good!" He talked from the side of his mouth, his eyes fixed on the road. "Number one, how did he get the job? Don't ask me, I'll tell you. Through Weiss the accountant. Number two, who does his boss come to and complain 'What kind of a lemon did you send me here? This is what you recommend, this Wenzel?' I say, 'Listen, every man got his opinion. I got mine and you got yours. Wenzel is my friend and he's a bright boy.' 'Bright for you maybe. For me he's not so bright. On Saturday I'm firing him.' I look at him like this, see, with my mouth twisted up—"

He turned to demonstrate and the car shot off to the left. The girls screamed. Weiss jerked the wheel and the car careened back. "It's all right," he said, "the road was empty. So that's how I look at him, see, and I say, 'You made up your mind to fire him. Go fire him.' So he fired him."

"What did he do there?" asked Julie.

"Do? What could he do? He tied cord around boxes."

"He's a writer," snapped Lucille, "not a shipping boy."

"Lucille," said Weiss mildly, "who wants him to be a shipping boy? Weiss? Not Weiss. He's my friend, and he wanted a job, so I got him a job. I know what he is, I hear it often enough. Wenzel the intellect. He's Wenzel the intellect and I'm Weiss the clown. A good combination. That's why we go out together. And besides, I got a car. It ain't much of a car, but it's good for Wenzel to get around. But I don't begrudge him. He can be a nice boy when he wants, eh, Lucille? I know him more than ten years. Since Morris High School. Anyways, like I was saying, number—I forgot what number I was up to."

"Three," said Julie.

"Thanks." He bent forward to view her, this time keeping the car under control. "Besides being pretty, I think you're a smart, attentive girl."

"Thanks," said Julie.

"You're all right. Number three. So now he's out of a job. I see the future like a crystal bowl. Weiss the swami. 'Joe, lend me a dollar. Joe, got a few bucks till Monday? Joe. Joe.' That's what it is when my boy Wenzel is unemployed. He should get a job, make money, increase, and multiply. Do I think it's good, Wenzel with no work? Ha ha."

"You're terribly upset about it, aren't you?" said Lucille.

"I hope to tell you I'm upset. What you mean is, I don't *sound* upset. I got that kind of a nature. I look at the bright side, always. Not that I want to, I can't help it."

They came into 149th Street, humped squalidly with little stores. St. Mary's Park rose darkly at the left; at the right stared the furtively lighted saloon windows, two or three to the block.

"Do you girls want to come up with me to meet Mr. Wenzel Senior, a very nice man? No? Too bad, maybe another time. An educated man, an optometrist. And never made a living all his life! The funny thing is, he don't hate nobody—not even the Jews or Mrs. Wenzel. Ha ha, that's just a joke. Mrs. Wenzel happens to be a very nice lady." Weiss stopped the car and came around to the sidewalk. Bending to Julie, he said softly, "I want you to go out with me tonight, but I saw you wouldn't, not without your friend." He winked conspiratorially and entered the flat-faced tenement where Wenzel lived.

Julie linked arms with Lucille and suggested, "Why don't we forget about it, Lucille? Let's you and I go back to the neighborhood and go to a movie."

Lucille blinked. Two tears rolled from each eye. She dabbed at her face. "I can't, I can't, Julie."

Weiss came back. "Nobody home," he explained as he pulled the car away from the curb. "They must have gone to the movies,

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a little change. They're entitled to it. Why he keeps a store in this neighborhood I don't know. Why, the last time he was held up there wasn't even nothing in the register for the crook. You get in a rut, some people, and stay in it all their life. But our boy Pete is different. He don't gather no moss."

WEISS peered innocently over the wheel as the girls looked at each other. The car now was threading side streets, past the iron balconies of St. Francis Hospital and the bare trees inside its narrow pike-guarded lawns, past rows of two-story houses with steep, slender steps and shadowy cornices curving outward in chipped elegance.

"Where are we?" asked Julie.

"Brook Avenue," said Weiss, "but I don't see no brook, ha ha!"

"It's probably dried up or underground," said Julie.

"Everything's dried up or underground," said Lucille.

"Don't be so gloomy," said Weiss. "Wait here. My boy Wenzel got a lot of hideouts, but Weiss knows them all."

Weiss dashed up into one of the houses, two steps at a time. He took long, and when he reappeared, a light went on upstairs, a window opened, and a thin, straw-blond young woman leaned out. "Joe," she called.

Weiss looked up.

"You'll remember about the suit when you see him, huh Joe?"

He waved.

"Nice kid," he remarked as he drove off. "Too bad she got to walk the streets for a living."

"You're so funny," said Lucille.

"Ain't I? A regular card. The two of clubs, that's me. I could tell you about that Francie, but let it go. She thinks he's still in the clothing business. He must of promised her wholesale, the big talker."

"Joe, let's go back home," said Julie.

"Home? Ha ha. Who wants home on Saturday night? Hold on to your seat. Hello cobblestones! Hold it, we're coming to a bump. . . . Heyyy! You liked that one? . . . Okay, now the bridge—listen to those tires hum, just like a Cadillac, no different."

The Harlem River stretched under them, lights blinking on its black surface.

"Goodbye Bronx!" shouted Weiss. "That's progress, eh, Julie?"

"I don't believe in progress," said Julie. "Let's go back."

The car swung into the East River Drive, where on the left, past the dark, gleaming water, glowed the advertising signs of factories in Queens; and, farther down, the low hospitals and shelters of Welfare Island, comfortably enclosing their misery. On the right, slums, blind walls, parking lots, the monotony of a low-cost housing project.

Lucille said wearily, "O, leave him alone. What difference does it make. So we're taking a ride."

"What ride?" demanded Weiss. "We're the Northwest Mounted and we're gonna get our man. Wenzel, watch out! . . ."

He talked on.

Julie, rejected, stared to the right, aching vaguely to be she knew not where, wanting vaguely she knew not whom.

Downtown, Weiss cut from the incandescence of the East Side through dark factory and office streets to the more muted brightness of the Village. At Sheridan Square he parked and took them to a restaurant blue with layers of smoke and redolent with malt and alcohol from the crowded bar. He marched them past the cloakroom and in the rear, behind the crowded tables, paused to examine the room. It was intermission on the bandstand shell: the trombone, clarinet, and horn lay each across a vacant chair. "Don't sit down," said Weiss. "We won't be here long." He edged toward the bar, from where he could see better, taking care not to get close enough to be invited to order. The girls edged with him. Finally he saw someone he knew, and waved to him.

A YOUNG man in an expensive, modestly cut oxford-gray suit murmured something to another young man at the table with him. The second young man turned to glance indifferently at Weiss and at the girls. The first made his way to the back, where Weiss shook his hand but volunteered no introductions.

"What are *you* doing here?" the young man demanded mellifluously.

"It's a public place, ain't it?" said Weiss.

"Yes, a public place," agreed the young man. "A pub," he added brightly. "Something a little different from a real, English 'pub,' though. As a matter of fact, I'm working on a piece about New York bars. We *are*

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unique in that respect." He was by now addressing the girls, particularly Julie. He modestly added, "It'll come out in the spring issue of *Observatory*."

"And you're here gathering material?" said Julie.

"Partly," he conceded; and, motioning to the bandshell, added, "partly for the jazz."

Julie grinned, Lucille sighed impatiently, and Weiss stared into the young man's eyes, nodding at every word.

To Julie alone the young man said, "I'll grant you that it's trash to a certain extent, of course. Still, one is able to point out definite anti-intellectual tendencies. And after all, there's no really worthwhile writing being done in America today."

Weiss said, "Shmegegy, tell me. Maybe you saw our boy Wenzel tonight?"

The young man was amused. He said to Julie, "He's a funny fellow, this Weiss. I like him."

"So do we all," said Julie.

The young man said to Weiss, "Wenzel is at Baron Bomberg's housewarming."

"Is that so? And where does Baron Bomberg's house get warmed?"

"I have his address somewhere—" The young man touched at his pocket. "Or better still, I'll take you there."

"It's very kind of you," said Weiss, "but don't bother. Just go in your pocket. Maybe you can find what you're looking for."

The young man hesitated, eyeing Julie.

Julie said to Lucille, "Isn't it warm in here? Let's wait outside."

"Stifling!" Lucille agreed. They pushed out through crowds coming in. The doors swung shut, muffling the violent discourse of the band inside, which had just again begun to play. As Weiss joined them, they heard the brash assertion of a trumpet.

"Some noise," complained Weiss. "It can take your head off. . . . Well, we'll see soon what our boy Wenzel got to say for himself. I should only be able to find the goddam place." Guiding them back to the car, he murmured to Julie, "He liked you, that guy. Weiss is no dope, Weiss sees." He squeezed her arm.

An unfinished vestibule with sand and gravel underfoot led to the Baron's duplex unit, which was planted somehow in a large area-way faced respectively on three sides by a tenement, an apartment building, and a blind wall. But it had a garden—ten feet square of flagstone in the center of which a dwarf tree groped briefly upward from its pot. And this garden the Baron, blond, stringy, and half-drunk, insisted immediately on showing them.

"Baron," said Weiss, "walk the girls around through the grass and flowers while I occupy myself inside a minute."

"Ah, did you bring liquor?" asked the Baron.

"I should insult a man like you by bringing liquor to his party?"

The Baron guffawed. "Did I ever catch your act?"

"I don't think so, but I'm running on 38th Street and Seventh Avenue next week."

The Baron waved an agile finger. "I'll be there."

"You should live so long," muttered Weiss.

He forced his way back into the room filled with people standing, people sitting, people leaning over an upright piano at which a middle-aged man was improvising. In an overstuffed chair near the phonograph a sleek-haired girl with a heavy, half-uncovered bosom looked into a heavy volume open across her lap. "Good reading?" inquired Weiss, bending over her. She looked up, stared a second, and looked back into the book. "The same to you and many of them," said Weiss. He jostled with his feet the guests sitting on the narrow steps leading to the upper part of the apartment. "Excuse it please, progress must continue," he answered when they complained.

On the left was a closed door; on the right an unlighted room. Weiss peered against the darkness.

"Wenzel!"

At the edge of a bed a pair broke their embrace and turned.

"On your feet, you bastard. Get the hell over here!"

"Who? Who's that?" But he rose. Weiss drew him to the landing. Wenzel, his handsome face screwed up against the light, squinted a moment. "Joe! Hiya! I had no idea you were coming—" He smiled, the brown eyes limpid, the lips curving between the elegantly modeled nose and the jaw that jutted slightly but not too much. His hair was close-cropped, and he scratched at it as Weiss replied, "No idea I was com-

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ing, eh? If I punch you in the belly maybe you'll get the idea that somebody hit you?"

Wenzel's teeth flashed, all charm.

"Stop it," said Weiss. "Leaving me with two girls! I ought to push your face in!"

"So help me," swore Wenzel, "I forgot! I'm awfully sorry, Joe."

"Save it for them. Your story stinks for my money."

"Joe," said Wenzel, "I can't leave Marion. Be a good guy. Cover up for me. Don't tell them I'm here."

"You coming down or do I bring that Lucille up here into the bedroom?"

"No, no!" Wenzel grinned. "Let me meet you outside."

"Why?"

"I got to break the word to Marion."

"At that you're an expert," said Weiss, tapping the dial of his wrist watch. "You got five big minutes, by my arm, or you'll have two girls to do tricks with."

Weiss once more trampled down the guests on the stairs, and made his way to where the Baron, his jacket fluttering in an icy wind, was with an extended finger showing the girls how the brownstone rear, pale in moonlight and webbed by clothes-lines of the adjoining tenement, exactly resembled a Stieglitz photograph. That view had finally decided him on the apartment.

"Live and be well and enjoy your new home," said Weiss. "Come on girls, we're going."

"So soon?" asked the Baron, unaffronted. He bowed to Julie, and then to Lucille.

As they trod the sandy vestibule, the party became fainter, and on the shadowy street its very existence seemed improbable. Yet the Baron's attentions, like those of the young man in the restaurant, had made Julie glow.

"You know," she murmured to Lucille, "we need to be appreciated."

Lucille said, "I can't stand it any more. I'm going home."

"Home?" cried Weiss. "What home? When home? I got your boy. He'll be right down. In a minute you'll have him!"

"Who wants him?" wailed Lucille.

But there he was, at the vestibule door, twisting into his coat, coming forward, clasping Lucille, murmuring excuses as she moved feebly to get away.

"*Nu?*" said Weiss. "Can we bring this to a conclusion? Open the rumble, you can sit there with Lucille."

"Man, you're mad!" exclaimed Wenzel. "On a night like this? You want my girl to get pneumonia?"

"Then get in the front already. I don't give a goddam where you get, only let's get out of here."

Going uptown, back to the Bronx, Weiss made the best of the trip by pressing his thigh against Julie, who was now in the middle.

Lucille, on Wenzel's lap, leaned quietly against his shoulder, until he began to talk. He was glad he lost his job. From now on, he was concentrating on his real work. And he would get there—he knew it. Unless he died.

"Don't die," whispered Lucille.

He squeezed her.

"It'll be close, but I think I can do it. Reviews, articles. I have my hopes."

"How about my hopes?" asked Lucille gently.

"O baby," he answered as gently, "don't pin them on me. Choose wisely."

"You just want to be rid of me," said Lucille calmly. "I know. You don't have to hint. You don't have to worry either. I won't bother you, I'm too worn out."

"You never bothered me."

"Anyway, my mother'll be happy. She says you're a good-for-nothing and you just want to ruin me."

"She's partly right," said Wenzel. "I never wanted to harm you, though."

They coasted along the light and shadow of Tiffany Street and drew up to Lucille's door.

"Aren't we going to have coffee somewhere?" asked Wenzel.

"I got to get up early," said Weiss. "I got a private account to work on."

Lucille left the car. When Wenzel bent to follow, she said, "Don't bother, Pete. Julie, would you come in with me for a little while?"

"Sure," said Julie.

"I'll be a goddam sonofabitch!" cried Weiss.

Lucille snapped "The hell with you!" while Julie quavered "Good night." Wenzel helped Julie to the sidewalk and waved cheerily after the girls.

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As the hall door swung closed slowly, Lucille pressed Julie's hand to her chest. "I can't, Julie," she sobbed, "I'm so full—"

Julie led her to the stairway, where they sat down. Leaning against Julie, Lucille cried into her handkerchief.

Julie murmured "He's so very ordinary!"

"Oh," moaned Lucille, "he's worse than ordinary, so much worse than ordinary. He used me like a game he was beating. I'm not a game, I'm a person! He's worse, much worse—worse, worse, worse!"

Julie touched a finger to Lucille's lips. "Don't wake people up," she whispered. "This is only for a little while. The aching goes away."

"You've had it?"

"Yes, I've had it."

Lucille jerked her head at the apartment door. "If it was only different in there, somewhere. But as it is, it's too much."

"Your mother is good," said Julie tiredly. "She has the ache permanently."

"Of course, but what good is it?"

Julie rubbed her eye. "Give it a little longer. . . . Oh, I'm sleepy. . . . If it doesn't work out, or change, you'd better move, you'd better move, Lucille. If my father only had a regular job, I might try it with you, but it's not likely I'll ever be able to—"

Lucille again sought Julie's shoulder. "Stay by myself? How could I do it?"

"Do it?" echoed Julie. "Live in a quiet place? In privacy? See people when you want to instead of because you have to?"

Lucille sighed. "Sounds nice."

"Except for your mother, but—well, we'll see."

Suspended from the ceiling, a yellow globe of light feebly softened the thick shadows everywhere darkening the hall.

Lucille sighed again, stretched, and yawned. "You know, I feel much better." She rose and took out her keys. "You're wonderful, Julie."

Julie made a face. "No, I'm just ordinary, very commonplace."

"You're not."

"I am."

Both laughed.

"Good night, Julie," Lucille said.

"Good night."

Lucille as she touched the door knob asked, "What did you think of your blind date?"

Julie grinned. "You mean 'Weiss the clown'?"

"Good night, Julie," Lucille repeated happily.

Julie, opening the door, saw Weiss leaning against the lamppost, his feet set apart and his arms deep in his overcoat pockets. When she reached the sidewalk he came close to her. His fluid eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks puffy.

"So, want to take a ride?" he said in a low, starchless voice.

"What happened to your friend?"

"My friend? To hell with my friend. Such friends my enemies should have."

"But you have to be up early tomorrow."

"That part is true, but I'm still allowed to stay up late tonight. I'm a big boy. I only mentioned that before to get rid of them. Who knew she'd take you inside with her?"

"That was excusable, under the circumstances."

"Okay, you're excused, she's excused. Get in, I'll take you for a ride."

"No thanks, Joe, it's too late."

Weiss nodded glumly. "You're welcome. My enemies can also have such Saturday nights."

As he turned to the jalopy she felt sorry for him.

"Well," she said, "walk over to my house with me."

They strolled beside the paper scraps, empty cans, and fruit skins abloom in the gutter beneath the cold, pale arc-light.

"Am I such a terrible guy?" asked Weiss. "A lady-killer like Pete I ain't, but I'm good in my way. I got a sense of humor, an auto you should pardon the expression, I got a job, I can take a girl to a show now and then—"

They were at her house. The garbage cans were still heaped outside the courtyard railing; the cats still foraging. Julie stopped. Their backs humped, the cats watched.

Weiss said, "They wasn't so nice tonight, our friends."

"Yes," Julie agreed. "It was bad for you."

"And for you too?"

"Yes, but not as bad as for you."

She was perhaps smiling a little when he flung his arms about her. Missing her

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lips as she drew away, his mouth pressed against the lower part of her face.

The cats leaped off the cans. Julie extricated herself and walked quickly into the court.

Weiss followed.

"Stop for a minute, please. . . . I'm sorry. If that's how you feel, I'm sorry. I didn't mean no harm. Please, I'm very sorry, at least say good night to me—"

Julie shrugged. "Good night." She mounted the three steps to the entrance between the jagged globe and the whole one.

"I'm sorry I did that," Weiss muttered.

"It's unimportant."

"Could I see you again? Could I call you?"

"I don't know. We'll see. Good night."

The door of the little vestibule closed behind her. He slowly left the courtyard. The cats were scavenging. Weiss bent for a slag of ash, picked it up, and with all his might hurled it at them.

THE MEMORIAL

CHARLES G. BELL

AT THE head of the town by the levee is a new monument
To a free country and to those who died fighting
In its last great war. Above, are the stars and stripes
And below a tablet designed for the names of the fallen.
It stands an empty white, the colorless all-color.

Troubled by that incompletion I asked its meaning
And learned the shame of the whiteness:—A cotton broker,
My father's enemy and mine (his ranks are legion),
One who has served our paleness under the hood—
Sign of a cloaked malignance that grows among us,

Accusing by red or brown all uncloaked persons—
This man, I learned, with others of like vision,
Had denied the dead black names a place by the white ones;
Therefore the tablet is empty and shall remain so,
The government not permitting a partial monument.

There are times when one doubts the benefits of progress,
Yet serves it still, if only by revulsion
From this wrong. I have not much cared for war either,
And am seldom stirred by battle monuments;
But this featureless sign at the melting river

Moves more than wrath:—Old hater, you have done well.
The god of time is a god too of the whiteness.
You have raised a monument to your own vacancy,
And to all the hearts of the world emptiness,
Nameless names in the masked terror of your voids.

CHARLES G. BELL, born in Greenville, Mississippi, in 1916, is at present assistant professor of humanities at the University of Chicago. His verse and articles have appeared in various magazines, and he is the author of a book of poems, *Songs for a New America,* published by the Indiana University Press in 1953.

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THE NEW CLIMATE IN ISRAEL

Five Years Have Wrought a Change

ERNEST STOCK

RETURNING to Israel after a lapse of a few years, one finds a toddler grown into a boy. The features that had been soft and nondescript have become firm enough so that the traits of the future adult can be discerned. Not even the parents any longer look for signs of budding genius in his every word and act. Enough that he will, hopefully, one day become a normal, healthy man.

In the summer of 1949, when the Jewish Agency's immigrant ship "Atzmaut" came within sight of Haifa Bay, a police launch with the Star of David painted on its bow approached the vessel and circled it several times. The sight of this symbol of Israel's sovereignty was the signal for the hundreds of immigrants lining the decks of the "Atzmaut" to burst into song. Many had tears streaming down their cheeks; excited shouts went out to the harbor police in the launch and the policemen waved back.

A police launch was on hand, too, to greet the S.S. "Artza" of the Shoham Line as she steamed into the port four years later. "They want to make sure," a returning Israeli remarked, "that we don't smuggle anything ashore." Now too, singing was heard from the starboard side, but not from the hundred or so Moroccan immigrants who peered silently at the land from the lower deck that was reserved for them. Nor was it "Hatikvah." A group of young men and women, mostly students coming home for lack of foreign currency, were singing a part-Hebrew, part-Yiddish soldier's ditty about their throats being dry: "Just let's have some *mashke, mit a bissel kashke,* and we'll shout and sing."

The harbor policeman glanced up, smiling indulgently. "Wait another week," he said. "You won't be singing so loud."

The immigration men who set up shop in the lounge after the ship had made fast had the polite yet determined manner (though not the impeccable attire) of Swiss border officials accustomed to handling tourists for generations. The Israeli regulations change more frequently, yet these men wield their rubber stamps with no less sureness than their more experienced brethren on the Continent. In 1949, when the "Atzmaut" docked, the chief formality for the passengers had consisted of a spraying with insecticide.

BEYOND the port, the most striking sign of the passage of time is the new construction which has changed the face of the landscape. Brand new factories, fair-sized by any standard, have sprung up, often with signs proclaiming their allegiance to some parent company in the United States. New villages dot the plain. Tel Aviv has kept expanding northward, and the once empty space between its built-up area and the sluggish Yarkon River is all but filled. Towering over the flat countryside here is the new headquarters of Histadrut, which from afar looks like a somewhat diminished mixture of the UN Secretariat building and I. G. Farben. Its monolithic shape contrasts sharply with the inconspicuously dispersed government offices in Tel Aviv's Kirya and in Jerusalem.

Further to the south, some of the older parts of Tel Aviv—such as the lower end of Ben Yehuda Street and the stretch of Allenby Road which leads to the sea—seem suddenly to have taken on a shabby and small-townish look which, if it was already there in 1949, must have been screened from my notice by the exhilaration that hovered in the air.

On the roads between the main cities some

RETURNING to Israel for the first time since 1949, ERNEST STOCK finds significant changes in the atmosphere of the young country—some of these changes the natural results of "growing up," some of them reflecting a certain weariness with the idea of pioneering. Mr. Stock was born in Germany, came to the United States as a boy, and is a graduate of Princeton University.

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of the worst bottlenecks have been replaced by stretches of four-lane asphalt. As one drives up to Jerusalem, two or three of the nude, rocky hills show a blanket of green unusual for the dry season: Yemenite settlers have removed the rocks one by one and have planted seed. But there is still no peace. That blessed state seems further removed, in fact, than it did four years ago, when there were at least rumors of peace and whispers of secret talks. Men dare not walk unarmed after dark along the frontier roads; night after night the border villagers post guards to ward off marauders.

The American limousines that serve as interurban taxis seem to have got bigger still in the interval; some of the latest have a wheel-base of quite improbable proportions. A new sight on the roads are cars sporting license plates from New York, California, Wisconsin (America's Dairyland), and even New Mexico. For the enlightenment of these Americans, the Bond Drive people have set up some Burma-Shave-type signs in the fields, but it is evident that they did not put their first-string team to work on the copy. "Help Israel Pay . . . (50 yards of green grazing land) . . . Her Own Way . . . (50 yards) . . . Buy Israel Bonds"—that's about as striking as they come.

Speaking of slogans, the great watchword of four years ago has all but disappeared from the scene. Then immigrants were arriving by the thousands each week from the Yemen, from Iraq, from Morocco, from Persia, and one couldn't open a newspaper without reading about *Kibbutz Galuyot,* the "Ingathering of the Exiles." Today one reads far more about *Mifal Hapayis,* the state-sponsored lottery scheme. *Payis Mifal—Nasse Mazal* proclaims a large sign at the gateway to Jerusalem. Rough translation: Lottery brings Luck.

FIVE years ago the visitor was asked frequently and impatiently: "When are the American Jews going to come?" and "Why aren't you staying here?" Today the question is, "What made you come?" Or, to those who are settling in Israel, an incredulous "Are you really staying?" It is sad to discover that even old stalwarts of the early *aliyot*—men who have been in the country twenty years or more—are dropping hints that they, too, would not be averse to trying their luck in the States, were it not that they are getting old, or that they have no relatives to send them affidavits.

On the whole, however, the people have stood the trials of the intervening years surprisingly well. The dominant mood is not disillusionment, but at most resignation to the fact that the birth and growth of a state is a slow and painful process. The young men in particular no longer show that cocky confidence of the first period (the current intonation of the *"yihye tov"*—"it will be good"—is as sure a sign as any), but they seem to be a wiser and maturer lot. The withdrawal of Ben Gurion from the premiership, which in 1949 would have come as a thunderclap, was received with equanimity. There was perhaps a feeling that the country had writ *finis* to one epoch in its history—the era of romantic nationalism, one might call it—and that it was fitting that there should be a change of the guard.

THERE are once again goods in the stores, and a pound note still buys a meal. Yet most people are aware that the economic basis of the state is as shaky as ever. The shortage of money has brought with it, for the first time, real unemployment, and small clumps of jobless workers gather on street corners.

In the countryside, the tent cities of 1949 have given way to corrugated aluminum huts that glisten in the sun. Because of their very impermanence, the immigrant camps of yesterday did not offend the eye as much as do the tin, wood, and pitifully small concrete structures of today. Where a few years ago Israel's population was one large middle class, it is now showing signs of dividing sharply into an urban proletariat, a proletariat of the countryside, and a middle class having almost no contact with the other two, and whose outer fringe already skirts the status of what would be called the upper middle in the United States.

Not all the large buildings that were begun in the new country's *Gründerjähre* were completed. The rise in cost and consequent lack of capital has forced the abandonment, temporarily at least, of several ambitious structures. The most striking of these "magnificent ruins," as a bitter Knesset member once called them, is the Convention Center on the western approaches to Je-

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rusalem. No more than a huge concrete shell, the Center has nevertheless already served its intended purpose on two occasions. In 1951, it managed to house the Zionist Congress in its roofless hall, and this summer, its nakedness once more covered by acres of ingeniously draped cloth, it was host to the Conquest of the Desert Exhibition. One of the jokes stimulated by these disconsolate half-buildings is worth repeating. An Israeli on his first visit to Greece, so the story goes, is shown the Acropolis. "I see you people are making the same mistakes over here," he remarks to the guide. "Never start building until you're sure you've got the money to finish the job!"

By now this kind of sardonic humor has spilled over from the anecdotal mold into far wider areas of the national life. The little country no longer takes itself with the same solemnity it once did, and everything seen or done for the first time in two thousand years is no longer *ipso facto* worthy of awe. A little farce called *His Name Went Before Him,* dealing with what happens when a nincompoop attains to high public office through some mix-ups plus a dose of *protectzia,* sneaked into the staid old Habimah's repertoire last season and played before packed houses several times a week in spite of disapproving clucks from the critics.

The author, Ephraim Kishon, is a postwar immigrant from Hungary who is best known for his daily column in the afternoon tabloid *Ma'ariv.* In a typically irreverent column not long ago, Kishon described a day in the life of President Eisenhower as an Israeli imagines it: As soon as Ike wakes up, he asks to see the Yiddish press so as to be informed about the latest happenings in Jewish life. He is handed a telegram from the Rabbis of Safad asking him to release the grant-in-aid, then hurries to his office to receive the head of the Jewish community of San Francisco, who tells him of the great interest on the part of San Francisco's Jews in the problem of the Suez Canal. As Ike cordially shakes hands with the man from the West Coast, still and newsreel photographers take pictures. Afterwards, Ike devotes his attention to world politics: he receives the Israeli Foreign Minister, who is in the United States on a visit, and Mr. Eban; they present him with a souvenir from Zion, the Holy Bible in a lovely leather binding; after a long talk on Korea, the situation on Israel's borders, and Moscow's new policy, Ike promises to consult Israel on all these questions and stresses the importance of the Middle East from the point of view of aid. Pictures are taken. The President is then left free until four, when he has a visit from the Director of Vegetables in the Israeli Ministry of Agriculture, who brings the same gift. At six, he asks Mr. Bar-Bitzua to excuse him, as he has a meeting with the Jewish War Veterans to discuss Middle East Defense. When he drops exhausted on his bed at midnight, Ike has thirteen copies of the Bible, and dreams of Dov Joseph.

This picture of Mr. Eisenhower's concern with Israel is doubtless somewhat exaggerated; but it would be hard to exaggerate Israel's concern with the United States. With the years of isolation from the surrounding Arab countries, the United States has become Israel's real cultural and economic hinterland. The most striking outward mark of this is the vast number of magazines and pocket-size books displayed at bookstores and newsstands; since 1951, when Israel became a beneficiary of the Media Guaranty Program of the State Department whereby American reading matter can be paid for in local currency, millions of such publications have been sold. Best sellers among the paperbounds, characteristically enough, have been serious volumes: dictionaries and atlases, Plato and Shakespeare; historical romances, detective stories, and Westerns, though they too have their fanciers, lag far behind.

The United States Embassy, which four years ago occupied a modest single floor in an office building, has since taken over an entire structure which is recognizable as much by the rows of air-conditioners in the windows as by the Stars and Stripes. The dozens of Embassy cars and the squat station wagons of the Technical Corporation Administration have become as normal a part of the panorama of Rothschild Boulevard as the clusters of shoestring businessmen who use its shade to consummate their more or less shady deals.

At the Ramat Gan Stadium and on improvised diamonds as far apart as Naharia in the North and Kibbutz Urim in the South, baseball teams of American settlers have been playing against such outfits as the

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"Tel Aviv Amateurs" and a nine from the Embassy. So far, Israeli children have shown no signs of taking up the game. They are still confused.

FIVE years ago, Israel's problems and achievements loomed so large that the struggle between East and West in which the rest of the world had become embroiled appeared insignificant and even slightly foolish from Tel Aviv. Israel was an oasis where real, earthy challenges were met with single-minded energy, while bigger countries that should know better were concentrating on atomic bombs. "Non-identification" as a foreign policy seemed then to be as firmly rooted on the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean as it had been for centuries around the mountains of Switzerland or the forests of Sweden. Today few thinking citizens believe that Israel can ever again "go it alone." This new attitude has evolved gradually over a span of time, but such events as the Prague trials and the Moscow doctors' "plot" helped to dispel the last vestiges of the illusion of neutrality in most quarters. It is true that, as a result of the temporary stoppage of grant-in-aid and other recent developments, there has been a good deal of bitterness towards the policies of the United States, but this has not changed the certainty that Israel is, and must be, a part of the West.

Five years ago the group of young Americans who had just founded Kibbutz Sassa high up in the Galilean hills seemed to be a happy, carefree lot who had thrown off the shackles of an urbanized and artificial civilization and were embarking on a life pure in its rustic simplicity. Since then the village has made great strides, its agriculture and small industries are a success, new houses have been built, and healthy children romp around in the wind and sun. But there are political troubles. Did not the group come over as a homogeneous whole, staunch Marxists all of them? Well, yes and no. Although there are a few *farbrente* dialecticians among them, most are normal American young people for whom Zionism and pioneering were the motivating ideals. By instinct, they are on the moderate side, which in practice means that they tend to the right, or "liberal," wing of Mapam. But the kibbutz recently accepted a group of young native Israelis, and among these there are some followers of Dr. Moshe Sneh, the pro-Soviet "deviationist." One Friday evening a secret five-hour meeting took place in the dining hall in which the whole thing was thrashed out. No outsiders were permitted at the meeting. Judging by the faces of the *chaverim* the next day, Sassa weathered the storm but not without some rough sailing. In other kibbutzim, where political differences, heated to fever pitch by the anti-Semitic campaign behind the Iron Curtain last year, could not be composed, the land and property were split up between the factions, and through this process of asexual reproduction one finds today two settlements in a good many places where five years ago there was one. (See "Israel's Left Reels to the Shock of 'Prague,'" by Mark Alexander, COMMENTARY, April 1953.)

ALTHOUGH the constant clashes and skirmishes in the field of politics generally satisfy the popular need for contest and tournament, a public duel which took place in another sphere not long ago was followed everywhere with partisanship and relish. The contestants were Habimah and the Hebrew National Opera; at stake was the Opera's right to perform in Habimah's building once a week, and the weapons were ordinary house-breaking tools. These were used by the Opera's minions when the Habimah management locked them out and changed the locks on the doors. For a while both parties advertised performances for Tuesday nights, the opera's traditional day on the stage, and a large crowd assembled every week on the square opposite the hall to be on hand for the collision. After the first violent entry, however, the police interfered, with the result that neither party performed on the disputed evening. A compromise was finally arrived at, but not until the issue had been debated on the Cabinet level.

The hotel Nordau-Plaza in Tel Aviv, which five years ago was just a grandiose project, now stands 80 per cent completed on the beach, one of those "magnificent ruins" of over-optimistic planning. It has been standing that way for almost two years, disconsolate and empty, and the grapevine has it that to complete and open it at this time would not pay, since the tourist traffic does not warrant a hotel of this size; the

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smaller, equally modern, and newly opened Hotel Dan, it appears, takes care of the need.

The tourist now gets appreciably more for his money than he did five years ago, but this in itself is not enough to draw the desired flood of travelers. Too many of the tourists up to now have been oldtime Zionists who stay with relatives, and whose total expenditure during a month's stay averages $70 in precious hard currency. But the one thing which Israel still lacks to attract tourists for reasons other than kinship or Jewish sentiment is a dash of glamour. The sight of young Jews working the ancestral soil is thrilling to the sensitive Jewish heart, but a man who spends a good part of his yearly income to get away from it all and have a good time wants something more exotic.

Foreign travelers are not the only disappointment that has come in these years. Foreign investment is another. For some days last year the front page of the Jerusalem *Post* carried a series of "open letters" from the Jerusalem Shoe Corporation, the largest industrial concern in the capital and widely regarded as a model of American enterprise; the plant threatened to close down, and blamed the government and the tanners for the lack of hides. While the Ministry of Industry and Commerce refused to participate in the controversy publicly, the tanners and other shoe manufacturers jumped into the fray. For the reader it was hard to decide who was right; what did emerge, however, was the feeling that any industry which depends for its raw materials on imports from abroad and does not earn itself the foreign currency required through export of its goods, will always have a hard struggle.

The early tendency to over-reach, to advance without pausing to consolidate, also makes itself felt today in fields that have little to do with exports or hard currency. The compulsory education law that was passed in 1949 could well serve as a model to countries older and richer than Israel: it provided for free education not merely for six- to fourteen-year-olds, but also for five-year-olds in kindergartens. This year there was no money for the kindergartens. Parents will have to pay.

One private investment which paid off magnificently is the enterprise of a group of Belgian ice-cream manufacturers. Their product, a wrapped cube of ice cream on a stick, conquered the market in the space of weeks. As part of its publicity campaign the firm sponsored a "giant contest" with prizes such as a refrigerator, radios, motorcycles, a trip abroad; in short, everything except television sets. The way to become eligible was to send in a set of five ice-cream sticks on each of which a letter from the word "Artic" was impressed, and which together had to spell out the name of the brand. The final *kof* in the combination was imprinted less frequently than the other letters on the sticks, and for some weeks a good portion of the population was engaged in a frantic search for that elusive letter. Dignified men could be seen at *kiosks* buying ice-cream sticks and throwing the wrapped cube away untouched. Schoolboys brought bundles of sticks to class to trade with in order to complete the required combination. And then, a few days before the deadline of the contest, the government, apparently jealous of its prerogative, declared the whole scheme a lottery and therefore illegal.

One thing which would have seemed a wild dream five years ago became reality in Tel Aviv. The bus cooperative, whose drivers had been known as one of the most prosperous and also most inconsiderate groups in the state, launched an "Operation Politeness." The climax of the campaign consisted of a series of newspaper ads which made the point that a bus driver is a harassed individual with many onerous duties, and that the public should therefore be nice to him. The buses, meanwhile, traded in their wartime olive-drab for a dapper two-tone green, and a good many of the old workhorses with the unbending square bodies mounted on truck chassis, narrow aisles, and narrower doors, were replaced by a more generously proportioned French model.

But politeness has not yet conquered all. At the office of the Jewish Agency in Haifa early one morning I asked to see a certain official.

"*Hu od lo ba*—(he hasn't come yet)," said the clerk whose job it was to keep the throng out of the inner office (receptionist would be too fancy a word for it).

"When will he come?"

"*Hu od lo ba, nu!*" (Translation: same as above, plus the *nu*.)

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The language has not stood still. In the customs shed, a girl filling in her declaration hesitated for a moment. Then she put the word for "typewriter" in Hebrew and added "portable" in English. The examiner glanced at the form, crossed out the English word, and substituted the Hebrew *metaltelet*. "It's a new word," he explained.

New names have sprung up for Israel's sons and daughters too. A neighboring family, socially conscious, are calling their new daughter Shivyona (from *shivyon*—equality). And the young commander of the fleet named his offspring Nily, from the initials of a verse in the First Book of Samuel, *Nezach Israel Lo Yeshaker*—"the glory of Israel will not fail."

At Tel Aviv's Kilar Hamoshavot ("Circle of the Villages"), in the heart of the commercial district, the sign urging "Quiet, Please" has been removed. In fact, the entire island which once made the square a circle is gone, and all that remains is a busy intersection with a three-way traffic light. The sign apparently had its effect, for there is a strange quiet in the square, and honking one's horn anywhere in the town has become an offense.

But some things in the state are, like its capital, eternal, and they don't change even within four years. In the waiting room of the Va'ad Hakehilla (community council) in Tel Aviv there is tumult and shouting: a middle-aged Yemenite whose wife wants to leave him cries angrily that he paid dearly for her and will kill her before he lets her go; a father with a child on his arm tries to force his way into the chambers of the Sephardic rabbinical court and is restrained with difficulty by a bearded clerk; others stand by and smile or take part in the argument. The noise increases by the minute. At last a voice is heard over the confusion: "Silence, all of you!" A soldier is speaking in a voice of authority. For a moment things quiet down. "It's impossible to catch a little sleep here!" he shouts. "A man is entitled to some rest once in a while!"

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

WINE LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE

The Neighbors Make A Discovery

MORRIS FREEDMAN

KOSHER wine, once bought exclusively by Jews and only during Jewish holiday seasons, seems on the way to becoming as popular as the cola drinks. Five years ago kosher wine was practically unknown to the general public, and its annual output so negligible that it wasn't isolated very carefully from the over-all statistics; in 1953, more than 10,000,000 gallons were imbibed, nearly one-tenth of the total American wine production.

Production of Mogen David, one of the two biggest kosher wines in this country, went from 75,000 gallons in 1946 to nearly 5,000,000 in 1953. Large sales records have been established in Midwestern cities with infinitesimal Jewish populations and in the Negro, Polish, and Spanish-speaking sections of large Eastern cities. Sales graphs show peaks at Christmas and Thanksgiving several times higher than for Passover, the traditional period for kosher wine, and when Easter is sufficiently separated from Passover, equal peaks for both holidays. Even such a relatively minor occasion as St. Patrick's Day causes a discernible rise.

Manischewitz wine, produced under the Manischewitz name by the Monarch Wine Company in Brooklyn, and Mogen David, produced by the Wine Corporation of America, in Chicago, account about equally for more than 80 per cent of the total annual kosher wine gallonage; the rest is made by a host of small establishments. A minute percentage is imported from Israel. Mogen David's stronghold is the Midwest. Manischewitz leads along both coasts, and in the South. It is the first kosher wine in New York, Washington, D. C., and Detroit. In Los Angeles, according to a newspaper home survey, Manischewitz runs neck and neck for leadership over all wines with Gallo, a major California product, an exceptionally impressive showing since Manischewitz retails for about sixty cents a fifth more in the West. (In the East, it is about thirty cents a quart more than most California brands.) Various cities have favorite local brands. Mt. Zion is first in Baltimore, Temple in Minneapolis. Leading names in New York, the retail kosher wine center of the country, besides Manischewitz and Mogen David, are Shapiro's, Old Rabbinical, Welch's, Mazel Tov, Star of David (not to be confused with Mogen David), Ganeless-Langer, Streit's, and Hebrew National. The Wine Corporation of America estimates that only 3 per cent of Mogen David sales today are for sacramental purposes, and Monarch figures that only 15 per cent of its customers are Jewish. Monarch has lately received orders for its product from dealers in Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Cuba,

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JEWS who went out to buy their Passover wine this past month were no longer, in this act, so much separated from the American population in general as they may have thought, for over the past few years kosher wine has been becoming almost as widely bought by the general population as the cola drinks. MORRIS FREEDMAN gives us the facts about this latest example of cultural cross-fertilization on the American scene. Mr. Freedman, a frequent contributor to COMMENTARY, was born in New York City in 1920, is a graduate of City College, and earned his doctorate at Columbia University. He is at present a member of the English Department at City College.

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Colombia, Venezuela, Hong Kong, Canada, Brussels, and the Virgin Islands. The Hong Kong man, at first interested in satisfying only his Jewish clientele, recently sent an urgent cablegram increasing his order. The Chinese population, it seems, has found in kosher wine a new Western delicacy.

LIKE most of the other kosher wine companies, Monarch produced wine for sacramental purposes during prohibition, under special license from the government. It would deliver the wine to the rabbi or sexton of a synagogue who then sold it during the appropriate Holy Days to those of his congregation who did not prepare the wine at home. After repeal, the company tried to establish itself in the retail market. But a good many families, accustomed to getting their wine from their synagogue or making it themselves, were reluctant to fill their needs on the open market: there was supposed to be something about wine delivered by a rabbi in his study, or made in the bathtub and left to ferment on the fire escape, which gave it an essential and inimitable flavor. When Monarch insisted in the early days that its wine was like mother used to make, it wanted to be taken quite literally.

In 1936, the B. Manischewitz Company, of Jersey City and Cincinnati, which had been established in 1888 and is intimately associated with Passover matzot in the American Jewish mind, was looking for a new fermenting agent to improve the taste of its egg matzot. Previously it had been using apple cider. Yeast, which is suitable any other time of year, is forbidden at Passover, being a leavening ingredient. Manischewitz hit upon Monarch's kosher wine. Although the wine was already certified as kosher by Monarch's own rabbis, to keep things precise the Manischewitz management sent the rabbis who supervised the baking of its matzot to inspect this new ingredient. Thus it developed that Monarch's wine became, so to speak, as kosher as Manischewitz's matzot, being entitled to bear the identical cachet of rabbinical approval. The next step was inevitable. Monarch arranged to bottle its wine under the Manischewitz name, retaining Manischewitz's rabbis. The Manischewitz name broke down resistance, and sales went up. Monarch still pays a royalty to Manischewitz for the use of its name (under a two-hundred-year contract) and a fee to its rabbis.

Monarch first realized it had more than a seasonal product when retailers who were slow in returning their unsold Passover stock sent back considerably less than those who were prompt. Obviously, the momentum of demand set off by the holiday was continuing a good while after it. In addition, after a few years requests for shipments on consignment came in from bemused liquor retailers in Harlem who reported getting persistent if hesitant requests for that kosher wine that begins with "Manny" and has a man with a white beard on its label. Although the explanation for this unlikely outcropping of demand is simple enough, it took a little time before the retailers discovered its basis and passed their finding along to Monarch: Negro domestics in Jewish homes were exposed to the kosher wine, and liked it. The custom of presenting a bottle of wine on Passover to Gentile help was another factor. (Another delicacy that has become a popular Harlem staple in probably the same fashion is gefilte fish.)

In 1940, Monarch imposed a no-return policy on its Passover shipments to retailers and broadened its advertising. In the middle 1940's, the decision was made to launch the wine on the national market. Meantime, the Wine Corporation of America, having discovered a latent demand for kosher wine when its unadvertised Mogen David began displacing its heavily advertised California types in restaurant and retail store sales, had begun national advertising in 1947. In New York, Shapiro's kosher wine also began a general advertising campaign, in 1949, but the company never branched out nationally in the way Mogen David and Manischewitz did. (Interestingly, kosher wine faced its biggest obstacle in the opposition of New York retailers, most of whom are Jewish, who insisted that a kosher wine would sell only for freakish reasons all year round.)

The Manischewitz wine advertising was separated from that for the matzot, which had been, and still is, directed to a purely Jewish audience, and was eventually turned over to the Emil Mogul Company. The account executive is Charles E. Patrick, who has had a good deal of experience in general liquor advertising.

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I VISITED Patrick in the Emil Mogul offices on New York's West 57th Street one day not long ago. In the anteroom, standing in dramatically lighted recessed niches in the wall, were other products the agency handles. These included a bottle and a tin of Esquire shoe polish; a box of Ronzoni spaghetti; a can of Caffè Vivo, an Italian demitasse coffee; an open box of Gold Label long cigars encased in glass tubes; a man's shoe designed to make one appear taller, trade-marked "Elevators"; a lady's shoe by National Shoes; bars and bags of Bonomo's Taffy, a children's candy; a replica of a New York city street sign indicating the location of Barney's men's clothing store; a display of Alkaids, tablets "for fast relief of stomach distress"; a can of olive oil and a bottle of whiskey, whose names I didn't catch in the few moments I waited for Patrick; and a decanter quart of Manischewitz with a cap that flared out like the ceremonial head-covering of a cantor, and a label with Hebrew lettering on it, two small menorahs, the Star of David, and a Jewish elder attired for prayer and holding a prayerbook and a goblet of wine. It was clear that kosher wine, which Manischewitz promotion likes to say is made according to ancient tradition more than 5,000 years old and was once sipped by the high priests of Judea in solemn rites, had achieved its apotheosis and taken its place in the modern pantheon of brand-identified foods, clothing, half-medicines, and candies.

Mr. Patrick, a tall, innocent-looking, red-faced man of English ancestry, told me of the basic problem in introducing Manischewitz nationally. "Obviously we were going to have trouble with the name," he said. "Most of the advertising had been in papers, or on billboards, that is, people were seeing the name but not hearing it. They didn't know how to say it, and of course they didn't want to be embarrassed when ordering it. We used to hear all sorts of fantastic versions. 'Mani-chevrolet' was perhaps the wildest; the most sensible thing customers did was to point or ask for 'Manny' wine. So we concentrated on dinning the name into the heads of people. The Berlitz method. We dropped almost all the visual advertising and took thousands of radio spot announcements all over the country, just repeating over and over, 'Man, Oh Manischewitz, What a Wine.' We give very careful pronouncing instructions to the announcer." The name is spelled "Manishevitz" in the copy sent to radio stations, and, at the bottom of each sheet, the pronunciation is further simplified by breaking the word up and indicating the stressed syllables: Man-i-shev-itz.

Mr. Patrick's Berlitz campaign has been fabulously successful. He unrolled a graph showing sales over the past five years in Pennsylvania, where the retail liquor stores are a state monopoly and exact sales figures are issued periodically. Starting at zero cases in 1949, before the radio advertising began, the graph rises steadily, paralleling the increased intensity of the advertising, until in December of 1953 it shoots precipitously off the top of the page at 17,000 cases for one two-week period.

As a result of this educational program to simplify and make familiar its tongue-twisting name, Manischewitz may already have become as synonymous with kosher wine as Carter's is with little liver pills. At any rate, the name, combined with the fact that the wine is kosher, has struck radio and television comedians, who may be presumed to be especially sensitive to fashions in popular idiom, as offering a fertile source for their humor. Jack Benny one Sunday night gave a lesson to Bob Crosby in how to pronounce the name correctly (Crosby kept saying "Manishevevevitz"). Bob Hope, on St. Patrick's eve this year, introduced a quartet, all with obviously Irish names, and then announced that the sponsor of this group was Manischewitz; this was considered hilarious. Last Christmas, Danny Thomas went into hysterics on his television program when an actor playing Scrooge unpacked a basket of cheer to find at the bottom an unexpected bottle of Manischewitz. Company and agency officials insist that they have had nothing to do with these plugs. A favorite intramural gag is that the wine ought to be renamed "Manishégitz," *shaygitz* being Yiddish for Gentile. An office story that has not yet reached the public, but probably will, is about the Catholic priest who bought a half gallon of Manischewitz. "Have you developed a taste for sweet wine too, Father?" the retailer asked. "No," said the priest, "but my communicants like it, and it is supposed to be used for sacramental purposes, isn't it?" The name Manischewitz keeps getting into

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popular songs, and recently a record appeared of "The Mambo-Shevitz," in which the refrain is "Man oh man."

"Another problem we had to lick," Patrick said, "was the snobbish way wine drinking is regarded in this country. Unless you served the proper wine with the proper food, you know, you were just ignorant. Most people couldn't bother learning. Not wanting to be considered fools, they didn't get into the wine drinking habit. We stress that Manischewitz is good anytime." He gave me a stapled batch of radio commercials. "You don't have to be a wine expert to enjoy it," read one, "you don't have to worry whether to serve it before meals or after meals or when you entertain. For MANISHEVITZ WINE is perfect *all the time*. You don't have to worry whether to serve it chilled or at room temperature. For MANISHEVITZ WINE is *perfect* any way you like it." Another commercial even urged listeners always to keep a bottle of the wine in the refrigerator, as outrageous a proceeding in the eyes of wine connoisseurs as putting a banana in the refrigerator is to Chiquita Banana. "We want to bring drinking wine," Patrick said, "to the level of Coca-Cola. We want to make kosher wine a national beverage." One indication that kosher wine is inching up on this eminence is the increase in sales of half-gallon and gallon jugs in Harlem and in Scranton; in those places, it would seem, kosher wine in bulk is replacing the handy half-dozen container of soft drinks.

SO EXTENSIVE has the consumption of kosher wine, or "kosher wine" as it really should be designated, become, that it is now classed in the trade as a third type, the other two being table and dessert wines. (Sparkling wines, sometimes considered separately, are included with the tables or desserts, depending on use. Vermouth is *sui generis*.)

Most domestic table and dessert wines are made from grapes grown in California on vines imported from Europe. Imported wines themselves make up a very small part of the American market, something around 5,000,000 gallons a year. Kosher wine is made from Concord grapes, which are indigenous to America, and are found along the Eastern seaboard and as far west as Michigan. These grapes, belonging to the "fox" group, are characterized by the capacity to keep their grape tang through fermentation. They are high in acidity and low in sugar, a ratio almost the reverse of California grapes. The low acidity of the California grapes causes them to lose their grape bouquet after processing, and also gives them their light, dry quality. Since whatever sugar the Concord grapes have to begin with is almost entirely transformed into alcohol during fermentation, sugar must be added to make the wine palatable, a fact duly noted on every label. It is this heavy sweet quality, referred to by California port people as "syrupy" to distinguish it from their own milder sweetness, which is identified with kosher wine.

Except for altogether unsweetened kosher wine, which is, reasonably enough, called "sour," there are no "light" kosher wines, most brands coming in varying degrees of heaviness. Shapiro's kosher wine advertises that it is so thick "you can almost cut it with a knife." "Malaga," an especially popular type of kosher wine, is distinguished from normal kosher wine only by its greater thickness. It comes from the same grapes, and should be called a Malaga-*type* wine; some labels do refer to it as a "Concord-Malaga" blend. True Malaga, which is made in Spain, or in California from Spanish grapes, is white, but it is naturally sweet and comparatively thick. According to kosher wine aficionados, the sugar in kosher wine does not produce the cloying after-taste that accompanies soft drinks, the high fruit acidity and the alcohol somehow canceling it. The alcohol content of kosher wine is 13 per cent, a little more than of California table wines; most dessert wines have 20 per cent.

The sweetness of kosher wine is a main point in its advertising, in contrast to the current strategy of the soft drinks and the beers to de-emphasize their high caloric content. Manischewitz says that it is "sweet as wine should be." Mogen David, whose advertising runs in a contrapuntal relation to Manischewitz's, declares that it is "sweet, but never *too* sweet." "It's undoubtedly the sweetness," Patrick said, "which accounts in large part for the wine's popularity. America is a nation of candy eaters. The annual per capita consumption is seventeen pounds per person. Meyer Robinson, he's one of the two owners of Monarch, the other is Leo

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Star, was among the first wine men to recognize that what this country needed was a good sweet kosher wine.

"The fact that we're kosher is very important to the Negro market," Patrick continued. "Also, that Manischewitz costs more than the California brands. It's well established that Negroes want better things and are ready to pay more for them. The top labels of Scotches, gins, and whiskeys also do comparatively better in Harlem than elsewhere. Kosher conveys quality."

A few days later I went with Patrick to the Monarch plant in the Bush Terminal buildings in Brooklyn, to attend a party celebrating the installation of thirteen new vats, which will bring plant capacity to 7,000,000 annual gallons. Among the guests were food and advertising writers for the New York daily press, editors of liquor trade journals, reporters from two Negro newspapers accompanied by their own photographers, several advertising agency persons, friends of various people, and a host of miscellaneous photographers. Monarch occupies two long wings of this sprawling commercial and industrial establishment along the water front. Neighbors are a wholesale grocer and a manufacturer of metal signs. As we walked through the wide alley between the two wings, I noticed a big Jack Frost Sugar truck, its tank lifted, pouring sugar like some white fluid into what looked like a coal chute that ran through a hole into the building. A notation on the tilted tank indicated that it could hold 22,500 pounds. Large trailer trucks were backed up to openings in the walls, loading cases of Manischewitz wine that rolled off conveyors. Piles of cardboard and wooden slats lay about on the ground. In a corner, a black Cadillac was parked; its license number was 72-MR, initials which I took to be those of Meyer Robinson.

Inside, the building was damp and dark and pleasantly redolent of wine. We sidled past a large pool in the floor, filled with wine, into which the sugar from outside was flowing. An engine, its insides of gears and belts and wheels revealed, worked creakily away, poised over the center, stirring the sugar into the wine. A deep purple whirlpool marked the point where the fins were churning, and the flat surface around it was covered with a white foam tinged with wine color. A metal staircase rose above the side of the pool, and we made our way up it into the chemist's laboratory.

This was a small room lined with sagging shelves full of bottles, with a high, plain work table down the middle. The table was covered with an array of straight, curved, and twisting glass. We crowded around the walls and were joined by the plant chemist, Monroe Coven, a tall, round-faced man with glasses and a pale brown mustache that curved with his mouth in a slight, permanent smile. He was dressed in street coat and hat and apologized for not having the testing apparatus bubbling away for us.

"Here we control our wine," he said. "We get grape juice or, during certain seasons, the uncrushed grapes, which we then crush. At each stage we test to maintain chemical balance. We have samples of every wine we ever made or blended on these shelves, so we can duplicate them. Differences in vintages have been practically eliminated because of improved farming methods. But we still try to compensate for slight differences from batch to batch in order to keep the wine uniform. Depending on the sugar content after fermentation, we add the appropriate amount. A squad of men tests for taste. We control color through blending deeper and lighter batches. Here, also, we watch carefully for foreign matter. Of certain substances, as little as one part to one million parts of wine will cause spoilage." He went on to explain the processes of decanting the wine from the top of the vats to get rid of most of the particles created during fermentation, filtering and clarifying it, eliminating cloudiness, fixing the wine so no further chemical changes would take place, and pasteurization before bottling. Kosher wine will not go bad if left to stand.

A lady food editor wanted to know exactly how much sugar each gallon contained. "It varies," Mr. Coven said. When pressed, he said that ten tons is mixed with approximately 25,000 gallons. One reporter promptly whispered to his neighbors that this came to a few ounces less than a pound per gallon. Mr. Coven explained that he couldn't be more precise because the ratio was a trade secret. (The chemist is a key figure in a winery. A competitor hired away a previous wine chemist at Monarch.)

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"The sweet taste is characteristic of kosher wine," a bald, bland, plump man with a mustache broke in. "When the Jewish people first came to America, Concord grapes or muscadines were what they found on the East coast. They had to add sugar. Kosher wine is made to order for the American taste. Consider how popular the grape juices and jams and jellies made of Concord grapes have always been. People also like our wine because it is unusually pure, particularly since it's also kosher for Passover. We close our plant on Saturdays, and early on Fridays. Also, we never advertise on the Sabbath or on holy days." He was identified for us later as Meyer Robinson.

IT HAPPENS that most kosher wines are also kosher for Passover. In addition to the normal regulations for *kashrut,* and the involved cleansing procedures laid down for Passover kashrut, a further special injunction applies to wine: since it may be used in performing sacraments, it must not be touched during manufacture by any but Jewish hands. Actually, kashrut regulations are, by and large, so simple and straightforward that if one trusts oneself or a manufacturer to follow them, one does not need a rabbi to attest to kashrut. Thus, Barton's Bonbonnière candy in New York was accepted as kosher by the faithful long before the company went about getting the usual rabbinical stamp. (Barton's, incidentally, puts out a sherbert made with Manischewitz kosher wine.)

Strictly speaking, any wine, including the California types, can be kosher, or kosher for Passover, and many are—that is, they are prepared according to the rules. Conversely, there is no reason why kosher wine has to be rabbinically certified as kosher, except for Jews who are particular about such matters; it can be made the same way, from the same type of grape, and have the same quantity of sugar added. Rabbinical inspection, or the contact of non-Jewish hands with the wine, does not affect the taste. Kosher-*type* wine, however, unlike kosher-type delicatessen, has never caught on. After the boom was under way, a number of companies came out with kosher-type wines, advertising them, quite legitimately, as having all the physical properties of *kosher* kosher wine, but not mentioning the word "kosher." They stressed the sweetness, the use of Concord grapes, and their "traditional American taste." But these brands made scarcely any impression on the kosher kosher wine market. One concern, thereupon, arranged for rabbinical supervision of its product (it was already largely Jewish and so did not have to make any changes in the personnel handling the wine) and added a menorah and the word "kosher" to its advertising. Its product is now established as one of the lesser genuine kosher wines. (There has been a recurrent but perhaps frivolous rumor that one of the big California wineries, Christian Brothers, has been planning to bottle its own kosher kosher wine.) Approval by rabbis has evidently become in recent years as compelling a sales attraction for a variety of items as approval by Good Housekeeping magazine or the AMA. Baby Ruth and Butterfinger candy bars, for example, as well as Tide, Fab, and other detergents, are now all verified as kosher.

In spite of the proved indispensability of the kosher seal, advertising of kosher wines, as it reaches out toward a wider market, seems not quite sure how far to go in slighting or emphasizing their unique character. Mogen David, outside of its name and the six-pointed Star of David, does not harp on the fact that it is kosher. A current New York subway poster shows a bottle of the wine standing in a surrey. At the top, in print reminiscent of the 1890's, is the statement, "Just Like Grandma Used to Make," which goes Manischewitz's early claim about mother one better. Billboards on Midwestern highways, although the Star of David and the name are displayed large on them, show the label, the only place where the word "kosher" appears, practically in miniature. The commercials on the national television program Mogen David sponsors are delivered by a young man unfailingly identified in a rising inflection as Terry O'Sullivan. However, the label flashed on the screen clearly shows a table full of white-bearded patriarchs wearing skullcaps, and the Hebrew letters identifying the product as kosher. (Manischewitz, it will be remembered, has only one bearded man on its label.) One kosher brand issued a recipe booklet with instructions on how it might be used with lobster and roast ham, dishes not likely to appeal to someone concerned about the rabbinical approval

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of the wine. On the other hand, Manischewitz's radio commercials in New York, even when rendered in Spanish, as many of them are, declare (to quote from a script): "What's more. MANISHEVITZ is *kosher* wine. . . . That means it's so pure, it's also used for sacramental purposes." And when an advertising man wanted to present Manischewitz as "the traditional wine for Passover and Easter," since the two holidays coincide this year, a company man took out "and Easter." Manischewitz never fails to stress the fact that it is kosher.

WHEN we were through in Monarch's laboratory, we descended the staircase past the turbulent wine pool, and were guided into the area where the new vats were, beyond a sliding metal door hanging on a concrete-block wall. The vats were sixteen feet high, reaching nearly to the two-story tall ceiling, and oval shaped, twenty-five feet long, and twenty feet wide. Nailed onto the sides were metal letters reading: "50,400 GALS." According to the press release given to us, which quoted Leo Star, the vats are supposed to be the most modern in the world and, except for a few in California, the largest. Workmen were still putting one together. They stood on a platform halfway up to the ceiling and banged away with great wooden thuds at the vertical red planks, around which they were tightening thick iron bands.

"We use redwood," Mr. Coven explained, "because it is inert. It doesn't respond to the chemical action taking place."

We proceeded through a labyrinthine array of rooms. One had vats of much smaller diameter but just as high; they had lost the redness of the new vats and were streaked with black. Slates nailed to their sides indicated in chalk the specific stage of processing of the wine inside. Metal letters on the outside read, variously, "8,350 GALS." and "24,950 GALS." We went through great areas piled high with filled cartons of wine; on one pile a cat was sleepily sitting. Some of the labels on the cartons were for sauterne and blackberry wine; all read "kosher for Passover." The bottling room, lit with fluorescent banks, was still; it was lunch hour. Along one wall, like the lines of plumbing in the basement of a large building, were rows of thick stainless steel and glass pipes.

"We can fill the bottles from any one or from all of these pipes," Mr. Coven told us. "The light-colored fluid you see in two of the pipes is water; we're washing them out at the moment. The glass is heat-resistant Pyrex. Corning developed these pipes especially for us. We can see dirt better. The wine is bottled at 140 degrees." He reached over a stack of cartons and lifted a sealed half gallon demijohn from a roller, and passed it around. It was warm.

Limp, dulled, and hungry, the party retraced its steps, following the Monarch people, ducked briefly out into the open air, and then in again. "That felt like coming out of a wine cellar," a bright young lady said. At the end of a narrow, dimly lit, shabby green hallway, we found ourselves unexpectedly in a brightly illuminated, walnut-paneled pair of offices, with a thick rug, a great leather-topped mahogany desk, a deep leather sofa, and a sideboard, its top cluttered with whiskey and wine bottles. Someone thrust a half-full tumbler of red wine into my hand, identifying it as Manischewitz. It was very sweet, quite cold, and pleasantly grapy; I drank it with pleasure.

WE WERE turned around again, and were marched back through the corridor. After bending down to get through a doorway about four feet high, we found ourselves in an odd, fluorescent-lit room. Windows at one end looked out over the floor of the dark plant below. Silver-painted pipes ran along the ceiling. The walls were covered with framed pictures of such personages as Robert Alda, Eddie Cantor, Jackie Robinson; there were framed letters from them and others, including Governor Dewey and Quentin Reynolds, thanking Mr. Robinson for sending them Manischewitz wine. Someone explained that this was the sales room. Two long tables were covered with cloths, and we sat ourselves down. There were bottles of Manischewitz kosher for Passover sauterne on the tables, as well as of the red wine. I had a half tumblerful of the sauterne, too; quite light, not at all sweet, and chilled. I drank it with even more pleasure than my first glass, and promptly refilled the tumbler.

Throughout the lunch of grapefruit, noodles and meat sauce (which one distressed young lady on a diet thought would be the whole meal), roast chicken, boiled

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beef, broiled mushrooms, sliced tomatoes, and tea, a steady murmur of conversation kept up. "The chef is one of the men in the shipping and trucking department. His hobby is cooking," said a voice at the other table. "One thing about Manischewitz kosher wine," said another faraway voice, "is it's positively fresh." "Negroes like Manischewitz," one of the Negro reporters said, "because it's like the wine their mothers and grandmothers used to make down South. Scuppernong grapes are much like Concord. You've got to add sugar." "Wine like mammy used to make," someone whispered. Mr. Robinson stood up, welcomed the company, made a few remarks, was told to stop "fun-fin," and sat down. Laughter. A comedian named Joey Adams, whose face was as white and smooth as though he were wearing make-up, got up and told some jokes, including one about a mother who was disappointed in the younger of her sons who wanted to become a rabbi. The older was a successful wine merchant. "Being a rabbi is a business for a good Jewish boy?" she wanted to know. Adams was smoking a cigarette in a long red holder on which was printed in gold "Stolen from Joey Adams." He said this affair reminded him of his Bar Mitzvah, and was joined by a gnarled-faced little man with a Yiddish accent, with whom he engaged in a totally incomprehensible exchange. "Hey, that's Al Kelly," the man from the *Times* said excitedly, "the double-talk expert." Mr. Robinson and the chef kept appearing behind each person to ask whether everything was all right. The daily press left to make their editions. The bottles of sauterne and kosher wine had been finished. "Sid Caesar works from eight in the morning to eight at night, seven days a week," Joey Adams said, sitting in his place now. "I wouldn't want a weekly TV show for all the ulcers in the world." "Give him the money and he'll take the ulcers," an agency man said. "I ration every minute of my day, from eight in the morning till eight at night," Emil Mogul said. "A spot announcement on the Show of Shows is $28,000 for one time," the agency man said. After a while, an elaborate cake was brought out in honor of one of Monarch's young executives. His birthday, it was announced, coincided with the press party. The young man, flushed, jumped up and kissed Mr. Robinson on the cheek. The two posed for a photographer while holding a knife over the cake. A flash bulb went off, and Mr. Robinson cut the cake. "The noodles he gives us big portions, the cake he's stingy," a voice called out.

Robinson, a graduate of Brooklyn Law School, class of 1927, joined the firm in 1935 on the death of his brother, who had been, with Leo Star, an old wine man, part owner of Monarch. Star supervises production and internal affairs, and Robinson is in charge of sales and promotion. The company, which had its original plant on Manhattan's Wooster Street, moved to its present location in 1939, renting 20,000 square feet. Today, it has 100,000 square feet. It puts out eight different-sized bottles of kosher wine. A champagne magnum was recently discontinued as was an oddly formed round bottle with a curved spout and an indentation in its side in which an ice cube could be placed to cool the contents.

Robinson has an unusual collection of wine glasses and wine accessories, which, learning I live on Long Island not far from his home, he invited me to examine.

Late one Saturday afternoon I drove out to Lawrence, a small township in Nassau County, just beyond the Rockaways. Robinson lives in a long, two-story, ten-room clapboard house that extends almost the width of his property, on a winding, tree-lined street of small estates. Next to the black Cadillac with the license plate 72-MR in the open garage was a tan one with 71-MR. Air-conditioning units stuck out of several windows. Three teen-aged girls in dungarees were standing with bicycles near the kitchen door, where I was greeted by a jovial Negro houseman wearing an apron, who invited me in. Robinson, who had apparently been napping, greeted me, took my hat and coat, and then led me to a china cabinet in a corner of the formal dining room. His manner combines a relaxed geniality with sudden bursts of energy and enthusiasm.

"I began this collection," he said, opening the glass doors, "some ten years ago. I'm not systematic about it; whatever I see interesting, I pick up. It's probably worth near ten thousand dollars by now. Look at those two wine glasses; I bet you never saw anything like that before." Against the rear of the cabinet, in the corners, were two glasses

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with heavy stems perhaps three feet long. Inside the stem was an intricately braided pattern. "They're old English wine glasses. You keep them on the floor at your side. Here are two silver goblets from the Civil War. They belonged to the attorney general. We had the inscription 'To the Attorney General' taken off, and we put on my first name and my wife's." He gave them to me to examine. "Maybe we should have left the inscription on, heh?" he said, glancing at me when I returned them. He took out and passed to me a variety of objects, including a silver decanter in the shape of a bird with a mouth that could be opened for pouring, several other intricately worked silver decanters, a French wine basket woven of silver strands, a silver wine trolley which had been used at early 19th-century banquets to roll two decanters along a table, and a silver strainer from France to catch sediment. Some of these things carried dealers' tags guaranteeing their authenticity. On top of the cabinet were two big champagne buckets and a silver barrel on its side with a small faucet. On a sideboard were two ornate Iranian glass decanters, as well as a plain glass one hanging upside down in a wrought-iron stand. To get wine out of the latter, you have to push up a long needle that protrudes from the bottom with the inside of your wine glass, just like working a soap dispenser.

Mrs. Robinson passed through the room, and Mr. Robinson introduced us. "Did you show him the basement, darling?" she said. "We're going there," he answered.

THE basement was immense. A long built-in sofa curved along the wood-paneled walls, and behind it on a ledge were various other decanters and glasses of coarser materials than those upstairs, including a Manischewitz-labeled bottle that had been painted. Mr. Robinson called my attention to the ceiling; it was papered with sheets of Manischewitz labels. On the bar, in another corner of the basement, stood an empty but sealed half-gallon jug of Manischewitz in a display rack urging you to buy it. Mr. Robinson moved behind the bar to show me various glasses standing on shelves. He paused at the seltzer apparatus. "Want a two-cent glass?" he asked me. "You can have an ice-cream soda, too, if you want." Hanging over the indirectly lit shelves were clusters of various-sized dark and light grapes. "Wax," Mr. Robinson said. Two round tables with lazy susan shelves and surrounded by captain's chairs were in the center of the floor near the bar. In a great room off the main area was a table almost filling it with an elaborate layout of model trains. "That's my son's," he said. "He's nine. My girl's fourteen. She went to the Brandeis School, that's the one run by Rabbi Irving Miller of the Zionist Organization of America. She's in Lawrence High School now. My boy is at Brandeis. I'm a member of both the Conservative and Orthodox temples in town, though I am more active in the Conservative. I'm president of a wine trade organization. Also, I head the Wine Division of the UJA and Federation drives. I got plaques last year for my work." He pointed out a tiny billboard for Manischewitz wine along one of the track beds.

"We've lived here seven years and do a lot of entertaining," he said, leading me upstairs. "I belong to the Friars. Joey Adams and Al Kelly are personal friends. Occasionally I go up to the Glen Oaks Golf Club, to which I belong. I'm a great baseball fan. We have a box at Ebbets Field, and we sometimes visit the Dodgers at their training camp. The whole team has been out to the factory, and many members come here, too, for barbecues. When Eddie Stanky retired from active play, he sent Sandy, that's my boy, his glove. Come I'll show it to you." He took me upstairs. On the wall of Sandy's room, framed to become a kind of plaque, was Stanky's letter accompanying the glove. Stanky guaranteed that it would never miss a grounder. Clipped to a bulletin board was a sports columnist's poem of praise to the Dodgers, mentioning Manischewitz. We went downstairs again, and then outside. On a shelf in the study, through which we passed, I noticed a stack of copies of COMMENTARY. In a cluttered room behind the garage, the walls were covered with irregularly hung pictures of dozens of baseball players, all of them inscribed to Robinson, and some of them showing him and Sandy with the players.

Before I left, he gave me two gift-boxed bottles of Manischewitz, which he took out of a carton in the trunk of the black Cadillac. I thanked him, walked back to my Chevrolet, and, as I drove away, snapped on the radio. "Man, Oh Manischewitz," it said.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

FROM THE TEACHINGS OF RAV KUK

Passages from a Modern Sage

ABRAHAM ISAAC KUK, born in Latvia in 1865, was Chief Rabbi of Palestine from 1921 to his death in Jerusalem in 1935. Rabbi Kuk was a man of contradictions, or rather paradoxes, who wrote treatises on complicated points of Jewish law, such as the proper laying on of the phylacteries, but also the most rhapsodic mystical-moral exhortations and poems. The paradox, however, is no paradox; Rabbi Kuk, like the Cabalists by whom he was strongly influenced, saw the Jewish law, down to its minutest points, as a *corpus mysticum* alive with the spirit of God. This original Orthodox religious thinker, by now a legend in Israel, still remains a little-known figure to most Jews. In an earlier issue, Herbert Weiner told us something about Rabbi Kuk in his "Rav Kuk's Path to Peace Within Israel" (March 1954); now Rabbi Weiner has translated some extracts from Rabbi Kuk's writings which we offer below.—ED.

The Value of God-Denial

ALL names and titles, Hebrew or non-Hebrew, reveal but a small and dim spark of the hidden light toward which the soul really yearns and to which it calls out, "God." Every definition of divinity leads to atheism; all definition is spiritual idolatry. Even the term "Divinity" (*Elohut*) itself, and the name "God" (*Elohim*), are definitions; and were it not for the higher knowledge that these are but as a glimmer of sparks emanating from something which is above all definition, then they, too, would involve us in atheism.

Man is repelled by the assumption of the insensitive that words and letters in themselves contain the divine essence, and "God-denial" comes as a cry arising from the painful effort to lift and redeem man from this strange and narrow pit and raise him above the darkness of letters and formulae to the fuller light of the idea and the emotions, and to the dimension of ethics. Atheism has a provisional right to existence, for it must digest the impurities which attach to faith when true knowledge and worship of God are lacking. When this lack has existed for generations, then atheism articulates and embodies itself in a culture which would uproot everything that has to do with God, and all the institutions concerned with worship. But what sort of "uprooting" is truly intended by Divine Providence? It is the destruction of that dross which cuts man off from the true light of God, and it is upon the rubble heaps which are raised by the "denial of God" that the lofty knowledge of God shall build its Temple. Absolute "God-denial" serves to purify the air of crassness and impurity and evil, and from that kind of thinking which is concerned with the "description" of the "Divinity," the kind of inquiry that leads to idolatry. Not that the cure is better than the disease, but at least it opposes it directly, and out of the struggle of the opposing tendencies mankind is helped along to a brighter knowledge of God.

"'The strong wind shall come from the four corners' and it shall raise up in its strength those who are buried in the quaking graves of a sickly and ill-imagined conception of the divine reality, and ye shall see that I am the Lord, and that I will open your graves . . . and I shall bring you up out of your graves, my people, and bring you to the land of Israel."

LET the violent winds of "God-denial" purify all the refuse which has accumulated about the lower levels of the spirit of faith; in this

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way the Heaven shall be cleansed and the clear light of God that is the source of higher faith shall become visible.

The pure monotheistic faith has had mixed with it the darkness of corporealization and materialization. In every age this mixture is purified somewhat, and whenever a portion of the "corporealization" falls away it seems as if faith too were falling, but afterwards it becomes apparent that faith did not fall—it was only purified. In these latter days we find falling away the veil of the last and most subtle type of corporealization—that materialization which identifies all of reality with the divine, whereas, in truth, everything that we define as reality is infinitely distinguished from Divinity.

There is an emptiness of thought, arising out of little study or knowledge, that leads man to think much about the "nature of God." And the more he sinks into the emptiness of this foolish speculation, the more he believes himself to be approaching the higher knowledge of God, for he has heard that such speculation is the occupation of lofty spirits. Out of the accumulation of such habits of thinking through the generations, many vain notions arise whose results are evil. And the individual tends to lose his inspiration because of this lack of illumination. The greatest obstacles to the spirit of man arise when men's thoughts about the Divinity are hardened into known and definite forms as a result of habit and immature speculation. . . .

Appearance and Essence

THEY who seek only "inwardness" are dismayed when it seems that it is the superficial external that dominates life, but they ought rather to realize that only then does "inwardness" stand to gain a real victory. . . . For when it can be related to a stabilized and healthy society, where there are vigorous limbs and strong hearts, well-rounded emotions, aesthetic sensitivity, stable customs and patterns of life, a vitality and love of life in the world . . . then is it possible for "inwardness" to win mastery over a world that really has power and effectiveness.

Prayer

TO PRAY is the will and goal of all the cosmos.

All Being craves the Source of its life. Every plant and bush; every grain of sand and clod of earth; everything in which life is revealed or hidden; the smallest and the biggest in creation—all longs, yearns, and reaches out toward its upper Source . . . toward that fullness from which delight flows . . . the Life, the Holy, the Pure, and the Mighty.

And at every moment, all these cravings are gathered up and absorbed by man, who is himself lifted up by the longing for holiness within him.

It is during prayer that all these pent-up desires and yearnings are released . . . and waves of light burst forth, rising freely in their strength and lifting the intonations of the holy word up to the very heights of God.

So Man, through his prayer, unites in himself all Being, and lifts all creation up to the fountainhead of blessing and life.

Those Designated for the Mysteries

HE WHO feels, after much trial, that the soul within him can find repose only when it is occupied with the mysteries of the Torah, he should know that for this has he been destined.

And may no obstacle in the world, fleshly or even spiritual, confuse and turn him from the pursuit of the fountain of his life, and his true fulfillment.

And it is well for him to know that it is not only his own self-fulfillment and salvation that wait upon the satisfaction of this tendency within him . . . the saving of society and the perfecting of the world also depend upon it. For a soul fulfilled helps to fulfill the world. True thoughts, when they flow without let in any one of the corners of life, bless all of life.

But should he abandon his search, and wander about seeking water from wells which are not really his, then though he draw water as much as the ocean, and take from streams in every part of the earth, yet will he not find peace. For like a bird who has wandered from his nest, so is the man who wanders from his place.

Effect of Sin

EVERY sin brings about a particular type of trembling in the soul (which does not cease until repentance has been made) and as deep as is the repentance, in the same measure is the trembling itself turned into confidence

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and strength of heart. It is possible to detect this trembling which comes as a result of sin in the lines of the face, in movements, or in the voice, or in behavior, or handwriting, or style of language and speech, and especially the style of writing, in the setting forth of an arrangement of ideas. For in that place where the sin has walled off the light, there is the defect to be observed.

At the moment when a man sins, he is in the "world of division," and then every detail stands by itself, evil is completely evil and it can work its harm. But when man repents out of love, there shines upon him the cosmic light of the "world of unity" where everything is joined in oneness, and in this general binding together there is no evil as such, for then evil joins with and accents the good and raises it to an even higher value.

The Sage and the Prophet

USUALLY the poetic spirit inclines to a description of the general beauties of life, those spheres of life which are suffused with an abundance of life-dew. Poets are able to delineate and protest strongly against the over-all ugliness and defects of life. To probe, however, for inner and more minute causes; to ask how one can construct and establish life on a sound foundation, and avoid even that seemingly insignificant kind of corruption which leads to the large blemish and much damage—to all this, the strong and warm imagination is not attracted. These are matters for the wisdom of precision. Here we require the labor of the physician, the devotion of the meticulous, of those who measure and carefully judge. . . .

In an even more extreme way, prophecy was able to see the broad currents of corruption and idolatry in Israel and to protest against them vigorously. . . . But the small threads which twist together to form the thick strands of sin—the fine veins out of which are woven the great blood arteries—these are hidden from the gaze of the prophet and seer. All the very practical commandments, with their fine points and details; and how by observance and study, by habituation and through affection, in the course of time, their inner loveliness may be gradually revealed; and how the divine and pure life-stream coursing through them vigorously expels the darkness of idolatry, so that it does not again return; and how creeping indifference and inattention to the specific deed and its detail open the path to destruction, and destroy the vessels which can absorb the highest spirit, and how consequently the false urges of man's heart, the misleading imagination which glitters on the surface but contains within itself only ashes and dust, how this swells—all this goes unobserved by prophecy, at least by that prophecy which is seen as through an unclear glass.

IT WAS indeed seen by the power of the prophecy of Moses—that revelation which was given from "mouth to mouth," and which was revealed as "through a clear glass," and which alone was able to see both the importance of the broad principle, and the fine structure of its detail. But there was no other like him, "and there did not again arise a prophet in Israel like Moses whom the Lord knew face to face," and it was necessary to assign the work in the area of broad principles to the prophets, and the labor of the details to the sages.

And the sage is more important than the prophet. What prophecy, with all of its militant and fiery weapons, failed to do—to cleanse Israel of idolatry and to uproot the central manifestations of corruption, bribery and murder and lewdness—all this the sages did by extending the Torah and raising up many disciples, and by the repeated study of the big and little laws.

In time, the efforts of the sages overshadowed the word of the prophets and prophecy itself disappeared. As time passed, the "principles" began to weaken and to be so swallowed up in details that they were no longer visible. But it shall be in the latter days, when the return of the light of prophecy shall begin, that "I shall pour forth my spirit upon all flesh"—and then the contempt for the "minutiae" shall grow. The wisdom of the sages shall be despised and the "men of limitation," the disciples of the wise who carefully define their language, shall wander from city to city without pity—until not as unripe grapes but as fully ripened vintage filled with dew and life, the sparks of the beginning of the light of prophecy shall fly forth from their place of enclosure, and prophecy shall recognize the great accomplishment of the wisdom of the sages and it shall cry out strongly and in justice, "The sage is greater than the prophet." . . .

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ON THE HORIZON

WHOSE HISTORY, WHAT JEWS?

Mr. Ausubel's Bar Mitzvah Package

JUDD L. TELLER

IN THE current intensive revival of interest in Jewish history and culture, there has too often been a tendency to accept as authentic anything that comes along labelled "Jewish," attractively packaged, and sanctioned by some recognizable professional Jewish names. A case very much in point is Nathan Ausubel's *Pictorial History of the Jewish People.*

Mr. Ausubel's book is not, as its title suggests, a pictorial history in the accepted sense. Jewish history predates pictorial recording. The nature of the Jews' labors, centered on spiritual experience rather than action, and their rigid adherence until fairly recent times to the Biblical rule against making images, have precluded such record-keeping. A good portion of the illustrations in this book are contemporary, therefore—portraits of Jewish celebrities down to Al Jolson and Arthur Miller, and the kind of action shots produced by the Jewish National Fund, JDC, and UJA for purposes of fund-raising. This, then, is simply an abbreviated history of the Jews, with illustrations.

A historian must have direction. Mr. Ausubel moves in two opposite directions simultaneously. His book is, first, apologia in the old tradition. But it also reflects the tendentious *Weltanschauung* of a man whose apprenticeship as historian was spent as English-language columnist on the Communist Yiddish daily, *Freiheit,* and staff writer on the Communist monthly *Jewish Life.* In his role as apologist, Mr. Ausubel is at pains to prove that there have always been Jews on all sides of every issue, and thus is preoccupied primarily with listing the Jewish big names in all fields of human endeavor. To swell his roster of formidable reputations, he includes half-Jews, quarter-Jews, and persons reputedly descended from Jews. As a "progressive" historian, on the other hand, his heart is always with the rationalists in Jewish culture, and with the radical and mass movements on the world scene, which latter, he implies, were always on the side of the Jews. He is wrong on all scores.

Before their emancipation, the Jews were wholly neutralist in politics—as for example during the German Peasants' War of 1525 when they were caught between the millstones of Luther and Hubmaier-Muenzer and suffered from both camps. Since their Emancipation, the Jews have in their majority been middle-of-the-roaders, as for example in Germany and Russia, where they were neither for absolutist monarchy, nor for socialism, but for a *laissez faire* society. Mr. Ausubel contends that the motion to grant equality to the Jews, long under consideration in the National Assembly in France, was finally "decided [in the Jews' favor] by pressure from below—the people,"

IN LAST month's COMMENTARY, Midge Decter pointed out how the American Jewish cultural "renaissance" has in one area given renewed life to some questionable ideological tendencies ("Belittling Sholom Aleichem's Jews"). JUDD L. TELLER, looking into Nathan Ausubel's *Pictorial History of the Jewish People* (Crown Publishers, 346 pp., $5.00), finds a similar case of Jewish glitter that is something less than gold. Mr. Teller has been active as a journalist and editor in Yiddish, Hebrew, and English, and is the author of a book on life in Palestine. A new book of his, *Scapegoat of Revolution,* a study of the fate of the Jews in the political upheavals of the past five centuries, will be published this fall by Scribner's.

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and he cites the referendum in which fifty-three arrondissements of the Paris Commune voted for extension of equality to the Jews. It is doubtful that this referendum was solely decisive, and, at best, it only counterposed other pressures "from below—the people": e.g., the demand of the populace in Alsace-Lorraine that the Jews be exempt from the application of the principles enunciated in the Declaration of the Rights of Man. In Hungary, Mr. Ausubel writes, "with the revolution triumphant, at Kossuth's urging, the National Assembly legislated full equality for the Jews." The legislation came about in the last gasping days of the abortive revolution, and Kossuth had previously admonished the Jews to make themselves "worthy" of equality before they dared petition for it; like Napoleon, he found them too steeped in "superstitions."

IN HIS section on the American Civil War, Mr. Ausubel writes that the "sentiment of American Jews in the North, where the great majority lived, was overwhelmingly behind Abolition"; there were, however, especially "among the wealthy with business connections in the South, [some] who openly took a pro-slavery stand"; Rabbi Morris Raphall "soon became the spokesman for the small pro-slavery faction," and Rabbis Isaac M. Wise and Isaac Leeser, of the Reform and Conservative camps respectively, "approved [Raphall's pro-slavery] sermon." The fact is that the majority of Jews in the North, to judge from their publications and the rabbinical sermons, were, like Lincoln himself, unhappy with slavery, yet placed the integrity of the Union and the need to avoid fratricide above Abolition. The Jews were all the more wary of Abolitionism because some of its self-righteous organs saw nothing incompatible between championing the Negroes and traducing and baiting the Jews. Wise and Leeser maintained that the individual Jew was responsible on this issue to his civic conscience, but that the group as a whole would only suffer from unqualified identification with one cause or the other. Raphall's sermon did not endorse slavery. He stated simply, and accurately, that the Bible had not proscribed slavery. However, he added, the Bible did set forth the obligation to treat slaves with the dignity that is the right of all men; slaves were so treated by the ancient Hebrews, he said, but were outrageously abused by the slaveholders of the South. It is obvious that Mr. Ausubel's misinterpretation follows closely the leftist "historian" of American Jewry, Morris U. Schappes.

MR. AUSUBEL'S ideological preoccupations are even more evident in his treatment of contemporary history. His roster of American Jewish celebrities includes almost every fellow-traveling writer of any significance, yet omits mention of such a figure as Abraham Cahan, founder of the *Forward*, novelist, trade unionist, socialist, anti-Communist crusader. Chaim Nachman Bialik, the authentic poetic voice of Zionism, is called "an introspective misanthrope." Abba Hillel Silver is described as having "led the opposition in the Zionist organization against hinging Zionist policy on British political interest." The controversy between Weizmann, on the one hand, and Ben Gurion and Silver on the other, was over tactics. None except anti-Zionists of the left, and the extreme Palestine underground, ever charged that Weizmann "hinged" Zionist policy on "British political interest."

This author's errors of fact are as incredible as they are innumerable. His description of Hadassah as an affiliate of the Zionist Organization of America can only invite a smile from those familiar with the struggle for prestige between these two organizations. Equally amusing is the listing of Agudath Israel and Poale Agudath Israel among the Zionist groups. Rachel, more accurately a folksinger than a poetess, and several decades dead, is listed among Israel's leading living writers. *Doar Hayom*, discontinued several decades ago, is listed among Israel's leading dailies. Mr. Ausubel is unaware that the American Jewish Conference expired six or seven years ago. Preoccupied in fellow-traveler fashion with American anti-Semitism, he writes that anti-Semitism in recent years caused the Jews to feel "the need of achieving unity and common action" and that "this has given rise to the American Jewish Conference." The Conference, in fact, when it existed, was not concerned with American issues: its purpose was to speak for American Jewry on post-war issues affecting European Jewries and the Palestinian Yishuv.

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In no section of his work is Mr. Ausubel as evasive and ambiguous as in the section dealing with the Soviet Union. Conceding that the Soviet authorities carried on a war against religion which had disastrous effects on the Jews, he adds blandly that "in a literal sense, however, freedom of religious worship remained unaffected, nor were any of the congregations molested or suppressed." He is also master of the unobtrusive insinuation: the anti-religious campaign as directed against Jews "was especially combative during the 1921-23 period when Jews were drifting back into private trade permitted under the temporary NEP policy." The religious Jews and Zionists in Russia, he tells us, were "a hard core of opposition to the Soviet Government" who insisted upon "complete religious-cultural autonomy for the Jews."

The real fact is that the religious Jews never asked more than the right to pursue their worship and observances without interference by the authorities; this right was denied them. The Labor Zionists included elements emotionally committed to the Soviet experiment. There were even Zionist collective farms at one time. These people were persecuted not because of their opposition to the government, but because of the government's opposition to all non-conformity.

Mr. Ausubel's pretended innocence is sometimes almost engaging. "It has been said," he writes, "that a large number [of Zionists] were imprisoned or exiled to remote parts of the country [USSR] and that several were executed as counter-revolutionaries." His passage dealing with Soviet anti-Semitism and the crusade against Yiddish is prefaced with the following observations: "Little of a reliable nature is known as to what actually took place. There appeared increasingly uncomplimentary references in the Russian newspapers and periodicals to those Soviet Jews still under the influence of 'Jewish bourgeois nationalism,' 'Zionism,' and of 'cosmopolitanism.'" The anti-Semitic campaign in the Soviet Union is blamed, implicitly, on Israel: ". . . no sooner did the Government of Israel begin to abandon this policy [of neutralism] for one of closer collaboration with the West, and especially with the United States, than the old war against Zionists and Zionism was resumed by the Soviet Government. . . ."

The Jews who left the satellite countries for Israel were all of the middle class, he tells us, possessing no "useful" skills; what he omits to mention is that even at the high point of their "benevolent" relations with Israel these states refused exit permits to skilled workers. Emigration was stopped in 1951, he reports, when "the orientation of the Jewish State turned toward the West." Emigration was curtailed, in fact, early in January of 1949, long before Israel's change of policy. The persecution of Yiddish writers in Moscow began in the fall of 1948.

Mr. Ausubel writes pithy sentences, befitting a pictorial history. Yet he can be strangely abstruse in a highly disconcerting fashion. Of the satellite countries, he writes: "While Zionist and Jewish religious culture was taboo in the Marxist atmosphere, Jewish culture in Yiddish was encouraged so long as it had a socialist and working class content and was in harmony with Government policy." Mr. Ausubel's definitions of the terms "Zionist," "Jewish religious," and "Jewish culture in Yiddish," as well as "socialist" and "working class," might be helpful in interpreting this passage, but he offers no definitions.

However, it is not my obligation or purpose to enumerate all the ambiguities and evasions in this book.

At the end of the volume, there is a page devoted to acknowledgements, where the author renders thanks for their "careful reading of the manuscript" to a number of prominent persons in Jewish life who obviously do not share his views or methods. He might have spared them embarrassment by omitting their names. Crown Publishers undoubtedly hopes that this distorted history of the Jews might become a popular gift for Bar Mitzvahs, graduations, and similar occasions. We can only hope the publishers are mistaken. The editors at Crown may perhaps be forgiven for not having detected the author's illiteracy in Jewish history; it is hard to believe that they could be so unperceptive as to have failed to detect the tendentiousness of his text.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

ARCHAEOLOGY AND THE BIBLE'S HISTORICAL TRUTH

Do the New Findings Refute the Higher Criticism?

IMMANUEL LEWY

AS HISTORICAL religions, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam each finds the source and witness of its validity in what it holds to be a divine revelation, handed down to succeeding generations in certain sacred documents, or Scriptures. Religious leaders may interpret these sacred documents literally or liberally, but cannot deny their cardinal significance. The historicity of the Biblical records, or at least those portions embodying the fundamental revelations, are of crucial relevance to the survival of those religions which are founded, wholly or in part, on the Hebrew Bible.

Human curiosity is no respecter of sacred documents. Man wants to know the truth about everything. Since the Renaissance, scholars have increasingly subjected the Holy Scriptures to critical scrutiny. The first moderate and tentative critics were succeeded by radical critics tending to call more and more of the Biblical record into question. The most important periods for the formation of Israel's religion and laws—the epoch of the patriarchs, of Moses, of the judges, and of the early monarchy—were dismissed as being substantially legendary. The Biblical order of events was turned upside down: the Mosaic law, far from initiating Israel's religious development and calling forth the prophets as its champions, was but the conclusion of that development—the real beginners of the Jewish religion were the literary prophets.

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob were turned into mythological figures, the Moses stories into local legends; Joshua and Samuel were reduced to insignificant stature; Solomon became a worshipper of the sun god. Israel's sojourn in Egypt was denied, or at least reduced to an incident involving only a few dozen people. Some ritual laws perhaps went back to the so-called Mosaic period, but "whether Moses himself adhered to them is uncertain" (Gressman, *Moses*, 1913). The text of Deuteronomy had not only been found in the Temple in 621 B.C.E., it had also been composed by the priest Hilkiah; the Priestly Code was concocted by Ezra or in the generations following him. In short, all the great documents of Israel's past were concluded to be either pious frauds, or the self-seeking inventions of scheming priests.

But the Biblical research that began its criticism by destroying mythological and legendary beliefs ended up by constructing new legends. Biblical passages were used as the basis for a far-reaching theory; but in order to confirm this theory all antagonistic texts had to be marked down as "later interpolations." If you go on in this way with little restraint, you may finally sweep away the entire documented history of a people.

NOT long ago the Higher Criticism seemed to have deprived us of any grounds for belief in the historical authenticity of the Bible. In recent years, however, various archaeological discoveries have confirmed certain elements of the Biblical story and thus seem to open the way to a new and more scientific acceptance of the historical accuracy of the whole. IMMANUEL LEWY considers here to what an extent such a conclusion is justified. Mr. Lewy, a graduate of the Universities of Berlin and Leipzig and of a rabbinical seminary, has written widely on historical problems, both in Europe and in this country, and is the author of a book, *The Birth of the Bible—A New Approach*, which was published here in 1950. Mr. Lewy was born in Berlin, and came to this country in 1945.

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The method which these radical critics employed was one of textual analysis, or distinguishing the different sources in a composite document. Now there was nothing inherently wrong about this method; often, indeed, it had the most successful results. But this very success led to extravagances and absurdities; the Higher Critics overreached themselves by trying to explain anything and everything by the one method of textual analysis. As in the history of Darwinism, Marxism, and psychoanalysis, initial success tempted the devotees of the new method to believe they at last possessed the Key to All the Truth.

Not surprisingly, the pendulum has now begun to swing back. Modern Biblical research reflects an increasingly conservative tendency. The Higher Criticism, which once enjoyed such unchallenged preeminence, is falling more and more into disregard. Now archaeology is all the fashion.

What is archaeology? It is the scientific study of the *material* remains of the past. The archaeologist digs out of the ground all that litter of the past which, read aright, has so much to tell us: architectural treasures such as temples, palaces, tombs, streets, and houses; pottery, utensils, works of art; written records, scraps of papyrus, clay tablets, stone inscriptions, seals, contracts, law books.

After so much speculation and theorizing by the Higher Critics, there was a natural wish to go back to the *concrete* and *tangible witnesses* of the past. The tomb of Tutankhamen, the Hammurabi Code stone, the one thousand lines of the Babylonian epic of creation, the correspondence recorded on the tablets of Tell-el-Amarna, the fine jewelry in the stone tombs of Ur, the wisdom philosophy of the Egyptian sages Ptanhotep and Amenemope, the Ugaritic library documents of Ras Shamra, and many other discoveries of the last decades, have proved even to the most skeptical that history is not merely a matter of disputed guesswork, but a science solidly based on incontrovertible material facts. The highly abstract Higher Criticism of the Bible threatened to undermine all our traditional beliefs about our ancestors and spiritual origins; the pick and shovel work of Biblical archaeologists is today reestablishing them on scientific foundations.

Like starving men, scholars and scientists have seized ravenously on every scrap of material containing the name of a person, a place, or a people mentioned in the Hebrew Bible. They have discovered independent records of Ur, Uruk, and Sumer, all mentioned in Genesis; in Egyptian and Mesopotamian documents they even read the names of some of the kings of Israel and Judah. The very name of the people of Israel they found recorded in a victory stele of the Egyptian king Merenptah; this event occurred about 1229 B.C.E., just the time at which some scholars believe Moses led Israel out of its bondage in Egypt. In the stele Merenptah boasts of having destroyed Israel and all its seed: "The people of Israel is desolate, it has no offspring [or seed]. Palestine has become a widow for [because of] Egypt." This would indicate that Israel was a people living in Western Palestine and a dangerous enemy of the Egyptians. In the Bible we also read of a military encounter between the Israelites who had escaped from Egypt, and the Egyptian cavalry: "And Miriam sang unto them: 'Sing to Yahweh, for He is highly exalted. The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.'" Here Israel is victorious and Egypt the defeated. This incident may have occurred at another time or place. What the stele says, of course, is no confirmation of the Biblical story; but on the other hand it does not contradict it. In any case it confirms the fact that in the days of King Merenptah Israel and Egypt clashed. The Mosaic age, as we are told about it in the Pentateuch, cannot be entirely legendary or mythological.

The discoveries of the Sumerian-Babylonian, Egyptian, Syrian-Ugaritic, and Palestinian civilizations of the pre-Mosaic period have markedly changed our historical ideas about this time, and have even influenced the scholarly appraisal of the patriarchal age. The migration of Abraham's ancestors from Ur in southern Mesopotamia to Haran northwards, the migration of the clan of Abraham from Haran through Palestine to the Negev, and the patriarch's sojourn in Egypt during a famine—all these things fit with our picture of the society of this time. There is therefore no reason to assume that this tradition is unhistoric in its substance. Professor Albright writes: "Aside from a few die-hards among older scholars, there is scarcely a single Biblical historian who has not been impressed by the rapid accumulation of data supporting the substantial historicity of patriarchal tradition" (*The Jews*, Vol. I, p. 3).

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WHAT does "substantial historicity" mean? Albright himself explains it as follows: "This does not, of course, mean that oral tradition, even based on poetic epics (as Cassuto has most recently seen), can be treated by the historian as though it were based directly on written records. In many ways the orally transmitted record is superior, but it is peculiarly exposed to the phenomena of refraction and selection of elements suited for epic narrative, regardless of their chronological order. It is, accordingly, uncertain to what extent we can adopt the traditional order of events or the precise motivation attributed to them. Nor can we accept every picturesque detail as it stands in our present narrative."

What Professor Albright is saying is that the personal, local, and tribal names of the patriarchal stories are not a late invention, but date from old traditions. The Hebrew migrations, first from Ur to Haran, then through Palestine to the Negev and temporarily to Egypt, must have really taken place.

There may also be other authentic features in the patriarchal stories. In Genesis we read that a slave was expected to be the heir of the childless Abraham, and that a childless wife was expected to provide her husband with a handmaid who would bear him children, as Sarah gave Hagar to Abraham, and Rachel gave Bilhah to Jacob. Parallels for these social customs can now be found in customs and laws recorded on tablets at Nuzu in Assyria dating from the middle of the 2nd millennium B.C.E. These customs belong to the pre-Mosaic period and do not fit at all into the post-Mosaic tradition. The tablets were written by Hurrian scribes in the Babylonian language, with an occasional intrusion of Hurrian words. The Hurrians were the Biblical Horites who migrated to Edom in the early part of the 2nd millennium when the Hebrews migrated from Haran to the Negev. There is an archaeological note in the Bible itself which tells us that the Edomites destroyed the Horites and succeeded to their place, just as the Israelites destroyed and succeeded the Canaanites (Deut. 2:12). In Genesis 14:6, where a war of the patriarchal age is described, the Horites are still correctly referred to as the inhabitants of the mountain of Seir, which later made part of the land of the Edomites.

IT WOULD be rash to conclude from the presence in the Bible of a number of archaic elements dating back to the patriarchal age that they must derive from written records of the pre-Mosaic period, prosaic or poetic. Nomadic peoples—the Bedouins of our day are an example—keep no written records. The Hebrew tradition itself makes no mention of any written records before the Mosaic age. All these archaic elements must therefore have been transmitted orally for many generations. This would explain the contradictory traditions that we now find in the written records.

In Genesis there are recorded two different versions of the expulsion of Abraham's Egyptian concubine, Hagar. In Genesis 16 we read that Hagar was driven out of Abraham's family because Sarah felt it as a personal insult when Hagar conceived a child. Her son Ishmael was born in the desert and became the father of a desert tribe. In Genesis 21 we read that Hagar was expelled at a time when Ishmael was already a boy, an ill-mannered boy who it was feared would infect Sarah's son Isaac by his bad example. Both versions cannot be true. Here, manifestly, we have two versions of an older narrative, or the correction of a primitive story by a more sophisticated hand.

There must have been some enmity between the two Hebrew clans, both of which lived in the Negev. The clan of Ishmael was older and cruder, the clan of Isaac younger and less barbaric. The Biblical story may reflect a feeling of moral superiority on the part of the clan of Isaac, which is described as semi-nomadic, whereas the predatory Ishmaelites are described as entirely nomadic.

Professor Albright is surely right when he says that we cannot accept every picturesque detail as it stands in the Biblical narrative today, and that the traditional order of events and attribution of motives is uncertain. But despite his own caution, he concludes his appraisal of the patriarchal age by saying that "as a whole the picture in Genesis is historical, and there is no reason to doubt the general accuracy of the biographic details and the sketches of personality which make the patriarchs come alive with a vividness unknown to a single extra-Biblical character in the whole vast literature of the ancient Near East." So unqualified a statement can only serve the turn of Fundamentalists who inveigh against any and all critical research into the Bible.

It is of course no proof at all of the accuracy of the Bible's biographical details that the patriarchs come alive with a vividness unparalleled

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in ancient Near Eastern literature. This may simply prove the literary skill of the great Hebrew writers. Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare also wrote with unsurpassed vividness. When an archaeologist praises the Book of Genesis in this way, he is speaking not as an archaeologist but as a literary critic. Beauty and truth need not, and often do not, go hand in hand.

Indeed, there are distinct variations in the literary quality of the Bible, as there are variations in its historicity. Even the most conservative archaeologist would not deny that the Pentateuch was not written by one and the same author, or even by several authors at the same time. Take the story of the Creation (Gen. 1) and the story of the creation of Adam and Eve and the Garden of Eden (2:4-3:24). In the first story plants and animals are created and then man, male and female. In the second story, first man is created, then plants and animals, and finally woman is shaped out of Adam's rib. The literary style, the conceptions of God and man, and the manner of representation are entirely different in the two stories. The first is analytic-descriptive and employs stereotyped formulas; man is Godlike and God manlike. The second is picturesque, dramatic, original in style and language. God is not a ruler issuing forth his commands, but a working creator who shapes a lump of clay and breathes life into its nostrils with his own breath. God's name in the first chapter is only Elohim, never Yahweh. In the second chapter, God is called Yahweh Elohim.

No archaeological find can set aside these disparities in the Bible's account of Creation. A new Creation text may be found, different from both Biblical stories or similar to one of them. We have found a Babylonian story of Creation and of the Flood. It has some features in common with the Hebrew texts. But these similarities pale before the stark contrast between the sober, humane, spiritualized monotheistic outlook of the Hebrew masters, and the crude, violent, erotic polytheistic phantasmagoria of the Mesopotamian mythology. In comparison with this crude world, the Hebrew religious world seems a unity. But when we look at the Bible more closely we see that accuracy and vividness were neither striven for nor achieved by all the Biblical writers in the same way or to the same degree. The pedantic priestly author of the first chapter of Genesis is much more interested in a careful presentation of facts than in beauty; the prophetic author of the second story is more interested in spiritual profundity and dramatic picturesqueness than in accuracy.

The pedantic priestly author, who is careful never to use the name of Yahweh before the point in his narrative when God reveals it to Moses, painstakingly lists in chapter five of Genesis the ten descendants of Adam through Noah, and in chapter eleven the ten descendants of Noah through Abraham, taking care to report how old the fathers were when they begot their first sons, and how old when they died. Nobody is going to claim any great vividness for this kind of narrative. As for its accuracy, there is no serious scholar who accepts the factuality of the figures given in this Biblical roster of generations wherein Noah is said to have begot his three sons exactly at the age of five hundred, Abraham to have circumcised himself at the age of ninety-nine, and Methusaleh to have died when he was nine hundred and sixty-nine years old.

But it would be rash to assume that all figures given by the priestly writer are necessarily fanciful. The number of 430 years for the time the Israelites dwelt in Egypt might seem to be based on some subjective speculations of this numerologist. It apparently contradicts all other Biblical statements, which tell us that the generation of Moses was the fourth after Jacob, and the generation of Joshua the fifth (Exod. 6:16-20; Josh. 7:1). The northern Elohist says explicitly (Gen. 15:16): "In the fourth generation they shall come back hither, for the iniquity of the Amorite is not yet full." (One of the ways the different Pentateuchal authors can be distinguished is by the names they give to the natives of Palestine; the southern writers call them Canaanites or Hittites, the northern Elohist calls them Amorites.) Now if Moses was the great-great-grandson of Jacob, the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt must have been much shorter than 430 years. Is the priestly narrator's figure of 430 years an improvisation, then, or has he preserved a good old tradition?

In Genesis 15:13 we read that the descendants of Abraham shall be afflicted by a foreign people for 400 years. And here archaeology may serve as arbiter. The Bible distinguishes two periods in Israel's sojourn in Egypt. At first the Hebrews were treated as friends: one of them even became a high official. But then a new king arose who ignored Joseph, and

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indeed must have hated him. Now we know that the Hyksos, a substantially West Semitic people, conquered Egypt and ruled it for over a hundred years, and that then a new dynasty arose in Egypt and expelled these hated Asiatics. That was about 1570 B.C.E. In the Bible it is mentioned that the Hebrews did forced labor for the cities of Pithom and Ramses. That may refer to Tanis in the Delta. We know that King Ramses II resided in the Delta at Tanis and was a great builder. He reigned from 1301 to 1234. Since his successor Merenptah in his stele mentioned that he had defeated an Israelitic people in Western Palestine (probably in 1229), we must assume that the Exodus took place during the long reign of Ramses II, let us say about 1290; so sixty years after 1290 Israelitic groups had already occupied some Canaanite territory. If we then assume that the Israelites had first entered Egypt with the Semitic Hyksos, the time of their stay in Egypt would be about 400 or 430 years.

THE archaeological discoveries which thus seem to confirm the figure given by the priestly narrative do not, of course, confirm the accuracy of the whole Biblical record of the Exodus, but only suggest the conformity of this dating with other known dates of Egyptian history. This fact, however, would indicate that the assumption of many Biblical writers that the Mosaic generation was the fourth after Jacob is very far from correct. That error, on the other hand, may perhaps be explained by the Biblical habit of representing clans as persons. In the Bible, the twelve tribes of Israel are sons of a man called Jacob or Israel, as Edom or Esau is the brother of Jacob, and Ishmael and Isaac are the sons of Abraham. Elam and Ashur, names of two ancient nations, are sons of a man called Shem. Sidon, a Phoenician town, is the first-born of Canaan; the lands of Egypt and Abyssinia are the sons of Ham. This kind of mythological geography is widely known among all ancient peoples.

Archaeology has found that many of these personal names of ancestors originally were the names of clans, tribes, localities, or nations. Albright has accordingly tried to interpret the names of Abraham's ancestors—Terah, Nahor, Serug, Reu, etc.—as names of North Syrian and North Mesopotamian localities, so proving that the names were not late inventions. But here, as in so many other cases, archaeology gives and takes away. With one hand, it confirms Biblical statements; with the other, it proves their unhistoricity. For if the names of the twelve tribes of Israel are those of mythological ancestors and not of historical persons, then many stories of the patriarchal and Mosaic age lose their historic validity. They may indeed partly reflect dim reminiscences of the Hebrews' tribal past, but in their specific detail they are fiction.

WITH the Mosaic age as with the patriarchal age, some personal and local names mentioned in the Biblical records have been proved by archaeological evidence to be authentic, some historical details are confirmed by extra-Biblical sources. We have mentioned Pithom and Ramses. Another case is the name of Moses: it is Egyptian and means "son." The priest Phinehas and some other members of the Levites also have Egyptian names. That would prove that the tribe of Levi, or at least a part of it, must have lived in a country strongly influenced by Egyptian culture. It does not prove that the Levites were enslaved in Egypt for centuries or so. Nor does the fact that no other tribe of Israel has members with Egyptian names prove that the other tribes were free from Egyptian influences and were not liberated by Moses.

The existence of a personality called Moses is only known to us from Biblical sources. No Egyptian document mentions this name or the enslavement of Israelitic tribes. If we were dependent on extra-Biblical sources only, we should not know of the existence of the twelve Israelitic tribes in the Mosaic age before the settlement of Canaan, or how many, if any, left the Egyptian house of bondage under the leadership of Moses.

The Biblical story of the Exodus is highly dramatized: Moses negotiates with the king of Egypt himself and forecasts ten different national calamities, all of them coming true as he prophesied. All this magical power, however, makes no great impression on the stubborn king. But when the king's first-born dies, and with him all the first-born sons of the whole land, king and people drive the Israelites out of the land. Closer research into the Biblical sources, by methods of the Higher Criticism, suggests that this highly dramatized story goes back to a less dramatic and more plausible one. All the calamities except the last one were not infrequent in Egypt. It may be that a

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plague of locusts, frogs, or dog-flies, or a hail-storm, gave some of the Hebrew and other slaves a chance to escape; that there was not one general exodus, but a continuous process of escaping; and that Moses organized all these escaped slaves or their descendants in the desert and made them a people. But all this is speculation. Archaeology, which is a science of the tangible, has nothing to tell us here.

Nor can archaeology tell us anything about the period of time during which Moses, according to the Biblical record, led his people through the desert to the gates of Canaan. Moses spoke in the name of Yahweh. Was this a new God or the God of the fathers? The Israelites apparently did not know, for there are two opposed Pentateuchal traditions. The Yahwist master-narrator calls God Yahweh from the beginning of mankind; but both the northern prophetic Elohist and the southern priestly narrator hold that it was Moses who introduced this new name, and that the fathers had called God by a different name. The oldest personal name in the Bible involving elements of the divine name Yahweh or Yah is that of Yochebed ("Honor to Yah"), the mother of Moses, but we do not know whether this was her original name. And so the puzzle remains: the oldest Biblical narrators had no common tradition about the origin of their God. This suggests that the records of the Mosaic age were written centuries after Moses.

THAT Yahweh was a storm god whose abode was in the southern Palestinian mountains, we know from the Biblical sources themselves. What we really want to know is how this local storm god became a universal spiritual God of righteousness and mercy. Was this religious transvaluation the work of Moses, or was it the achievement of other Hebrew leaders who lived before or after him? Or did the Hebrews get this new religious conception from others?

We know from Egyptian sources that the priests who lived in Heliopolis near Memphis (in lower Egypt near Cairo) and in Thebes (in upper Egypt) declared the sun god the "greatest of all gods," the "father of the gods, the fashioner of men, the creator of animals, the lord of all beings." That was already before the young King Amenophis IV broke completely with the traditional sun god, Amen-Ra, and declared Aton, the solar disk, to be "the sole God, beside whom there is no other . . . whose designs are benevolent . . . who made the seasons and all beings . . . who is still in my heart when he has gone away." For over fifteen years this solar monotheism held sway over Egypt. And then, as radically as this king had repressed the traditional polytheism, his new religion was eliminated by the priestly reaction of the worshippers of Amen-Ra after Akhenaton's death, about 1360 B.C.E.—that is, about seventy years before the exodus of the enslaved Hebrews from Egypt under the leadership of Moses (if that took place under Ramses II).

"By 1300 B.C.E. the stage was set, culturally and religiously, for the emergence of a heroic figure like Moses," writes Albright. That would be true if Moses were an Egyptian reformer who returned to the solar monotheism of the heretic king Akhenaton. But what we know about Moses we can learn only from a critical analysis of the Hebrew documents; no extra-Biblical sources have either confirmed or denied any of the Biblical traditions about Moses. And Albright's Moses is not the Moses of the Bible. That Biblical Moses is no Egyptian priest interested in the religious reform of the Egyptian people, and his God is not a sun god but a storm god of the desert mountains. Although Moses was born and brought up in Egypt, he lived among Hebrews and related tribes, mostly in the deserts east of Egypt and south of Palestine. He forbade his people to worship other gods than Yahweh; but there is in fact no Biblical record that he believed this god to be the only existing one. Moses unified the Hebrew tribes and gave them one law and one religion. We may call his religion monotheism, but it was of a national and pragmatic kind, a nomadic religion, and not a monotheism of universal and aesthetic character such as that of the revolutionary Egyptian king.

If we want to know the origin of the ethical monotheism of the great literary Hebrew prophets, we must investigate the sources of the oldest of these literary prophets, who is not Amos, as most people still believe, but the Yahwist master-narrator of the Pentateuch narratives. His book was probably written in the period of David and Solomon: universal monotheism is more probably the theology of a growing empire than that of a chieftain of nomadic tribes escaped from enslavement.

WHEN we seek to reconstruct the details of the Israelite invasion of Canaan, we have again almost nothing but the Biblical sources. The tradition is not uniform; often it is clearly

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untrustworthy. According to one tradition, the process of invasion and settlement was relatively peaceful and slow, a gradual process of infiltration by different tribes and generations. In another tradition, Joshua, the leader of all the Israelite tribes, conquered the land at one stroke, recklessly destroying life and possessions.

What have the cuneiform tablets unearthed at Tell el-Amarna, which contain correspondence between the vassal princes or governors in Syria and Palestine and the Egyptian kings Amenhotep III and Akhenaton (1400-1360), to tell us about the Israelite invasion of Canaan? The governors or princes ask for Egyptian troops to use against the invasion of the 'Apiru, semi-nomadic mercenaries of mixed origin. If the 'Apiru were identical with the Hebrews, or the Hebrews were part of the 'Apiru, the picture of the invasion would be quite different from that presented by the Biblical sources. The names of the kings of the Canaanite cities are not identical with the names in the Book of Joshua, and since the time is nearly a century before Ramses II, these "Hebrews" must have been other Hebrews than those of the time of Joshua, who, according to the Bible, was the successor of Moses.

Excavations have shown that Jericho, Lachish, Debir, Bethel, and other cities were destroyed in the 14th or 13th centuries B.C.E. But there are considerable intervals between these destructions, so that we do not know whether these cities were all destroyed by the Israelites, or by other invaders. It seems that some towns, such as Gibeon, Shechem, Tirzah, and others, were peacefully incorporated into the Israelite tribal system by negotiation. Jericho may really have been destroyed by an earthquake; but that was a century or so before the Israelites came. The Israelites may have heard the story and credited their God with causing the earthquake. The archaeological finds allow various interpretations. Professor Meed, for instance, in his *Hebrew Origins*, assumes two different ages of invasion: gradual infiltration in the Amarna age under Joshua, and a later conquest by the Mosaic group about 1200. But that would mean that Joshua had lived nearly two centuries before Moses. Such a radical break with the tradition is not very plausible. If we leave aside this question of Moses' or Joshua's precedence, however, it is not improbable that the Biblical traditions reflect different periods and places of a long course of invasion that was partly military and partly one of peaceful infiltration. Here, as in the patriarchal and Mosaic periods, archaeology has neither confirmed nor refuted the Bible but has supplied new material which poses new questions without solving the old ones.

ARCHAEOLOGY has made us richer in problems and poorer in certainty. The more we find, the more puzzles arise. Take the great invention of the alphabet. In 1904-1905 Flinders Petrie discovered inscriptions in an alphabetic script about fifty miles from the traditional site of Mount Sinai. The language is Semitic. These inscriptions may date from the first quarter of the 2nd millennium, and the letters are presumably founded on the Egyptian hieroglyphic script. In 1929, on the northern coast of Syria at Ras Shamra, C. F. A. Schaeffer discovered hundreds of clay tablets bearing texts in a cuneiform alphabet. The language is Ugaritic, closely related to Biblical Hebrew and Phoenician. The documents may date from the 15th and early 14th centuries. This Ugaritic alphabet has not twenty-two characters like the Hebrew alphabet, but thirty.

From these discoveries, it would appear that the Western Semites were making alphabetic experiments in the age between Abraham and Moses; these were partly based upon the Egyptian hieroglyphic non-alphabetic syllabic script, and partly on the Mesopotamian cuneiform syllabic script. We only know of two of these experiments, but there may have been more. The Phoenician, the Hebrew, and the Greek alphabets, which are similar in many respects, must stem from one of these experiments. But we cannot now say more with any certainty. The Bible tells us that on Mount Sinai Moses was given some laws in a divine script. Whether there is in this any dim reminiscence of rock inscriptions is very hard to ascertain. There is a uniform Biblical tradition that Moses wrote down some laws on stone tables in the desert of Mount Sinai or Mount Horeb. It is psychologically not very probable that such an element of the story should have been a later invention. On the other hand, we cannot understand for whom he could have written these laws, when the people were illiterate slaves. Or were there literate people among the escaping Hebrews? As soon as a problem becomes interesting, archaeology is as silent as the Sphinx.

WE CAN now draw some sort of conclusion. There was a time when people generally

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believed that the Bible was a divine book which gave answers to all the problems of life. But the more the Bible was studied in order to reconstruct the past, the more it was perceived that this ancient work of literature was full of riddles. To solve these riddles, we took up the spade and searched for historic vestiges that had lain hidden under the surface of the earth. The many discoveries that resulted have necessitated enormous labors of scholarship: languages had to be deciphered; the data of history, anthropology, archaeology, sociology, and psychology had to be correlated; the authentic Biblical text had to be restored, obscure passages clarified, sources separated, dated, and evaluated. Biblical research became a part of the general research of the Near East. Hebrew literature, laws, social and religious institutions, were compared and contrasted with those of the other nations of the ancient world. The Book lost its uniqueness. The People of the Book became a normal member of the Western Oriental family. Its great achievements were reduced to borrowings from older nations, from Sumer-Babylon, Egypt, Syria, Canaan, Phoenicia.

But something was wrong with this reductive tendency. Why did Yahweh become the universal God, and not Amon, Marduk, Melkart, or Baal? Why did neither Egypt nor Babylon nor Canaan produce great historians and great literary prophets such as Israel did? Why did they not create anything like the Hebrew Psalter, the Books of Genesis, of Job, of Ruth, and of Jonah?

The pendulum swung back. After all, the Bible must have had some intrinsic merits to make it the sacred book of Western civilization. Even if it is not the one divine masterwork, it must at least contain a number of great human masterworks and master-words.

Archaeology, which at first had helped to undermine the distinctiveness of Israel in the ancient world, now became the champion of a new valuation of the Bible. The radicalism of Wellhausen, Friedrich Delitsch, and their successors gave place to a new conservatism in the archaeological school of Albright, and archaeology is now credited with having confirmed the "substantial historicity" of the patriarchal and Mosaic ages. But such a claim, as we have seen, has only a limited truth.

And this trend toward a neo-Fundamentalism may be as misleading as the former trend toward radicalism and Biblical nihilism. It is not good for any body of scientific findings to become the weapon of a party or a church, or even of the exclusive claims of one particular scientific discipline. Archaeology has enormously enriched our knowledge of the ancient world, but it has as yet contributed little to the clarification of the origins of the Hebrews and their spiritual development. Research with a "pro-Hebrew" or conservative purpose is as destructive as research with an "anti-Hebrew" or radical bias. Research must have one purpose only: to discover the truth.

THE other claim of archaeology—that it gives us "real," tangible facts, and not mere intangible theories like the Higher Criticism once provided—is not valid either. All good research is based on *interpretation* of facts. When we find the names Abraham, Jacob, and Joshua in extra-Biblical sources for the periods in which the Hebrew chronicles record these names, we are not allowed to conclude automatically that these names refer to the Biblical figures; there must be analysis and weighing of evidence before we can make the identification. And the principles of reasoning that must apply to the evaluation of archaeological discoveries are not different from those that we apply in deciding whether a text is composed from one or two sources, whether the material is genuine or copied, interpolated or corrupted. Even when we have found a code of laws such as that of Hammurabi, we must first interpret the text correctly, then ascertain its probable date and the circumstances of its origin.

Truth is no "tangible" matter. When we pick up some potsherds or clay tablets buried many feet below the present ground level in the Near East, we have not found any "truth," we have only discovered some material which may help us in working out a hypothesis about the truth. There can be no fact-finding without speculative and evaluative processes. Archaeology is neither superior nor inferior in this respect to any other scientific approach. Only when archaeology abandons its magisterial claims and sees itself as but one of the many scientific servants of truth, can it make its great contribution to historical research; otherwise, it becomes just another of those false "keys" to knowledge which are found at the extremes of the pendulum's swing, bequeathing to new generations a heritage of errors to be corrected. For scholars, there is one special Biblical commandment: "Keep thee far from a false matter" (Exodus 23:7).

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LETTERS FROM READERS

Unions and the Public

To the Editor of Commentary:

Mr. Raskin's article, "Unions and the Public Interest" (February 1954), is a clever attempt to use misleading unsubstantiated generalization to support the argument that an ominous transformation is taking place in the U. S. labor movement. Mr. Raskin glibly compares the wealth of unions to "our best-heeled financial institutions." Recent studies, of which Mr. Raskin seems unaware, show that, in contrast with the great wealth of large corporations, the resources of the labor unions of today are but puny. (These statements and figures are not my own. They are taken from an article in *Industrial and Labor Relations Review*: Vol. 4, No. 1, "Role of the Unions in Contemporary Society," by E. E. Witte, Chairman of the Department of Economics at the University of Wisconsin). . . . In other respects besides finances the great corporations are much more powerful than our largest unions, or all unions combined. Mr. Raskin compares members of the largest American international union with the stockholders of the largest American corporation. But if he were to compare the large corporations with their unionized employees, he would find that in many large corporations the stockholders outnumber the employees. Mr. Raskin forgets that the great corporations also have far more extensive propaganda facilities and generally get much more favorable publicity through regular news channels. When Mr. Raskin says, "Too many unions are in a 'robber baron' phase . . .," what does he mean by "too many": One? Ten? Twenty? Vital statistics and even approximations of vital statistics are lacking. When he states that "fixers and 'influence peddlers' have set themselves up as merchants of labor peace," the reader would like to know what percentage of labor unions are so affected. And once the percentage is stated, how does this compare with the percentage of "fixers" in government, in big business, and in the general public? Are unions more afflicted with fixers or less?

A clue to Mr. Raskin's methods of statistical analysis can be found in a later paragraph when he talks about "A *lot* of local union officers who function as silent partners in companies that operate under union contracts they help to write." Then, in his next sentence, and talking about the same group of union officers, he states: "Their number may be microscopic. . . ." Slipshod writing, the reader may think, but when Mr. Raskin goes on to say that the existence of this "microscopic number" indicates "the direction in which we are going," Mr. Raskin's whole system of computation becomes suspect.

Mr. Raskin indulges in this type of magical computation in numerous other places in his article. He says, with assumed authority, that "*most* unions stored their education programs away so long ago that the chances of reviving them are slim." This "most" is very similar to Mr. Raskin's "a lot of" and "too many" statements. Unions, though they are not educational organizations, are devoting increasing attention to union education and the training of their officials and representatives. Mr. Raskin is ignorant of the hundreds of schools and institutes for workers that the CIO and its international unions conduct in every part of the United States and Canada. These union institutes provide a variety of courses in history, economics, labor legislation, and community services, in addition to courses in various phases of union administration. The union education movement is one of the most vital forces that do "promote the sober sense of civic responsibility" that Mr. Raskin so valiantly, and yet so blindly, seeks. . . .

Sid Blum

Toronto, Canada

Mr. Raskin *writes*:

Faith is a wonderful thing in this era of nuclear destruction, and I have no quarrel with Mr. Blum's right to believe that all is well in this best of all possible labor movements. I think less euphoric readers will recognize that my article was not an indictment of organized labor but a plea for sober thought to set right some things that are unwholesome in its current development.

As for statistical comparisons of the prevalence of corruption in labor and industry or politics, even if these were available, I would

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consider them of little significance. It has never seemed to me a sufficient defense to say it is all right for me to steal because the man next door steals more. Labor is long past the days of impoverishment. In New York State alone, union welfare funds have an annual income of $365,000,000 and reserves of $2,500,000,000. The treasuries of the United Mine Workers and the International Brotherhood of Teamsters contain more than $30,000,000, without counting welfare funds or money held by their locals. A dozen other unions are in the $10,000,000 to $30,000,000 class. That may sound like small change to Mr. Blum. It doesn't to me.

A. H. RASKIN

New York City

Sir Moses Montefiore

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

The prefatory note to the interesting extracts from the diaries of Sir Moses Montefiore published in your issue of February last, gives, I submit, a somewhat misleading impression as to the reasons for his outstanding position in the history of British Jewry. . . .

Moses Montefiore was a member of a wealthy family of British Jews of Italian descent; he himself had been born in Italy while his parents were on a visit there. As far as education was concerned, he had the usual "formal schooling" common in those days to the sons of gentlemen who were destined for a business career. He married a daughter of the most prominent member of the Ashkenazic community, when the Ashkenazim were beginning not only to equal, but to outvie Sephardim in their position in the community—Levi Barent Cohen, whose descendants are among the most distinguished of the community, including Lord Cohen, Sir Andrew Cohen (the Governor of Uganda), and Miss Ruth Cohen, the recently appointed principal of Girton College, Cambridge. Among other sons-in-law of Barent Cohen was N. M. Rothschild, the first Rothschild to settle in England, and it was largely through his transactions in alliance with his brother-in-law that Montefiore was able to retire from business at the age of forty and to engage for the rest of his life in those philanthropic efforts which made him deservedly famous. He did not "inherit," he created the office of "Shtadlan," for no one had preceded him in that particular function, and he was able to do this because in 1835 he was elected President of the Board of Deputies of British Jews, an office which he held with one or two short intervals until his retirement in 1874. He was, therefore, the recognized spokesman of British Jewry vis-à-vis Her Majesty's and foreign governments. As further evidence of his social position, he was in 1837 elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex and was the first English Jew to be knighted. Subsequently he was created a Baronet. The favor showed him by the Royal Family began when he had a wicket gate opened at his seaside villa at Ramsgate in order to enable Princess Victoria, afterwards Queen, who lived with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, in the adjoining house, to use his grounds as well as their own. This courtesy Queen Victoria did not forget, and one of her marks of favor was the right conferred on him to add "supporters" to his Coat of Arms, in recognition of his distinguished services on behalf of his oppressed brethren. This right is confined to members of the Peerage and to holders of high orders.

SIDNEY SALOMON

Richmond, England

Pious Fables?

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

May I offer a few comments on Charles Reznikoff's review of my book, *Miniatures of Early American Jews*, in the April COMMENTARY?

As history is often compounded of both fact and fiction, the most respected of historians are apt to swallow "a pious fable or two." It is possible that even Mr. Reznikoff may be an innocent victim.

There are many sources for the presence of Rabbi Seixas at President Washington's inaugural. I shall merely refer to Dr. David de Sola Pool's recent publication, *Portraits Etched in Stone*, page 367.

Did Walter Scott have Rebecca Gratz in mind when he wrote *Ivanhoe*?

It is so claimed in "Original of Rebecca Gratz in Ivanhoe" by Gratz van Rensselaer, *Century* magazine, September 1882. It is there related that Scott was captivated by Irving's description of his noble friend, Rebecca, and determined to use her as the prototype for his heroine in *Ivanhoe*. The article further states that Scott finished the book in December 1819 and immediately sent the first copy to Irving. In the letter accompanying it, he asked, "How do you like your Rebecca? Does the Rebecca I have pictured compare well with the pattern given?"

I rely, too, upon a letter which I read at the home of the late Mrs. Annie Nathan Meyer, in New York. Dated May 6, 1820, it was written by Mrs. Meyer's great-grandmother, Mrs. Simon Nathan, to a niece, Sarah Kursheedt, of Richmond, Virginia.

The letter includes the following: "I must

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tell you that Sol Moses writes to his family that one of your Sisters [relatives], I do not know which, is called the beautiful Rebecca of Ivanhoe." Sol Moses was, no doubt, Solomon, Rebecca's brother-in-law.

In referring to the miniature of Maurice Levy, whose last name was changed to Lewis, Mr. Reznikoff says it is not all certain that despite his name he was a Jew. The miniature was presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art by Miss Ella Levy. Levy was secretary to Aaron Burr. It is very likely he changed his name to obscure his ancestral background, but his features of pronounced Semitic cast are unquestionably Jewish.

David S. Franks was promoted to the rank of colonel in the Continental Army after the treason trial of Benedict Arnold. I am sure that Mr. Reznikoff did not mean to demote him to "Major."

HANNAH R. LONDON

Brookline, Massachusetts

MR. REZNIKOFF *writes*:

I meant the review of Hannah London's book to be appreciative, for I know very well the service she has rendered American Jewish history by her collections of pictures. I do not doubt that even "the most respected of historians" have in all innocence swallowed fables. But it is the duty of others to point this out and no matter how sweetly this is done I suppose it still tastes like medicine.

Of course, there are many sources for the presence of "Rabbi" Seixas (strictly speaking, "Chazan" Seixas) at President Washington's inaugural. How reliable they are is another matter. I have a great respect for Dr. Pool as a historian, and have said as much in a review of his book in COMMENTARY, but he cites no authority for the bald statement referred to by Hannah London.

Did Walter Scott have Rebecca Gratz in mind when writing *Ivanhoe*? Here, I am afraid, I have been cryptic. There is no doubt that Washington Irving told Scott about Rebecca Gratz and what he said may very well have suggested the name—Rebecca. It is also certain that all her friends and relatives, playfully or in earnest, identified her with Scott's heroine. But there is no resemblance between the fiery Rebecca of *Ivanhoe* and the cool, prim Miss Gratz of Philadelphia. (The curious will find a comment by a visitor to Philadelphia who saw none.) Scott found his Rebecca where novelists have always found their successful and living characters—in their own experience illuminated by imagination—and not at second-hand in the conversation of a friend.

I don't know whether or not Maurice Levy was a Jew, and it seems that Mrs. London has no convincing evidence either. She has his name to go by, but should remember that even Israel Israels turned out to be a Quaker.

It is true that David S. Franks was promoted to be a lieutenant-colonel. That was not only "after the treason trial of Benedict Arnold" but, as I remember it, after the Revolution. During the war he was Major Franks—and is so referred to generally.

CHARLES REZNIKOFF

Cincinnati, Ohio

Freedom and Measure

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Mr. H. Stuart Hughes, in reviewing Albert Camus' *The Rebel* (March 1954), is led to conclude, regretfully, that the book is a failure. Since this is no ordinary book but, as Mr. Hughes himself acknowledges, one "that is noble in concept and praiseworthy from every ethical and political point of view," the work of a writer who has given us "the supreme parable of our time," I think it worthwhile to state my quarrel with the terms of Mr. Hughes' analysis, as well as with the conclusion to which they lead him. Quite properly, the reviewer sets the book against the background of Parisian intellectual life from which it springs and to which it addresses itself in part. But throughout his review there runs a current of derogation toward the very intellectualism of such a setting. It is in fact strongly suggested that, to keep up with a rarefied climate of abstruse speculation, Camus, feeling "under compulsion to vindicate his own position as a practicing intellectual," simply smuggled into a fairly routine account of the ideological antecedents of the Russian Revolution a "metaphysical" rebellion which constituted "his own abstract twist" to a well-worn story. This *tour de force* is then followed by an appeasement of "an intellectual community in which some brand of leftism is *de rigueur*" through "the extraordinary gymnastic feat of equating the age-old tradition of common sense with the new imperative of rebellion." . . .

In the first place, I think Mr. Hughes is misled by his small regard for abstract ideas, of which French intellectuals, to be sure, have tended lately to make an excessive consumption. But it is one of the tragedies of cultures that they tend to look at one another through distorting glasses, in which their differences are exaggerated to the point of caricature, the virtues inherent in such differences thus getting largely overlooked. Abstract reasoning with regard to concrete political problems may often be out of place, and may always to "irreverent

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Anglo-Saxon" ears sound absurd: yet it may also point the way to considerations that are essential to the matter and which the pragmatic approach would leave untouched. Such is the case of the metaphysical rebellion Mr. Hughes deems irrelevant to a discussion of the largely political issues of Fascism and Communism. Yet who can deny that a consideration of the roots of modern nihilism, whether in its theoreticians or its poets, in Hegel and Nietzsche or in Sade and Rimbaud, has a bearing on a study of modern political life? The intellectual and emotional climate of a movement is every bit as much a part of the historical complex as are its immediate political consequences, and by establishing, as Camus does, the spiritual link between the private fantasies of Sade and the mass murders of today's concentration camps, a definite step is taken toward comprehending the enigma of the modern world.

Moreover, the thesis that nihilism, which fathered the Communist revolution and the fascist state, is a perversion of the original revolt by which man had attempted to assert his dignity against oppressive rule, seems to me a welcome and much-needed righting of the issues, at a time when the contention, made by Whittaker Chambers in his book, that revolt itself was the evil, is so rapidly gaining ground (largely through the absence of a strong theoretical counter-claim). . . .

In measuring the swerve which revolutionary nihilism has described from its initial aims of asserting and defending human rights, Camus has given us more than a melancholy account of the corruptions of ideology. He has, in fact, on ideological grounds, isolated the specific component of the revolutionary ideal which transformed affirmation into negation, the generous love of freedom into the totalitarian enslavement to History—this component being the spirit of *démesure,* the *hubris* whereby man, blind to his limitations, attempted to ensure his freedom by total control over his destiny. . . .

This brings us to Mr. Hughes' last and most damning charge, that the book fizzles out into an absurd reconciliation of the timeworn ideal of "moderation" with the idea of revolt imposed on Camus by his leftist-minded Parisian public. This reconciliation is made to seem absurd only by translating a dynamic concept, *mesure,* the sense of measure, by "moderation," with its connotation of abstention, and of merely prudential wisdom. The sense of measure is man's awareness that his relationship to the world is governed by the realities of his powers and limitations, that only by accepting his limitations can he transcend them. Thus by settling for the purely human ideal of a progressively liberalized society, less flamboyant to be sure than the yearning for a perfect society, man can remain faithful to the libertarian impulse of his original revolt, which claimed for all, regardless of class, a share in the dignity of man. I do not think a stronger case can be made for the authenticity of the liberal faith and its right to defend the values which Communism claims as its own, and which it has betrayed.

To affirm, as Camus does here, that freedom and measure are in a higher sense identical, is to confirm on metaphysical grounds the true claim of the Western world in its defense of freedom, against the theoretical counter-claim of Communism, that it labors for man's eventual freedom. If this be a failure, give us many more of the same elevation of thought, distinction of style, and firmness of statement.

MARCEL GUTWIRTH

Paris, France

Commendation

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As one who has been, at times, highly critical, both verbally and in print, of COMMENTARY, may I take this opportunity of telling you how much I have enjoyed the issues in these last couple of years, but most of all the January 1954 issue. Each month, I marvel at the excellence and care of your editorial staff; but in the January issue I was enormously impressed, and wished to share my pleasure with you.

CARL HERMANN VOSS

New York City

Economists, Socialist and Non-Socialist

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

In "Our Welfare State and Our Political Parties" (April 1954), Norman Thomas writes, "In our time only two first-rate theoretical contributions have been made to the study of economics by non-socialists. They are the late John Maynard Keynes' theory of spending, saving, and investing, and . . . John Kenneth Galbraith's suggestive but not conclusive study of American capitalism in terms of 'countervailing power.'" My first reaction was one of disbelief, surely I had misread the statement. My second is to offer these three comments.

1. The statement is an heroic insult to the work of J. M. Clark, Joseph Schumpeter, J. R. Hicks, and a score of other outstanding economists. One would assume that either these men are all socialists or that their contributions have not been first-rate. Neither is true.

2. The grouping is comparable to saying that Toscanini and Guy Lombardo are the outstanding conductors of our time.

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3. The implication that there *have* been first-rate contributions by *socialists* is misleading to say the least. The so-called "competitive solution" formulated by Lange, Lerner, and others may have been instructive to Mr. Thomas, but for most economists it merely confirmed the well-known theoretical efficiency of a perfectly competitive market system.

VICTOR R. FUCHS

New York City

Knowing God

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Having been quite busy, I did not read the December (1953) issue of COMMENTARY until recently. I found it an exceptionally fine issue and the essay by Jacob Taubes on "The Issue Between Judaism and Christianity" singularly discerning. . . .

However, there are two points that ought to be raised from the viewpoint of the Christian, the second of which has been touched upon in the letters of Rabbi Bernard J. Bamberger and J. B. Jerome in subsequent issues.

The first point: For a Christian it is inconceivable to express the doctrine of the Incarnation in the language Mr. Taubes uses. For he has written, "The last step in the covenant between God and man, according to Christian theology, is the incarnation of God in the Son of Man." . . . The Christian does not believe that the Godhead became incarnate; the saying that God became incarnate is as repugnant to the Christian as it must be to the Jew. . . . When the New Testament writers speak of the God of Jesus Christ, they speak after the same manner as those Old Testament writers who spoke of the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, "the God of our fathers." But in the end, the Incarnation must be understood within the context of the Presence of God tabernacling on earth. . . .

The second point: Despite his very keen understanding of the doctrines of Christianity . . . Mr. Taubes does not, apparently, take cognizance of the fact that for Paul the "Old Covenant," through which indeed there was salvation, was not the "Covenant of Sinai" but the Abrahamic Covenant. I trust that I am not misrepresenting the author's views here, but such I judge to be his implication when he writes: "The term 'Old Testament,' however, implies the basic Christian claim that the 'old' covenant has been superseded by the 'new.' But it is a Jewish article of faith that the Law never becomes antiquated, that the Covenant of Sinai is as valid today as it has always been." Paul's point, you see, was that to equate the Covenant of Sinai with the essence of Judaism, as the author here does when he posits Halachah to be central to Judaism, is to misunderstand the Revelation from God to Israel, i.e., Judaism. There are no truer words than Rabbi Bamberger's: "The theological question which Mr. Taubes would drive from the door flies in at the window."

It is thus very interesting to me to find in the article the protest against "the modern Jewish stress on redemption through belief, rather than through a way of life conforming to divinely ordained law." Is it possible that there are not only Christians but also Jews who must answer this question of Mr. Taubes—"If Halachah is no longer valid as the divine and human way of life . . . where shall the Jewish argument get the strength to stand up against the Pauline rejection of the Law?"—with an answer quite the opposite to that which he implies? If so, then the issue between Judaism and Christianity is not that which Mr. Taubes sees it to be. . . .

Perhaps the issue is not between Judaism and Christianity. Perhaps it is a common issue, one we truly share, as the influence of Martin Buber's little book *I and Thou* upon the thought of contemporary Protestant theology would indicate. I should suggest that our common task is to rid ourselves of these Hellenistic conceptions which blind our understanding of the Revelation of the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, and of Jesus, which we have in the Bible. . . . Pushing tradition aside, we find [God saying in the Bible]: "I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy" (Exod. 33:19). . . . And so in actuality we come to know God as such a God because He has first willed to know us. To know God—to bless, glorify, and enjoy Him forever—is that not the end of man? Is not that life? Indeed, better than life!

Let me repeat in closing that I found the essay under consideration one of unusual discernment. But we Christians do hold that it was the Logos who became incarnate . . . not the Godhead as such; secondly, that the Abrahamic Covenant was extended to all mankind and renewed with Israel through Jesus Christ, and that through the Holy Spirit, "Who proceedeth from the Father and the Son," the new covenant promised through Jeremiah ("This is the covenant. . . . : I will put my law within them, and I will write it upon their hearts; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people" [Jer. 31:33]) is effected, even in the hearts of us who were strangers to God.

(REV.) J. R. DURWAY

First Presbyterian Church
Eagle Lake, Texas

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Monstrous Betrayal

THE GOLDEN DOOR: THE IRONY OF OUR IMMIGRATION POLICY. By J. CAMPBELL BRUCE. Random House. 244 pp. $3.75.

Reviewed by OSCAR HANDLIN

MR. BRUCE has written a book that every American conscious of his country's heritage of freedom should know. This is not a scholarly volume; it is neither dispassionate nor calm; it makes no pretense of impartiality. Rather, as befits its subject, it is a book permeated with indignation. For it deals with the monstrous betrayal of American ideals embodied in our immigration laws, and particularly in the infamous McCarran-Walter Act of 1952.

Two years ago, shortly after the new statute went into effect, this reviewer vigorously attacked its provisions in the pages of this journal. At that time, the new immigration law seemed a product of prejudice and ignorance. In the months that have elapsed, we have become more familiar with the detailed provisions of this long and complicated statute; and many of the unforeseen consequences of its enactment have emerged. In retrospect, it seems clear, the men who contrived the measure must also have been animated by genuine malevolence, by spitefulness, and by narrow hatred.

Mr. Bruce's book does not deal very extensively with the general unwisdom of the McCarran-Walter law, with the racist quota system, and the anachronistic social policies it sets forth. Rather, it gives most of its space over to a case by case analysis in specific human terms of the effects of the law upon those whom we should welcome to our shores. These simple little stories add up to a horrifying portrayal of a sector of our government with which many citizens are all too unfamiliar. The law puts into the hands of minor officials in the consular and immigration services powers that, within their own sphere, are of the same order as those of Nazi storm troopers or Communist commissars. Perhaps only a few officials use those dictatorial powers in the manner described by Mr. Bruce. But how many storm troopers are a few in a democracy?

As it is, aliens in the United States or seeking to enter this country are treated with brutality; they have no rights whatsoever. As it is, naturalized citizens are relegated to a second-class status. As it is, even citizens by birth are subject to seizure and arrest without warrant and have been deprived of the privileges of their citizenship on the most arbitrary and capricious grounds. Is this not enough to justify an outcry even by those who are not, as Representative Walter declared on the floor of Congress, "professional Jews," or "pinkos"?

IT CERTAINLY was enough to lead candidate Eisenhower, during the election campaign of 1952, to call in forthright terms for the prompt amendment of the law. Alas, almost two years have gone by and nothing has happened. Revision of the law is not much closer now than it was in October 1952. It is true the President has only limited influence in Congress, and perhaps could not secure the amendments he desires. But he has not even spoken out publicly on their behalf since his first State of the Union message.

Nor has he taken the steps which are well within his discretion as Chief Executive. Mr. Bruce's volume shows clearly the extent to which administrative discretion, thrown always against the alien or naturalized citizen, is part of a deliberate, continuous policy in the Immigration and Naturalization Service. A thorough reform of that agency would go a long way toward easing the harshness of the law. Yet, two years after taking office, the administration has kept as Commissioner-General of Immigration, Argyle Mackaye, a holdover from the earlier regime. Mr. Mackaye has been continued at his post, but not because he displays

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any exceptional competence for it. Nor has he held on by virtue of his expressions of sympathy with the President's position on immigration as of October 1952. Nor is it likely there has been a dearth of deserving Republicans seeking the $18,000-a-year job. Mr. Mackaye remains where he is because to replace him calls for a positive decision on the future of immigration policy. His replacement would have to be a man who was either clearly for or clearly against the principles of the McCarran-Walter Act; there are no in-between positions. And the brutal fact is, the President has not been able to bring himself to make a decision on this vital point. Therefore this job remains in the hands of the Virginia Democrat.

This momentary impasse is symptomatic of the policy of an administration which has had the utmost difficulty in breaking away from the sticky embraces of the reactionary wing of its own party. Its future course in this regard will be a clue to its general intentions. This summer, as another election approaches and as the electorate must again be appealed to, indecision will be a less comfortable political position. If *The Golden Door* finds enough readers, their reaction to its revelations may help the administration make up its mind.

Philo-Semitism

PHILOSEMITISMUS IM BAROCK; RELIGIONS- UND GEISTES-GESCHICHTLICHE UNTERSUCHUNGEN. By HANS JOACHIM SCHOEPS. J. C. B. Mohr (Paul Siebeck), Tübingen (Germany). 216 pp.

Reviewed by DAVID BAUMGARDT

WE KNOW more than enough about the centuries-long history of anti-Semitism. It ought therefore to be a particularly welcome relief to become acquainted with some philo-Semites of the 17th century whose existence has hitherto been obscure even to learned historians of that period. However, as Professor Schoeps himself warns, we must not expect too much from this somewhat motley group of enthusiasts. Some of them were in contact with the theosophic movement inspired by Jakob Boehme, which was, in many respects, the most significant religious trend of thought of the time. Unfortunately, none of these philo-Semites had anything like the power of vision and the depth of emotion and thought that distinguished Boehme among hundreds of other religious ecstatics, German, Dutch, English, and Scandinavian, in his "movement."

The most rational—in fact a comparatively skeptical mind—among the six philo-Semites whom we meet in Professor Schoeps's book is a Frenchman, Isaac de la Peyrère. Born a Calvinist in Bordeaux in 1596, and later converted to Catholicism, La Peyrère was in all probability a Marrano, which might suffice without anything else to explain his love of Jews and Judaism. In some humorous contemporary verses he is called a Jew by birth who could afford to change from Protestantism to Catholicism because he did not believe avowedly in any religion.

A popular writer on Iceland and Greenland, an officer in the French army, where he distinguished himself by bravery, and a diplomat in the service of the Prince de Condé, the many-sided La Peyrère maintained in his *Systema Theologicum*—anonymously published in one volume with his *Prae-Adamitae* in 1655—that God, having created previous men simply by his *word*, created Adam, the ancestor of the Jews, out of earth by his own *hand*. In an appendix La Peyrère addresses the Jews as "sons of God" and expresses his own desire to become a member of this "holy, chosen nation." And in his *Du Rappel des Juifs*, in 1643, he went so far as to "prove" from Scriptures that the young King of France, Louis XIV, bearing the "lily" of the Song of Songs in his coat of arms, would help to reestablish the Jewish state in Palestine. Later on, in 1658, his *Epistola ad Philotimum* ascribed a similar role to Pope Alexander VII; and in a manuscript *Des Juifs Elus, Rejetés et Rapelés* of 1673, even after having abandoned his thesis on the Pre-Adamites since 1658—he still insisted that his Zionist predictions would come true. La Peyrère died in 1676.

PAUL FELGENHAUER, who was born in 1593 and died some time after 1660, the son of a Protestant pastor in Bohemia, wrote a pamphlet against La Peyrère's *Prae-Adamitae*. But he, too, believed in an imminent coming of the Messiah and the return of all Jews (including the Ten Lost Tribes) to Palestine. As a clergyman he used unleavened bread in Communion and advocated union between Christians and Jews on the basis of their common belief in the God of Abraham. For him, Jesus

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PERSPECTIVES USA 7

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A Missionary of Old Pictures — FRANCIS STEEGMULLER
The Second Tree from the Corner — E. B. WHITE
First Painting of an Emerging Nation — JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER
The Perspectives of Science and the Prospects of Men — ERNEST NAGEL
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Book Reviews — GEORGE BOAS, JOHN GASSNER, CLYDE KLUCKHOHN

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was completely divine, and did not share human nature; in other words, he agreed with Judaism to the extent that he rejected the possibility of any human being having a share of divine nature.

A Swedish army officer, Anders Pedersson Kempe (1622-1689), exhorts the Jews to read the New Testament and to reject all post-Biblical rabbinic teachings, but in a book, *Israels erfreuliche Botschafft* (1688), he too asserts the approach of a Messiah who would rebuild Palestine for the Jews in Kempe's own lifetime. Even more fantastic in his ideas was a Dane, Oliger Paulli (1644-1714), who considered himself the forerunner of the Messiah and the "Nordic Apostle of the Jews," a "union between Maimonides and Paul." In a flood of letters to the kings of Denmark, England, Sweden, and Prussia, the Dauphin of France, and the Emperor of Austria, he implored them to put their armies at the disposal of the Jews and lead that people back to their ancient home. He prophesied that all the Christian nations would soon make annual pilgrimage to Jerusalem for the Feast of Tabernacles; and he invited all Christians to celebrate Passover with the Jews.

Another Dane, Jens Pedersen Gedelöche, who died in 1729, went even further and bound himself to observe the whole of Jewish ritual law. After death his body was exhumed from the Christian churchyard in which it had been buried, but the Jews, too, dug it up when it was consigned to their cemetery, and buried it outside. A German, Johann Peter Spaeth (about 1642-1701), author of an attack on Spinoza's *Tractatus Theologico-politicus*, finally became a Jewish convert, called himself "Moses Germanus," and was even circumcised a few years before his death in 1697.

PHILO-JUDAISM rather than philo-Semitism might be a more appropriate term for the kind of ideas all these visionaries, with the exception of La Peyrère, professed. For an understanding of Jews as contemporaries and for a Gentile protest against the social and personal oppression under which they then lived in Europe one has to wait until the 18th century, for such men as Daines Barrington and Jeremy Bentham, both of them British jurists, and the great German, Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Professor Schoeps himself cannot deny that the philo-Semitism of his six heroes exhausts itself on the whole in the belief in the early coming of a Jewish Messiah. This idea was certainly an important component of Judaism in the 17th century, as it has been at all times, but these philo-Semites had little to say about the inner meaning of this very Jewish hope and the contrast it made with the Christian belief that our thoroughly unredeemed world had already been saved by Jesus.

In any case, Judaism and Jews have certainly stood through the centuries for something much more than simple belief in a Messiah yet to come. And for that matter, it is also my opinion that Judaism can never be limited to belief in any specific articles of faith, whatever their nature.

THERE is no doubt but that by appealing to the emotional and figurative meanings of religious symbols, religion risks sacrificing precision in its insights. But if religion tried to avoid this risk, which is involved in its mission, it would no longer remain religion but become false pride in a knowledge that can never be true, verifiable human knowledge.

In accordance with certain tendencies of our

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time, Professor Schoeps seems to me to overrate the cognitive meaning of religious dogmas and underrate their symbolic import. He can therefore attribute to some of his philo-Semites much greater religious significance than I would be able to grant. Nevertheless, historians of Judaism and of the 17th century owe him a definite debt of gratitude for these studies, and for the almost equally interesting material that makes up the second half of his book; his monograph on the Jewish convert, "Rabbi" Johan Kemper; his account of rabbinic studies in Sweden between 1676-1750; and all his other references to Judaica in Swedish literature during the 17th and 18th centuries.

The Problem of Backward Countries

PROBLEMS OF CAPITAL FORMATION IN UNDERDEVELOPED COUNTRIES. By RAGNAR NURKSE. Oxford. 160 pp. $3.00.

THE PROGRESS OF UNDERDEVELOPED AREAS. Edited by BERT F. HOSELITZ. University of Chicago Press. 283 pp. $4.75.

THE WAR ON WORLD POVERTY. By HAROLD WILSON. Gollancz (London). 228 pp. 14 sh.

Reviewed by G. L. ARNOLD

THE ancient urge to make two ears of wheat grow where one (or none) grew before has in our days been powerfully reinforced by the impact upon the poorer countries of the example held out by the better-off ones. It is to this "demonstration effect" that we are indebted for so much of the unrest now stirring in the West's agricultural back yard, and perhaps the historian of our epoch will eventually judge that the United Nations Organization has been important chiefly for having focused world attention on this problem. Indeed, the very fact that there is now an official world organization, and consequently a forum for complaints brought by Abel the farmer against Cain the industrialist, has something to do with the power of the "demonstration effect." Backward countries no longer live in isolation; the Japanese accomplishment in industrializing a whole society while holding living standards down and shutting it off from the cultural impact of the West has become difficult to emulate this side of the Iron Curtain. We still have a long way to go before One World becomes a political reality, but meanwhile the movies and the radio are seeing to it that Western—and especially American—consumption habits exert their pull in the remotest villages of Asia. And overshadowing all there is the East-West split, itself in part a consequence of the unequal distribution of the world's goods among the world's inhabitants.

EACH of the three books here under review makes a contribution to this inescapable topic, though their value is somewhat uneven. Mr. Wilson is a politician and, like others of his breed, in a tearing hurry. He resigned from the British Labor government, together with Mr. Aneurin Bevan, in April 1951, and ever since then has made it his special mission to persuade his countrymen, and the world at large, that we shall all get into serious trouble unless some drastic international leveling is undertaken. His book is subtitled "An Appeal to the Conscience of Mankind"—reminding us that the British Labor party, as its spokesmen so frequently proclaim, owes much of its deeper inspiration to John Wesley. But there is a fair amount of statistical information in his volume, and some arguments to which it will be necessary to return.

In the meantime, Professor Ragnar Nurske, of Columbia University, and the sixteen learned participants in the University of Chicago symposium, are there to see to it that our feet remain on the ground. Should we nonetheless be carried away, there are the population experts to remind us that "economic development" may simply mean making a somewhat larger cake available to a rapidly growing number of paupers.

The more technical contributions to this discussion do not deal with this, or any other, social factor. Professor Nurkse, who is a leading economist, quite deliberately stops short on the borders of sociology: "the advancement of the backward countries is far more than an economic problem." So indeed it is. But it does not follow that at this point the economist can simply hand the job over to the politician or the anthropologist. A unified approach is needed —this is where Communism scores. It has been remarked that the Soviet bloc straddles the rift between industrial and agrarian countries; Communist ideology does the same, at its own level, which is that of human motivations, opinions,

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and beliefs. In the West we tend to remain content with anthropological "field studies" at one end of the scale, and economic abstractions at the other. There is a missing link in this chain—unless one happens to believe, with some Indian democrats, that it is to be found in Gandhi's spinning wheel.

STILL, even at the purely economic level important progress in understanding the needs of backward countries has been made in recent years. The concept of a vicious circle peculiar to stagnant societies has emerged; the real problem is how to break the chain of economic factors: low productivity, hence low income, hence small capacity to save, etc. In even plainer terms, poverty is largely caused by—poverty. If that seems trivial, one has only to watch governments and experts struggling to discover the point where stagnation can be broken. Is it health, education, technical training, transfers of capital, the emergence of an entrepreneurial class, or political mass movements and dictatorships? Every group has its own panacea, and the economist can only register his conviction that, whatever the starting point, all subsequent advance must occur on a fairly large scale, if it is to have any effect at all. The point is well made by Professor Alexander Gerschenkron in the introductory essay to the University of Chicago symposium, consisting of lectures delivered in June 1951:

"As likely as not, the period of stagnation (in the 'physiocratic' sense of a period of low rate of growth) can be terminated, and industrialization processes begun, only if the industrialization can proceed, as it were, along a broad front, starting simultaneously along many lines of economic activities. This is partly the result of complementarity and indivisibilities in economic processes. But railroads cannot be built unless coal mines are opened up at the same time; building half a railroad will not do if an inland center is to be connected with a port city. Fruits of industrial progress in certain lines are received as external economies by other branches of industry whose progress in turn accords benefits to the former. In viewing the economic history of Europe in the 19th century, the impression is very strong that only when industrial development could commence on a large scale did the tension between the pre-industrialization conditions and the benefits that may be expected from industrialization be-

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come sufficiently strong to overcome the existing obstacles and to liberate the forces that made for industrial progress."

The author makes it clear, a few pages further on, that this process, to become really effective, must take place at *all* levels, and he significantly cites the importance of Saint-Simonian utopianism in stimulating industrial development in 19th-century France. Even there "a laissez-faire ideology was altogether inadequate as a spiritual vehicle of an industrialization program. To break through the barriers of stagnation in a backward country, to ignite the imaginations of men, and to place their energies in the service of economic development, a stronger medicine is needed than the promise of better allocation of resources or even of the lower price of bread. . . . What is needed to move the mountains of routine and prejudice is faith—faith, in the words of Saint-Simon, that the golden age lies not behind but ahead of mankind." No wonder most academic economists boggle at this conclusion. Yet it arises remorselessly from their careful analyses of economic data, as any reader of Professor Nurkse's impeccably orthodox work can discover for himself. It is true that the author stops precisely at the point where economics itself ceases to be relevant. His solitary concession to sociology is a reminder that the *mores* of a community are decisive in the long run. "Capital formation can be permanently successful only in a capital-conscious community, and this condition, which is just as important for the continued maintenance as for the initial creation of capital, is promoted by a wide diffusion of investment activity among individuals. *Nothing matters so much as the quality of the people.*" And if private entrepreneurial activity is lacking? Then the state may have to step in, to fill the gap until enough individuals have learned to save and to invest, as has been done in Japan and in modern Turkey. Professor Nurkse is safely on the side of orthodoxy.

But in all probability this type of industrialization is today no longer practicable, except in a few countries directly controlled by the West or living, as it were, in its shadow. For the bulk of mankind it does not seem to provide the necessary mystique. Nor must the time factor be forgotten. Mr. Harold Wilson may be a shade alarmist, but in his book, and in his earlier pamphlet, *War on Want,* he has performed a service by conjuring up the specter of "a world disaster in the 1960's at the latest, and a casualty list of some 250 million people," unless overpopulation and agrarian underproduction are tackled rapidly on a massive scale. This is a more urgent problem than industrialization, but the two are linked by the fact that a rise in food output is itself to some degree dependent on a concurrent program of improving industrial and transport equipment.

What makes the time factor so dangerous is the way it operates to the disadvantage of countries forming the great majority of the world's population. This subject troubles both Professor Nurkse and Mr. Wilson, and it explains —though it does not excuse—the occasional shrillness of authors like Dr. Josue de Castro, on whom Mr. Wilson tends to rely for his argument. According to Professor Nurkse, who is not given to exaggeration, "it appears that two-thirds of the world's income goes to the top eighteen per cent of the world's population." The high-income countries in 1949 (since when there has been no great change) averaged $915 per inhabitant, while the middle-income group (including Russia and her satellites) had to make do with $310, and the low-income countries could provide only $54 annually for each of their inhabitants. When it is borne in mind that this last group accounts for exactly two-thirds of the world's population, and that it includes the whole of east and southeast Asia and the Middle East—apart from Japan and Israel—the current political cleavage suddenly takes on a new meaning.

Moreover, there is clearly a tendency for the poor countries to get poorer, not only relative to the wealthy group (North America and Western Europe) but in some cases in absolute terms as well. This, of course, is mainly due to the effect of the birth rate. We have all had the relevant figures drilled into our heads: the world population of roughly two and a half billion is increasing at a rate of 25 million annually, and most of the increase falls on the poorest countries who can least afford the newcomers. Hence Mr. Wilson's urgent "appeal to the conscience of mankind" to provide annual capital transfers, amounting to several thousand million dollars, from the richer to the poorer countries, in order to close the gap, at least in food production.

The stock answer to this plea is that the immediate effect of such humanitarian measures—assuming the funds were made available—would simply be to hasten the growth of population in

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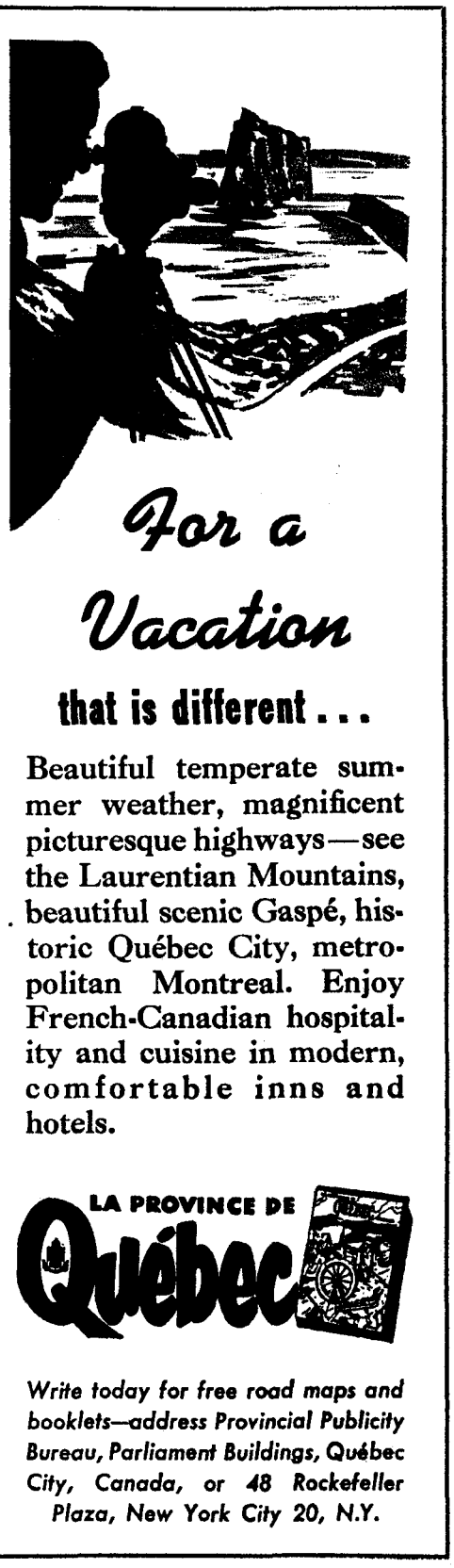
the more backward countries. The point has been made, in what seems to this reviewer an unanswerable fashion, by Professor Jacob Viner, in his contribution to the University of Chicargo symposium—incidentally one of the two papers in this volume (the other is Professor Gerschenkron's historical introduction) which raises the whole discussion to something rather above the customary level. He writes:

"Economic growth which is merely the result of growth of a population which was and remains miserably poor, ill fed, ill housed, ill governed, unwashed, untutored, and unhealthy seems to me a menace to be avoided, rather than an objective ardently to be pursued. That many do not share this view, however, is only too apparent. Take a look at even the sophisticated literature on economic development, as issued by the United Nations, by governments (including our own), and by learned men from the universities, and see how much of it neither presents nor seeks statistical evidence or criteria of desirable economic development which could not be fully met by a country swarming with an ever more crowded and ever more miserable population, provided only its national indexes of total production, or aggregate income, or total exports, continued to rise."

The humanitarian approach, he thinks, is quite likely, "in the absence of Communist ruthlessness and discipline," to promote a race between technological progress and population growth which will be won by the latter. Here is another vicious circle, for not only do backwardness, poverty, and overpopulation go hand in hand, but economic progress is most difficult to generate precisely where it is most needed.

This is cold water on the humanitarian approach, but Mr. Wilson and his friends need not despair altogether. If social and cultural change goes hand in hand with economic advance—a very large "if"—it is just conceivable that family limitation may come in time to prevent a catastrophe. There is some comfort to be extracted from the anthropologists on this point, for it would seem that poverty and uncontrolled fertility do not necessarily go together in all cases. There have been examples of relatively poor communities which have made strenuous and quite successful efforts to control their population. Infanticide and abortion are not uncommon in primitive societies and were apparently widespread in 17th- and 18th-century Japan (abortion still is). There is no reason why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less crude and barbarous practices cannot be adopted in time, even in the overpopulated countries of southeast Asia. As a matter of fact there is evidence that significant numbers of women in India are responding favorably to the Indian government's campaign for birth control. In Japan apparently a similar campaign was halted for some time by the theological obstruction offered by certain American occupation officials, but this factor no longer operates.

In the West, of course, the problem hardly exists: voluntary parenthood has come to be taken for granted. There is evidence that in France, family size was already falling in the late 18th century—before Malthus produced his *Essay;* in Britain the fall came a century later. Even in Catholic Ireland, the desire to control population growth has been a major preoccupation since the potato famine in the mid-19th century, though control has been through emigration or postponement of marriage. The decisive point of difference is that the West had one hundred and fifty years in which to experiment with this problem, while living standards were going up all the time. In Asia, by contrast, a "population explosion" threatens to wreck all the well-meant humanitarian schemes which are now being recommended as an economic stopgap. Hence the crucial importance of politics—in the broadest meaning of the term.

Professor Viner is lucid and sensible on this subject, though he naturally refrains from pressing any particular solution. His colleagues in the Chicago symposium range over a fairly wide area, and for the most part manage to impart specialized information in language that is neither abstruse nor unduly academic. The exceptions include a paper read by Marion J. Levy which, to a non-American, sums up everything that is wrong with American sociology, and perhaps with science in the United States generally. Instead of lengthy analysis, here is a typical quotation:

"A society for present purposes will be considered more or less industrialized to the extent that in the allocation of goods and services (i.e., in their production, consumption and distribution) the members of the society utilize (1) tools that multiply, in however complex a manner, the effects of their applications of energy and (2) inanimate sources of power (or energy). Given this definition, there are probably no societies totally devoid of industrial factors, since even the use of a sailboat or a waterwheel could constitute such a factor. However crudely it may be done, it is possible to distinguish very highly industrialized societies from relatively nonindustrialized ones in these terms. . . . The scale of variation in these respects may be continuous, or it may be radically discontinuous in certain portions of the scale, as I suspect it is. Nevertheless, a superficial examination of different systems (e.g., modern United States, modern England, Imperial, or even present-day China, and the Trobriand Island system) certainly reveals enormous differences in this respect. Furthermore, it *would seem a plausible hypothesis* [my italics], at least, that some of these units are very highly industrialized (e.g., modern United States and modern England) as compared with others (e.g., Imperial, or even present-day China, and the Trobriand Island system). It would even seem that a further reasonable hypothesis can be made that, whatever the differences in these respects between the systems of one of the extremes on this scale, their differences from one another are not so great as the differences between systems taken from opposite extremes of the scale."

It would seem a plausible hypothesis that this is meant to convey more than a set of tautologies. It would even appear a reasonable hypothesis that it represents another of those unfortunate attempts to turn sociology into something resembling the exact sciences. The result can only alarm and depress anyone who believes that the science of society (in the widest sense of the term) has become part of the education of modern man, and in particular of modern statesmen. Fortunately most of the contributors to this symposium have retained their sense of humor, as well as their sense of reality; but a passage like the above leaves a small sediment of doubt in the mind of an inquirer seeking proof that academic learning in our kind of society is really coming to grips with present-day problems.

Not-So-Innocent Abroad

LILY. By VINCENT SHEEAN. Random House. 233 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by ISA KAPP

VINCENT SHEEAN'S novel *Lily* is about a wealthy, susceptible, forthright American lady

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in Europe, responding to the magnetism of an older civilization. This may sound like the classic Henry James plot, but the current version bulges and waves inelegantly in front of us like a Luna Park reflection. The new heiress of all the ages is a gilded American Lily of forty-one, not so much seeking experience or life as simply lounging, being massaged, and reading in the south of France. She is not from the ingrown East at all, but from windblown Albuquerque, and her money is not the Family's, but bequeathed by a lean, "wondrous kind" Texan husband who struck oil and died. And Lily, far from making the gradual and painful discovery of any cynicism or corruption in Europe, has instead transported some evil impulses from the once innocent soil of America.

Between sleeping and waking (an interval Lily spends more time at than most people) she distastefully recalls her girlhood of dishwashing in her mother's boarding house. But from noon on, she devotes her thoughts and clothes to a hawk-faced Spanish revolutionary, Ricardo, with three white streaks in his hair, for whom the Spanish Republican cause is not yet lost. Though Ricardo, an aristocrat who feels that he must atone for his ancestors' exploitation of the people, is obviously engrossed in some urgent and dangerous political scheme, and only attends to Lily in a distracted way, she keeps plotting marriage and reading the life of Santa Theresa de Avila in order to bridge the cultural gap between them. Convinced finally that the gap is unbridgeable, she succumbs to an ugly subconscious urge and during a somnambulistic trance betrays him to the Spanish fascists.

If this is mysterious behavior for a rational, loving, and (Sheean insists) erudite woman, it clears things up to realize that despite his outward adherence to wardrobes and menus, Sheean probably has international politics at heart, and has put *Lily* in the form of a parable, or rather an editorial. Since his *Personal History*, Mr. Sheean has been thought of as one of those journalists of good will who always spoke out against political reaction. In *Not Peace But a Sword* (1939), Mr. Sheean has a chapter on London in which he bitterly describes the indifference of the crowd (who continue to get hair permanents and buy cretonne curtains) to the needs of the Spanish Loyalists. Since crowds always go about their prosaic business even under bombs, this seems to me to be somewhat self-righteous, but in

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any case it indicates that Mr. Sheean felt very strongly about the Spanish Civil War. He also says in this chapter that his one hope in all this decay (of spirit) is that the "New World will come to redress the balance of the Old," and it is probable that in *Lily* he is expressing disappointment at America having dealings with the present Spanish government.

So that Lily, for all her embarrassing remarks, is evidently an important figure, no less than America itself—and that is why she has such stirring traits. She is independent, resourceful, and strong; she lives in the moment, preserves her beauty ruthlessly. She is forty-one: like America, just beyond the first flush of youth and success. Her values are not the values of Europe. As a pragmatic American, she believes that divorce is permissible and adultery sinful. To a European Catholic like Ricardo adultery is only weakness of the flesh, but divorce is the breaking of a sacrament. Though she tries to learn, she still has no understanding of European traditions. Brought up to wash dishes, she nevertheless has no notion of the extreme poverty of the mass of Europeans. Lily, bred in the free air of America, lives in hotels, has no attachments, and few values outside of materialistic self-preservation.

Lily is not a Jamesian story or an original comparison of two cultures. It is a warning to America not to destroy Europe (and itself as well) by giving Europe over to the forces of reaction. One cannot be sure, but it looks as if Mr. Sheean is still thinking like a liberal of the 1930's. Perhaps this is not so, and Mr. Sheean is merely reminding us that our hopes and obligations should be based on the European people and those European idealists who hope to improve the general condition. The question remains whether Mr. Sheean, as a fairly competent journalist, should not say these things in the prosaic medium that is natural to him instead of writing gauche potboilers with love as the meat, hints of intellectuality for salad, and politics for sauce.

Communism on the Continent

EUROPEAN COMMUNISM. By FRANZ BORKENAU. Harper. 564 pp. $6.00.

Reviewed by G. F. HUDSON

MR. BORKENAU writes as an ex-Communist, and although his inside knowledge of the movement dates from a long time ago, it has given him that instinctive understanding of the workings of Communist organization which it is so hard for the outsider to attain. This is not to say that he is always right in his interpretation; his versions of policy-making in Moscow and conflicts among party leaders are often highly speculative, and one does not necessarily guess right about the intentions of Stalin or Malenkov because of previous experience as a party member any more than one necessarily makes a fortune in a financial crisis on account of former practice in stock market operations. But at least Mr. Borkenau avoids the kind of errors and misunderstandings which usually beset the inexperienced liberal in approaching the history of Communism; he knows what it is all about and how the comrades behave among themselves.

The book deals only with European Communism; it does not set out to provide a history of Soviet Communism, and it excludes consideration of Communism in America and Asia. Mr. Borkenau's earlier book on the Communist International was, as he points out, centered on Germany, not only because his own background was German, but because German Communism was of primary importance in the international movement during the 20's. Since then, however, German Communism has become relatively unimportant; it was effectively crushed by the Nazis and since 1945 it has been hardly more than an instrument of the Russian occupation. In the postwar period it is the French and Italian parties that have been the most significant, and even though they have not so far made any serious bids for revolutionary power, they remain factors which cannot be ignored in any survey of contemporary world affairs. The situation in continental Western Europe differs fundamentally from that in Britain and America, in that Communism in the latter countries has long been mainly an affair of the intelligentsia, whereas in France and Italy it has succeeded in gaining the allegiance of the bulk of the industrial workers. How far this allegiance would in the event stand the strain of a great international crisis must be a matter of guesswork; but it is clear that the defense of Western Europe is gravely endangered by the existence of millions of Communist voters within its frontiers.

As compared with the early days of the Communist International, the Western parties have become less and less concerned with making

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revolutions on their own account, and more and more concentrated on the task of undermining Western defense by "peace" propaganda so as to ensure the defeat of the West in any armed conflict with the Soviet Union. Mr. Borkenau does not regard the "peace" campaign as a subsidiary propaganda line; he rightly sees it as the main theme of Communist political activity in the current period. "Moscow," he writes, "has decided that at present, it being impossible to carry the masses into big battles, fear and disintegration are its best assets," and therefore "the hope of paralyzing Europe by fear of war has become the core and centre of all communist efforts."

Mr. Borkenau emphasizes that for Communism organization is always more important than policy; particular policies may fail, but what matters is to maintain discipline and strengthen the organizational structure. Deviation, independence of mind, is the one mortal sin; as compared with the fact of disobedience, it is relatively unimportant whether the deviation is to the right or to the left. The author brings this out particularly in the case of Tito, who originally got out of step with the Kremlin as far back as 1941 because he wanted to force the pace at a time when Stalin was still being wary and cautious in his dealings with the West; the habit of insubordination grew until finally Tito had to be fired, though no longer on the same issues as those which had produced the initial conflict. The paradox of recent events is that Tito has been driven into quasi-alliance with the West, yet his fault in the eyes of the Communist hierarchy was not a weakness for bourgeois democracy but an addiction to left-wing extremism when it was not wanted. The virtue of a true Communist consists in sticking to the party line, and excess of zeal can be as reprehensible as the lack of it.

In general, Mr. Borkenau shows that only a very limited significance can be attached to the labels "moderate" and "extreme" as applied to Communists. Western liberals are always inclined to believe that the controversies among Communists indicate differences of ultimate aim. But the great conflicts over policy have not really involved basic objectives; they have been quarrels over temporary tactics, and yesterday's "moderate" may turn into today's "extremist" if he thinks the situation has become more favorable for vigorous action. It is true that the fights over tactics tend to be very bitter, partly because they are supposed to make the difference between victory and defeat in the struggle for world power, and partly because they are intensified by personal rivalries in which death or imprisonment may be the outcome of political defeat. But tactical caution cannot be taken as evidence of a weakening of Marxist-Leninist principles any more than the fact that a commander in war abstains from reckless offensives implies that he is half-hearted about winning. The delays in opening a "second front" during the last war did not mean that Roosevelt and Churchill wanted to be reconciled with Hitler; on the contrary, the blow, when it came, was all the more crushing because it had not been delivered prematurely.

Mr. Borkenau believes that the more wary and cautious school of Communist tacticians—among whom, writing before the death of Stalin, he includes Malenkov—are more to be feared than the bull-headed apostles of the all-out offensive. According to the author's interpretation of events in the early postwar period, Zhdanov was then the leader of a war party which forced Stalin's hand and only came to grief when the Western powers stood firm against the blockade of Berlin. Mr. Borkenau appears to go too far in representing Stalin as having been overruled by Zhdanov; there is really no evidence that Stalin lost political control at that time. But he may well have taken Zhdanov's advice for a time and then turned against him when he found that the extreme policy was running into stronger opposition than he had anticipated. Whether Zhdanov's death was natural or artificially encouraged by the means of which Stalin was so eminent a master, it coincided conveniently with a change of line and reversion to a policy "much more dangerous than a premature and ill-supported sudden head-on attack would have been." Mr. Borkenau does not believe that there is now any great risk of war in the near future, but he maintains that the Soviet regime will remain implacably hostile to the West in the hope that over a period of one or two decades "the Soviet bloc will succeed both in undermining the Western world politically and in narrowing the gap in productive capacity between their world and ours," so that military victory will be assured in the final stage. This, according to him, and not the immediate armed threat, is the real danger against which the free world has to plan its policies.

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Unhappy Genius

MODIGLIANI. By GOTTHARD JEDLICKA. Eugen Rentsch Verlag, Erlenbach-Zurich. 83 pp.; 48 plates. $6.50.

MODIGLIANI. Introduced by MAURICE RAYNAL. Skira, Geneva-Paris-New York. 4 pp.; 10 color plates. $3.50.

MODIGLIANI. By JACQUES LIPCHITZ. Harry Abrams, Inc. 6 pp.; black-and-white reproductions and 16 color plates. $3.50.

Reviewed by ALFRED WERNER

IN THE quarter century since his premature death, an elaborate legend has wrapped itself around the painter Modigliani. Even those writers who knew him personally, like Louis Latourettes and André Salmon, liberally spiced their biographical accounts with some of the innumerable spurious anecdotes that were current in the 20's on the Left Bank. These myths are still in circulation, as this reviewer recently discovered when revisiting Montparnasse, often with some new twists added. The historian of art must therefore be grateful to the Swiss critic Gotthard Jedlicka for separating the gold from the dross; he offers us, if not the biography itself, the necessary raw material for one. Jedlicka never met Modigliani—when he arrived in Paris, the artist had been dead for some time—but he was able to meet people who had been close to the painter, such as the dealer Paul Guillaume and, especially, Amedeo's elder brother, Emmanuele Modigliani, the socialist leader who fled to Paris to escape Mussolini's dictatorship.

Jedlicka might perhaps have been a bit more distrustful of the objectivity of an artist's relatives in matters where they were personally concerned. As a Marxist, Emmanuele Modigliani may have preferred to deny that—as reported by Arthur Pfannstiehl—his grandfather had been a banker to cardinals; for the same reason he may have exaggerated the grandfather's closeness to the rebel Garibaldi. Margherita Modigliani, the artist's sister, assured Jedlicka that there had been no taint of hereditary illness in the family, Amedeo's delicate health being due to his having been a premature infant. However, the artist's daughter, offspring of Amedeo's liaison with Jeanne Hebuterne, told this reviewer quite emphatically that—*relata refero!*—there had been more than a little mental illness both among the Modiglianis and the Garsins (the maternal branch of the family).

When he comes to the artist's Parisian years, Jedlicka is on surer ground. Modigliani was eccentric and ruined his health with alcohol and drugs. But this was to do no more than what many other denizens of Montmartre and Montparnasse did—except that his delicate constitution was less resistant to these poisons than most; the sculptor Archipenko who, we hear, collaborated with the Italian Jew in these experiments in dissipation, happily survived them and still carves his statues today. Jedlicka, one is pleased to note, does not treat his hero in the sensational and superficial way *Life* magazine dealt with Modigliani's colleague and drinking companion, Utrillo, who was lost sight of completely as an artist. "He was an unhappy fellow with a pure talent," is Jedlicka's felicitous summing up of the phenomenon Modigliani, and he devotes at least as much space to an appreciation of this pure talent as to the more lurid story of his misfortunes.

Modigliani first admired a number of Renaissance artists, then Whistler, Lautrec, and such contemporaries as Picasso and the sculptor Elie Nadelman. He only began to develop his own artistic personality after making the discovery of Cézanne's work and innovations. Jedlicka points out the similarities between Modigliani's first successful work, *The Cellist* (1909), and Cézanne's *Boy with a Red Waistcoat* (1895), especially in the former painting's bold lengthening of an arm for the sake of interesting design. Modigliani's admiration for Cézanne was boundless: "Whenever the name of Cézanne was mentioned in a conversation . . . his face took on a markedly reverent expression. With a slow and secretive gesture he took the reproduction [of the *Boy with a Red Waistcoat*] from his pocket, held it up to his face within folded hands like a breviary, drew it to his lips and kissed it."

As a painter he also learned a great deal from Derain, a fact little noted so far. One may agree with Jedlicka that his best portraits are those of male subjects with whom he was in close relation, especially those of Soutine in which "Ghetto and Montparnasse seem to blend in a melancholy way." The reader's attention is happily called to two hitherto insufficiently appreciated aspects of Modigliani's art: his work as a sculptor, and his draftsmanship. Jedlicka

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This *I Believe*

By Pascal*
(1623-1662)

"MAN would fain be great and sees that he is little; would fain be happy and sees that he is miserable; would fain be perfect and sees that he is full of imperfections; would fain be the object of the love and esteem of men, and sees that his faults merit only their aversion and contempt. The embarrassment wherein he finds himself produces in him the most unjust and criminal passions imaginable, for he conceives a mortal hatred against that truth which blames him and convinces him of his faults."

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*Pensées

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sides with those critics (Basler and Salmon among them) who consider the sculptural *oeuvre,* despite the scarcity of finished works, superior to the paintings. He rejects, incidentally, the notion that busts or caryatids which seem unfinished to the layman had been abandoned by the artist because of a lapsing of creative impulse, or even from sheer laziness —their fragmentariness is rather an expression of Modigliani's whole attitude to life.

RAYNAL, author of the Skira volume, knew Modigliani from his first arrival in Paris. In his brief preface he remarks: "It was only by degree we realized that he was fundamentally warm-hearted and shyly hid an almost boyish sentimentality under his air of gruffness." The superb Soutine portrait of the Chester Dale Collection is in this portfolio, and also *Woman in a Garden,* an atypical canvas showing the sitter out of doors; Modigliani, who seems to have loathed his only teacher, the landscapist Micheli, here paints the trees in a very summary abstract way, as he does in his few extant landscapes.

LIPCHITZ was far closer to Modigliani than Raynal was; his introductory essay to the Abrams volume is a warm and tender memoir of his late colleague. Among other things, he tells the story of how the painter single-handed challenged a group of Royalists whom he overheard making anti-Semitic remarks. The sculptor debunks the common belief that his friend's work went entirely unrecognized during his lifetime. It is true that his paintings began to fetch very high prices only several years after his death, but "when he died Modigliani was far from being unknown. Paris was filled with strange and striking people, many with talent and some with genius, but he always stood out. . . . Among us [the artists] his reputation as a painter was established."

The forty-seven half-tone reproductions in Jedlicka's volume (which also contains a little known photograph of the artist, a strikingly handsome man) are quite adequate in their rendering of tonal nuances, but the color plates in the Skira and Abrams volumes reveal what a long way color photography has yet to go to approach the fidelity to values achieved by black-and-white reproductions. Since three famous canvases—*The Cellist, Self Portrait,* and *Jeanne Hebuterne*—are reproduced in both portfolios, a comparison between the versions is forced on one. Recalling the originals from the large 1951 show at the Museum of Modern Art, one feels that the Skira reproductions, darker and stronger, are more faithful in their color, less "pretty," and thus more representative of the man who abhorred all *faiseurs de beauté.*

BOOK REVIEWERS IN THIS ISSUE

OSCAR HANDLIN'S *The Uprooted,* a study of American immigrants, won the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1952.

DAVID BAUMGARDT, consultant in philosophy to the Library of Congress, has written numerous books and essays on philosophy, Judaism, and other subjects.

G. L. ARNOLD, a political analyst of wide reputation, is an editor of the British monthly *Twentieth Century.*

ISA KAPP has written articles and reviews for *Kenyon Review,* the *Reporter,* and other periodicals, as well as COMMENTARY.

G. F. HUDSON is a Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, a writer for the London *Economist,* and a frequent contributor to our pages.

ALFRED WERNER is the author of monographs on Dufy, Utrillo, and other artists. His article on Modigliani appeared in our issue for May of last year.

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